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PLAYBILL AS WE RECORD a two-digit change in the calendar and move into the eighth decade of the century, we find that no matter where we look on the globe, we behold the familiar and distressing spectacle of men in conflict: in the Middle East, in Southeast Asia, in central Europe, in Northern Ireland, in China, in Japan, in Africa. And one of the most critical questions that must be resolved in the next few years is whether this pluralistic nation we call the United States of America can complete the task of molding its diverse components into a true union. With dissatisfied and ever more distrustful groups of citizens squaring off across numerous lines of demarcation, it appears that we are at a political crossroads: Will the divergent factions continue to pull farther and farther apart?

At this juncture in history, PLAYBOY presents a four-part symposium on the multiple divisions with which the country is afflicted. Titled *Bring Us Together*, it advances concrete proposals that a concerned President might adopt in order to reconcile America's polarized elements. Senator George McGovern, who holds a Ph.D. in history and government from Northwestern and who gained the national spotlight with his eleventh-hour anti-war stand at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, prescribes therapy for the generation gap; Georgia's black state representative Julian Bond—who has so captivated the political pundits that he wryly asserts he can't decide whether he wants to become Congressman or King—considers ways to achieve harmony among the races; Cesar Chavez, director of the United Farm Workers union and leader of the California grape pickers' strike, offers pertinent stratagems for eliminating the ominous gulf between the haves and the have-nots; and associate editor Tom Wicker of *The New York Times*, whose commentary on the radicalization of the United States in the Sixties earned him applause as one of the nation's foremost social analysts, tells how the left and right wings of the grounded American eagle can once again be coordinated for flight.

Yet another polarity in American society is the one between the politicians and the people they claim to represent. In *Points of Rebellion*, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas—always a champion of the underdog—pinpoints the problems that continue to plague America because the Government has done little or nothing to alleviate them: militarism, racism, environmental pollution and neglect of the poor. And in *Our Besieged Bill of Rights*, Arthur J. Goldberg—former Supreme Court Justice, Secretary of Labor and U. S. Ambassador to the United Nations—zeroes in on a particular crisis: the attack on our individual freedoms by those who feel that stability can best be regained by the enforcement of what they call "law and order." Justice Goldberg's article developed from the Owen J. Roberts Memorial Lecture he delivered last February at the University of Pennsylvania Law School.

Another national dilemma—the destructive and demoralizing effects our war effort has had on the South Vietnamese—receives compassionate scrutiny in expert David Halberstam's *The Americanization of Vietnam*. Halberstam first visited Vietnam as a *New York Times* correspondent in 1962 and 1963; his coverage won him the Pulitzer Prize a year later. In 1967, he returned to that war-ravaged country on behalf of *Harper's*, which he serves as a contributing editor. Halberstam's books on Vietnam include *The Making of a Quagmire* and a novel, *One Very Hot Day*; he recently completed a brief biography of Ho Chi Minh for Viking and is working—for Random House—on a volume dealing with the politics of escalation. His latest book is on a subject far removed from Vietnam: *The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy*.

As the nation continues on its own odyssey, the question arises: What effects will the accelerating pace of life in our technological society have on the emergent generation in the next decade—and beyond? In *The Past as Future: A Nonlinear Probe*, a writer of the under-30 generation—Jacob Brackman—relives the traumatic Sixties and projects himself into the onrushing decade. Brackman's linguistic trip is complemented by artist Harry Bouras' kaleidoscopic collage of the multitudinous images and events of the volcanic Sixties.

One moment during the year when men theoretically pause in their pursuit of folly is Christmas—but the celebration of Christ's nativity has become just so much humbug for too many Americans. In *For Christ's Sake*, Dr. Harvey Cox decries the transformation of Jesus from a joyous revolutionary martyr into a meek and ascetic victim. The article was written in a two-day burst of energy after the author had finished *The Feast of Fools*, a recently published theological essay on festivity and fantasy. On sabbatical from his regular post as professor of divinity at Harvard, Cox is conducting independent research on what he calls the "20th Century re-creations of Jesus." While we're on the subject of Christmas, it might be well to point out that we also have on tap several seasonal features of a secular nature. For those who tend to let the holidays sneak up on them, *The Eleventh-Hour Santa* is an illustrated guide to the grooviest in last-minute gifts. And for tips on a way-out way to celebrate the year's end—always a more sybaritic than soulful holiday—feel free to consult

Roman Revel, a words-and-pictures formula for a fete worthy of the Caesars, complete with eight pages of color uncoverage, fun and games to entertain your guests and master chef Thomas Mario's accompanying bill of fair particulars for edibles and potables to suit the uninhibited jollification.

In addition to the serious and the serviceable, there is an abundance of risible material on hand as well. An Asian traveler with a vastly different perspective from David Halberstam's is Robert Morley, the character actor and raconteur *extraordinaire*, who—in *Marco Roly-Poly Meets the Mysterious East*—recounts his farcical adventures in the Soviet Union and sundry Oriental settings. Morley has prominent parts in two new motion pictures, *Song of Norway* and *Oliver Cromwell*, and at presstime was about to hie himself to the Isle of Mull "and spend three weeks risking my life in an Alistair MacLean picture which necessitates my jumping from one boat to another." Morley added that he didn't feel up to such derring-do, "for I rode a horse in *Cromwell* and I am not sure that either of us has fully recovered." Other notable contributors to the antic side of this issue are Art Buchwald, who reveals the secrets of an unprepossessing make-out artist in *The Most Unforgettable Swordsman I Ever Met*; Mort Sahl, who chronicles his ongoing romance with a Cobra (automotive variety) in *Charmed by a Snake*; and Jean Shepherd, who unravels another Army yarn in *Zinsmeister and the Treacherous Eighter from Decatur*. For humor with visual appeal, we have *The Good, the Bad and the Garlic*, a comic *fumetto* directed by Harvey Kurtzman and starring Tony Randall, with photography by Mario Casilli and a Sol Weinstein–Dick Mathews script; a sardonic collection of *Alphabêtes Noires*, by cartoonist J. B. Handelsman; and *That Was the Year That Was*, with Judith Wax's verses invoking—and provoking—the newsmakers of 1969.

Our lead fiction this month, Irwin Shaw's *Thomas in Elysium*, is about a rake and his eventual comeuppance; a portrait of Thomas' better-behaved brother will appear in the March PLAYBOY. Both tales were adapted from a novel in progress, slated for September release by Delacorte. Shaw, who lives in Klosters, Switzerland, is currently on page 1002 of the as-yet-untitled manuscript and expects to spend most of this year editing it. Another excellent example of the storyteller's art is *A Recluse and His Guest*, which brings to us, for the first time, the by-line of Tennessee Williams. Williams is now at work on a pair of plays. His most recent book is a collection of one-acters called *In the Bar of a Tokyo Hotel* (New Directions).

The Mourner—a provocative tale of a man who butts into the funeral of a stranger—is the work of Bruce Jay Friedman, who at last notice was simultaneously working on a novel and preparing a play, *Steambath*, for production on Broadway. Prior to that, he had completed the book version of his play *Scuba Duba*—off-Broadway's longest-running comedy—and *Black Angels*, a collection of short stories. Our January fiction also includes the final installment of Graham Greene's tale of international intrigue, *Crook's Tour* (from a new novel, *Travels with My Aunt*, Viking), which presents us with an unusual coincidence, since David Halberstam's article on Vietnam begins with a quotation from Greene's book *The Quiet American*—a reminder of the brilliant versatility that Greene has shown throughout his career.

Ravishing Raquel Welch, Hollywood's hottest property and the hero(ine) of *Myra Breckinridge*, speaks out on the mixed blessing of sex stardom in an exclusive *Playboy Interview* conducted by Richard Warren Lewis. Heavenly bodies of a more mechanical nature are surveyed in *Classic Comebacks*, a look at two sporting high-powered cars that re-create the elegance of yesteryear's most fondly remembered roadcraft; *Playboy Plans a Duplex Penthouse* transports us to a coolly contemporary Xanadu of our own design; and *European Fashion Dateline* finds our sartorial sivant, Fashion Director Robert L. Green, reporting on the newest trends from the Old World. Actress-model-writer Jeanne Rejaunier, author of *The Beauty Trap*, unveils her own beauty in an eye-opening pictorial; artist LeRoy Neiman takes us on a color-splashed, vibrantly visual trip across the exotic expanse of Morocco, to which we append a travel guide to the attractions of that sun-baked land; and first-of-the-decade Playmate Jill Taylor invites us along on a fun-filled weekend in Palm Springs.

Finally, in the spirit of *Auld Lang Syne*, we cast several glances over our shoulder: first, our annual photographic review of the delightful girls who graced our gatefold during the year that's past; then, a gallery of glamor girls from that past-and-present master of the pinup, Alberto Vargas, a romantic retrospective of his past ten years with us; and—to cap a many-splendored issue with suitable ceremony—a spread announcing and honoring the writers who we feel contributed the best essays, articles, fiction, satire and humor to PLAYBOY during 1969, each the recipient of a Lucite-mounted silver medallion and a $1000 prize. So much for what's behind us. "The present hour alone is man's," wrote Samuel Johnson; we concur, and trust that there's enough entertainment within to occupy not only the present hour but many more as well.

MORLEY

SAHL

CHAVEZ

WICKER

BRACKMAN

BOURAS

SHEPHERD

VARGAS

HALBERSTAM

NEIMAN

KURTZMAN

CASILLI

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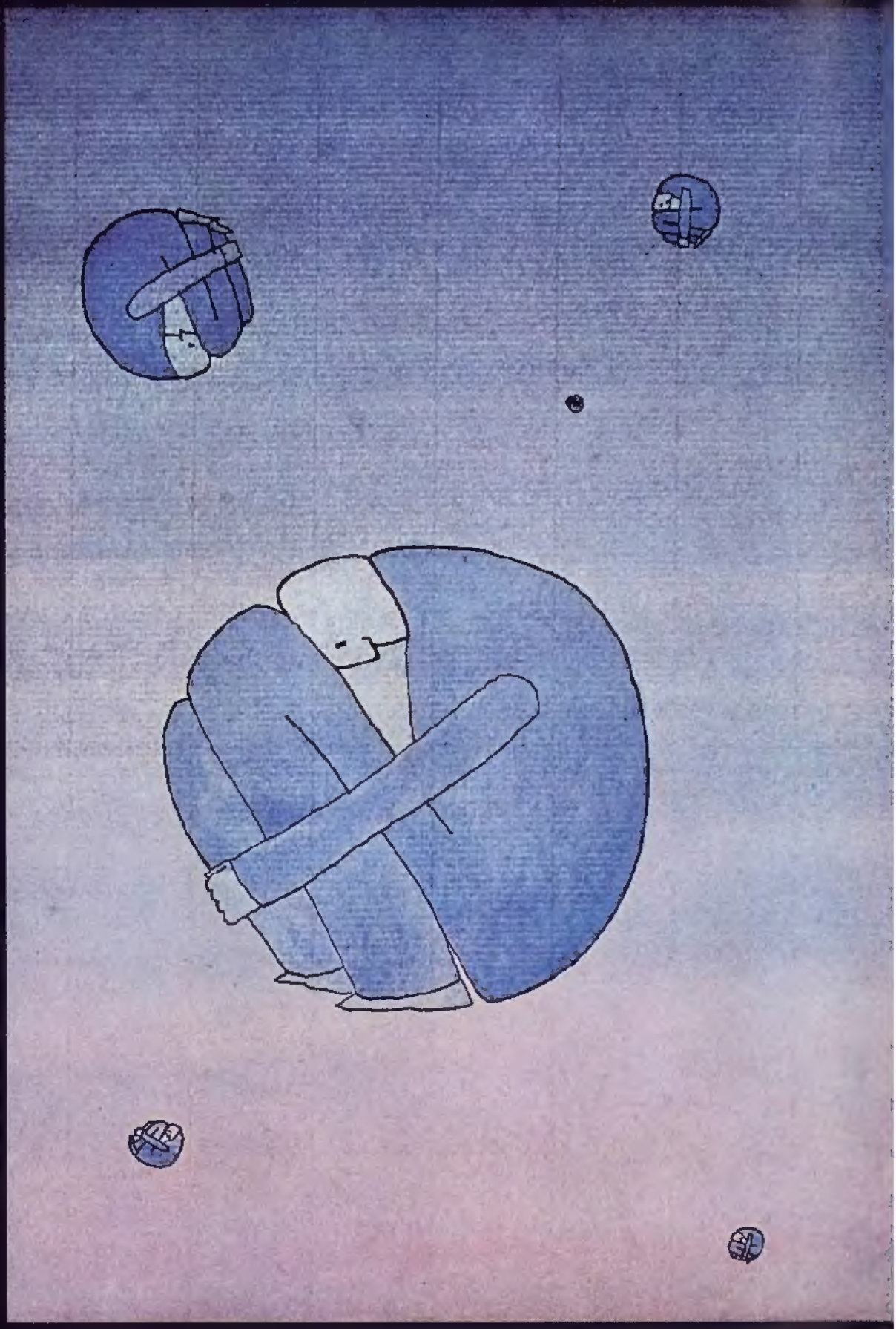

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MELTING POT

The extent to which Dr. Fort has researched his subject is quite evident in *Pot: A Rational Approach* (PLAYBOY, October). While I cannot presently support Dr. Fort's view that the distribution and use of marijuana should be fully legalized, particularly in view of the inadequately documented long-term effects of the drug, I certainly share his conviction that existing Federal and state penalties for its possession are surely in need of revision. I hope this will be accomplished in the present session of Congress.

Roger O. Egeberg, M. D.
Assistant Secretary for
Health and Scientific Affairs
Department of Health,
Education and Welfare
Washington, D. C.

I found Dr. Joel Fort's article to be most interesting and provocative. As a member of the House Select Committee on Crime, I can report that the Congress is acutely aware of the many contentions regarding marijuana effects, the laws against its use and the penalties provided by those laws. The chairman of the crime committee, Congressman Claude Pepper of Florida, has called on the Surgeon General to conduct a thorough study of the use of marijuana, a study similar to the one conducted by the Surgeon General several years ago on the use of tobacco. I am hopeful that this study will help clear up the varied conceptions of marijuana use and the even more varied conceptions of how the law should govern or restrict its use.

Representative Jerome R. Waldie
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Dr. Fort's reference to the "vicious circle" operating in relation to the use of marijuana is an accurate one and sadly so. Research into the relatively unknown world of pot has been blocked for years by scientific and Government administrators who conclude for themselves its moral wrongness. It is physically dangerous because it is spiritually wrong, they say, and therefore undeserving of intellectual analysis and scientific research. Shrouded by uncertainties, it remains sinfully dangerous. We have suffered such logic for too long. If improvement in the law is necessary, it should come from the nation's legislatures. If there is a pressing need for objective scientific judgments concerning the harm and/or benefit of pot, then research toward that end should be undertaken as soon as possible and legislatures should begin to pave the way now. Our society should not be forced to wait upon the pondering proclivities of the national judiciary. Liberalized laws and creative research efforts are already too long overdue.

There is recent evidence that Congress is on its way toward raising the marijuana smoke screen. The first giant step was taken in September, when a bipartisan group of 35 Congressmen, including myself, joined Representative Edward I. Koch in sponsoring legislation to establish a Presidential commission to consider pot's legal, medical and sociological aspects. If approved by both Houses, the commission would work to authoritatively establish how many Americans smoke marijuana, how effective the laws against it are, its personal and social effects, its relationship to crime and its possible role as a threshold to the use of other drugs. We make no pretensions about the commission concept—it is assuredly not the answer to the marijuana controversy. What it is, however, is the first real attempt to pose the right questions. The rational approach must be the only approach to pot. And it appears that, at least in Congress, the rational approach has begun.

Representative William D. Hathaway
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Since I have been concerned with the narcotic addiction and drug-abuse problem for some time, I read Dr. Fort's opinion with special interest. I agree with the implicit criticism of the Nixon Administration's initial approach to the problem. Immediately after the Nixon-Mitchell law-enforcement-oriented message was delivered to Congress, I introduced in the House of Representatives and Ralph Yarborough of Texas introduced in the Senate a bill that would provide for a comprehensive and coordinated attack on

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the narcotic addiction and drug abuse problem. Therefore, I must take exception with Dr. Fort's statement, "It is ironic that our present pot laws are upheld chiefly by the older generation, and flouted and condemned by the young." While not all young people flout and condemn existing marijuana statutes, neither do all members of the older generation support repressive and narrow minded laws that have lost their applicability to the realities of today. I and other concerned Members of Congress are acting to treat the problem rationally, progressively and intelligently. Rather than venting anger our proposed legislation offers both badly needed help and possible solutions to a problem that must be resolved and resolved quickly.

Representative Charles H. Wilson
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

Dr. Joel Fort correctly states that in 1968, North Dakota maintained the highest maximum sentence (99 years) for first-offense marijuana possession in the entire country. However, he incorrectly indicates that this is still the case. On July 1, 1969, marijuana possession legally became a crime carrying a maximum jail sentence of 30 days in North Dakota. Thus, North Dakota is the first state to shift possession of grass from felony to misdemeanor status. North Dakota legislators, however conservative, cannot be said to be lacking in common sense.

Charles W. Bird
Grand Forks, North Dakota

I would like to comment on the distorted, inaccurate and misleading article by Dr. Joel Fort, *Pot: A Rational Approach*. In regard to the La Guardia Report, the American Medical Association urged its members to disregard the findings of this report as being inaccurate. Dr. Jules Bouquet of Tunisia, the world's greatest expert on marijuana having conducted research on users for many years, commented that the doctors who signed the report were very bold to say that they observed no antisocial acts that all subjects under observation were confined to a prison. Then, in reference to the Marijuana Act of 1937, Dr. Fort states that no experts testified as to the effects of marijuana. He omitted the profound testimony of Dr. James Munch, professor of pharmacology at Temple University, who had long experience in this area. The act was passed as a result of repeated requests from Western and Southern states, where marijuana had become a serious crime.

At a hearing before the New York Joint Legislative Committee on Crime and Narcotics, nine professors refused to testify and took the Fifth Amendment. Dr. Fort, Professor Timothy Leary and other college professors give lectures

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throughout the United States to college students, espounding on their ignorance, saying that marijuana is harmless and expands outer consciousness. Another professor, from Indiana University, likewise preaches the glory of marijuana. These men have caused the use of drugs on campus. Every nation in the world has a strong law to control marijuana. There are 1800 papers in the bibliography of marijuana—only five consider it harmless. Legalizing marijuana is absurd and academic. The Narcotic Convention of 1961 obligates the United States to control marijuana. The Supreme Court has ruled, in the case of *Missouri vs. Holland*, that a law to carry out a treaty is constitutional.

Harry J. Anslinger
U. S. Commissioner of
Narcotics, 1930–1960
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

Fort and Anslinger debate, and are joined by other experts, in PLAYBOY*'s February panel, "The Drug Revolution."*

While I disagree with Dr. Fort's evaluation of much of the research that has been done on marijuana, while I disagree with his opinion that we know a lot about marijuana (a lot of research has to be done before we know the "risk factor" from pot) and while I disagree with his conclusion that the drug should be legalized now, nevertheless, the article is superb, for it graphically illustrates the tragedy of the present marijuana laws.

There is now a disrespect for law and order never before witnessed. The common practice is, "If you don't like a law then break it," and the destruction of many of our college campuses and the impending ruin of much of our educational system are the by-products. However, to legalize marijuana now would be a disaster. We would soon have several million marijuanaholics, because when we legalize anything, the message is acceptance. To give marijuana cultural acceptance would "turn on" millions of our teenagers to this drug, and few 13–16-year-olds use marijuana successfully. In addition, to legalize and thus control only weak forms of marijuana would only result in huge amounts of the potent forms of the *Cannabis sativa* (i.e., hashish, tetrahydrocannabinol, etc.) being smuggled into the country for a better high. It would be like legalizing only beer and wine, which would result in a black market for whiskey. With the recent marijuana shortage in California, regular users of grass are dividing into two groups—one group has decided to wait until marijuana becomes more available to resume using it; the other group, a sizable one, has gone on to the amphetamines and barbiturates, because they have to have a chemical high and cannot wait for marijuana to become more available. Certainly, each generation gets the drugs it deserves. Perhaps

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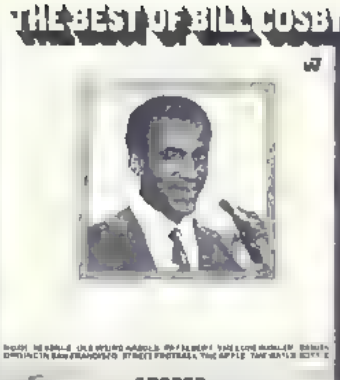

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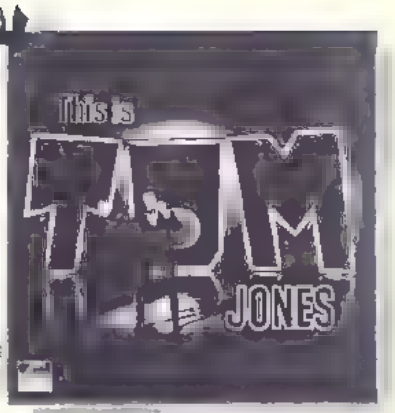

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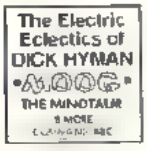

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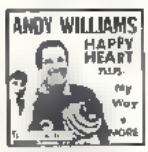

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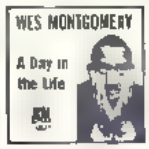

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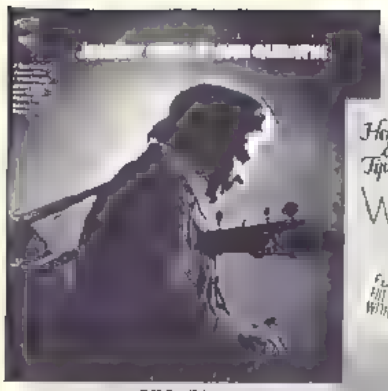
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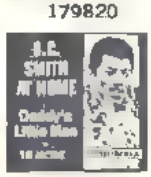

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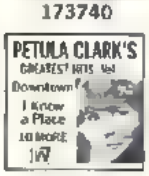

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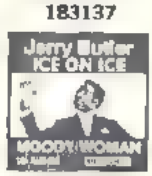

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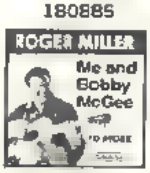

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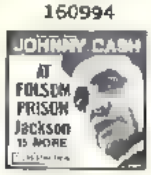

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we adults deserve this "pot, acid and speed" generation, which so often reminds us that "the words of the Harry Anslingers have damned millions more of us onto drugs than those of the Timothy Learys."

J. Thomas Ungerleider, M.D.
Department of Psychiatry
University of California
Los Angeles, California

I have no basic argument with Dr. Fort's view that the laws relating to marijuana are absurd. They are too harsh and they seek to control a weed almost as ubiquitous as crabgrass. Worse than this, they discourage the efforts of honest scientists to evaluate this drug and its effects on the human organism. However, as Dr. Fort undoubtedly knows, many of the studies he mentioned were completely uncontrolled affairs, even to the point of neglecting to record dosage or usage schedules of the subjects. And sociologist Howard Becker, whose research is cited by Fort, had best return and review the literature again, for he missed a number of readily available reports of marijuana-induced paranoid or somatic delusions, gross confusion and disorientation, depersonalization, hallucinosis and psychosis. He also probably missed the controlled experiments in which *Cannabis sativa* resin has been shown to produce a phenomenally high incidence of abortions and of fetal malformations in experimental animals. Again, let me say that I agree with the premise that the present marijuana laws are absurd. I also tend to support the idea that the individual has the right to "choose his poison," so to speak, rather than having his choice made for him by some Governmental agency. But, as a scientist and a human being, I believe the individual should have available to him *all* pertinent data before he makes his choice, and I feel that grossly incomplete, not altogether unbiased articles such as Dr. Fort's should not be allowed to go on record as portraying the opinions of the entire medical community.

Asa L. Godbey, M.D.
Chief Resident, College of Medicine
Department of Psychiatry
University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

At an ungodly dangerous moment in history, with the blind ignorance of our average, red-blooded American subject to such unenlightened, irresponsible jive as "Pot inevitably leads to heroin" and "All long-haired political radicals are Commies," I would like to express my gratitude to Dr. Joel Fort for a rational, well-documented and, by all that is holy, honest piece on the marijuana dilemma. Play on, brother.

Mike Bourne
Bloomington, Indiana

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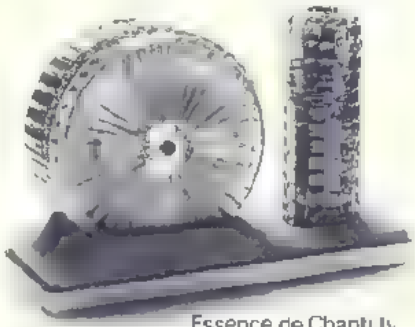

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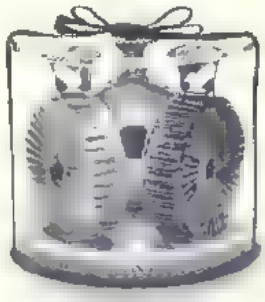

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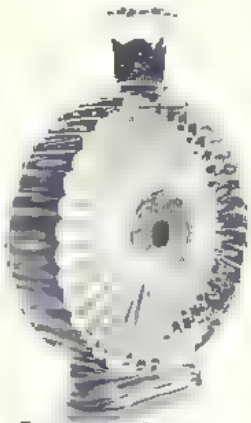

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BRIDGE BUILDING

I read Saul Braun's *Alice and Ray and Yesterday's Flowers* (PLAYBOY, October) and it struck me that something radical is happening. Without pot, without sensitivity sessions, without beads and blue jeans, my generation is turning on! How else can you explain the popular success of a movie like *Alice's Restaurant* or a show like *Hair*? Isn't it absolutely astounding that we, the over 40 generation, will pay $15 a seat to see a plotless musical about pot, rock, war, fellatio, mixed couples and masturbation—and still be thoroughly delighted? Years ago, I read a book titled *The Lonely Crowd*, by David Riesman. I felt, then, that it ended poorly, with a frail statement about the future. Now I see his conclusion as a revelation and major prophecy:

> Is it conceivable that . . . Americans will someday wake up to the fact that they overconform . . . discover how much needless work they do, discover that their own thoughts and their own lives are quite as interesting as other people's . . . then we might expect them to become more attentive to their own feelings and aspirations.

Mrs. J. Kramer
Chicago, Illinois

LONESOME ROAD

I have just read *Revelations*, by Asa Baber (PLAYBOY, October), and I'm completely devastated. I don't know where or how Baber acquired his insights into the trucker's mentality, but the portrait of Oswald is incredibly lifelike. More than that, I can't help but think that it's a portrait of contemporary man—driven by his work past the limits of body and mind to the point at which the monsters in the sky become heralds of his death. Hopefully, we can learn something from Baber's perceptions and realize that the time may come when it makes better sense to pull off the road and relax.

John Whitney
Nashville, Tennessee

Thanks to PLAYBOY and Asa Baber for *Revelations*, a truly overpowering piece of fiction. Despite the smutty intellectual stereotype of truck drivers as violent, pill-popping rednecks, Baber makes it clear that they are neither more nor less than human.

Richard Stein
Seattle, Washington

A new novel by Baber begins in our pages next month.

SISTER JEAN

Hallelujah, glory hallelujah, PLAYBOY is free at last! Thanks so very much for admitting that black is beautiful. Your October Playmate, Texas lass Jean Bell, is lovely, sexy, lively, smooth and, of course, colorful.

John Johnson
Venice, California

Barbara McNair, Paula Kelly and now Jean Bell, your October Playmate. I'm happy to see that PLAYBOY, always in the vanguard of liberal progress, is making an effort to show its readers that sexuality and beauty have nothing to do with the color of one's skin. Jean Bell is absolutely out of sight.

Ronald Watkins
Detroit, Michigan

FORWARD MARCH

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed *The Truth* by Harry Brown, in your October issue. While comparisons with Joe Heller's *Catch-22* are obvious, Brown must be included among those writers, both serious and comic, who realize the inanity and absurdity of military life and thought. His hero says it best himself with the last sentence of *The Truth*: "There's something malevolently wrong and rapaciously rotten in the Land of the Pilgrims' Pride, and it *could* be the fault of its funny little cut-rate, comic-opera Army."

Bernard Larner
Chicago, Illinois

TROUBLE IN MIND

Morton Hunt's October article, *Crisis in Psychoanalysis*, is a comprehensive and readable presentation of our present situation. If psychoanalysis is treating patients three to five times a week by Freudian analysts according to the classical model, then it is on the wane. But psychoanalysis is far more. It is psychoanalytic concepts and principles that have deeply influenced many aspects of 20th Century life. Not only have all disciplines, in the humanities and the sciences, behavioral and otherwise, been influenced but, through the mass media, psychoanalytic thinking and terminology have entered into the minds and speech of the lowest socioeconomic groups. In short, psychoanalysis remains the most versatile tool for the investigation of the human psyche and for refining our understanding of those factors that make psychotherapy possible and effective.

Harold Kelman, M.D.
New York, New York

Dr. Kelman, past president of the American Academy of Psychoanalysis, is currently the dean of the Program for Psychoanalytic Medicine at the Postgraduate Center for Mental Health and is a former dean of the American Institute for Psychoanalysis.

Morton Hunt describes some of the methods of what I have called behavior therapy and then asserts that "no matter what the anti-analysts claim, and no matter what the analysts claim, there are no

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Just turn the key and pull the unit out of the ingenious Lock-Tight bracket that fits under the dash. (Stereo thieves will be very disappointed. But your date won't.) And your "Monte Carlo" is ready to roam.

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reliable comparisons of effectiveness, no controlled studies of matched groups of neurotics, no before, during and after studies in depth. Indeed, there are no scientifically adequate studies within any one type of therapy, let alone comparative studies." These fine, rolling phrases would be appropriate if the facts were as stated, unfortunately, the claims made are simply incorrect. In my recent address to the International Congress in Psychology, I was able to cite about 20 well-controlled studies comparing behavior therapy with psychotherapy; the outcome in nearly every case was that behavior therapy produced better effects in much less time. Under no circumstances was behavior therapy found to be inferior—an astonishing result, as behavior therapy in many cases was done by psychologists with little experience and scant training in behavior therapy. The facts are that psychoanalysis has made tremendous claims and has been oversold; slowly, the pigeons are coming home to roost. More and more psychiatrists are beginning to realize that, as a therapeutic technique, psychoanalysis is a failure. They can also see, unless they have been sufficiently brainwashed to turn away their eyes, that with all its crudity and youthfulness, behavior therapy works. These are the facts that in the long run will determine which of these two approaches will survive. I have little doubt about the outcome.

H. J. Eysenck
Department of Psychology
University of London
London, England

Hans Jurgen Eysenck is one of the pioneers in the development of behavior therapy.

I enjoyed reading Morton Hunt's perceptive and informative article *Crisis in Psychoanalysis*, but perhaps the best comment on the imminent death of psychoanalysis is still Freud's own, made in 1911: "At least a dozen times in recent years, in reports of proceedings of certain congresses and scientific assemblies or in reviews of certain publications, I have read, 'Psychoanalysis is dead, at last defeated and finally abolished!'" The answer to all this might be like that of Mark Twain in his telegram to the newspapers that falsely reported his death: Report of my death grossly exaggerated.

Leon Waldoff
Urbana, Illinois

Much that appears in *Crisis in Psychoanalysis*, by Morton Hunt, is quite relevant. The emphasis and focus, however, might create false impressions. Looking at the same set of facts, I find no significant crisis in psychoanalysis but, rather, the labor pains leading to a new growth and a new direction. It is, like other sciences, changing its theory and practice. The crisis, if it exists, is in "orthodox" Freudian analysis, which was opposed by Freud himself. Fortunately, many medical analysts have broken with orthodoxy. The "Freudista," as Theodor Reik characterized them, those more Freudian than Freud, who insist that only medical doctors can practice and that analysis exists only when a patient is seen four, five or six times a week, deserve to be in crisis. It is the misfortune of all creative geniuses to be vilified and crucified during their lives and later to be mummified, deified and institutionalized. Such has been the lot of Freud, whose life and work exemplified a growing science and art and bears little resemblance to the rigid, doctrinaire body of knowledge and practice used as the authoritarian, unalterable word of truth for all time. Were he alive, he would welcome many of the newer theories and practices stemming from his discoveries.

Matthew Besdine
New York, New York

Psychoanalyst Besdine is clinical professor of psychology and supervisor of Adelphi University's postdoctoral program in psychotherapy, supervising psychologist of the Metropolitan Center for Mental Health, a staff member of the Institute of Practicing Psychotherapists and a charter member and president of Reik's National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis.

HOME RUN

No doubt about it: *Baseball Joe in the World Series*, by Larry Siegel (PLAYBOY, October), was tops. There was only one other time I can remember that might rival it, but certainly not tie it. In a game in which I played against the Yankees at old Sportsman's Park in St. Louis, we had a pitcher named Shirley Pruhl, who had a peculiar pitch that he called "the delayed screwball." He was pitching against Babe Root one time when he threw him this pitch. The Babe swung four times, each time with progressing velocity while the ball was coming up to the plate, and the last time with such vigor that 8000 fans in right field wound up in a mess in front of the Y. M. C. A. building across Grand Avenue.

The Damn Yankees should have been called the Dumb Yankees, because they failed to fathom the one way Baseball Joe could have been defeated. All they had to do was to put three kernels of corn on the fat part of their bat and when his "chicken ball" stopped in mid-air to peck, it would have caused contact with the bat and no doubt produced a home run.

It was a great article and I enjoyed it very much.

George Sisler
St. Louis, Missouri

A great defensive first baseman for St. Louis (1915–1927) and Boston (1928–1930), George Sisler was elected to the

Photo–surrealism

Raindrops on a window, inches from the camera. A girl on a beach, a hundred feet away. Both exquisitely sharp, which gives the picture its special quality. But, how to do it without special equipment?

In theory, you'd first shoot the beach scene, focusing on the girl. Moments later, after rewinding the film one frame, you'd focus on the rain-spattered window and make a second exposure. Quite simple, really. Except that it's impossible with most cameras because their lenses can't provide the tremendous focusing range required.

With the Nikkormat FTN it was as simple as it sounds. This 35mm single lens reflex is made by Nikon and accepts the same interchangeable lenses as the famous Nikon F. It was used here with the 55mm Micro Auto-Nikkor f3.5, an unusual lens that can be focused for any distance from 2.3 inches all the way to infinity. (Imagine being able to use the same lens for life-size closeups of flowers or insects as well as for portraits, kids, parties and the like!)

This is only one example of the uncommon—even "impossible"—pictures the Nikkormat FTN brings within your reach. Yet, for all its capabilities, it is remarkably uncomplicated. Its unique thru-the-lens meter system, for instance, gives you correct exposure instantly, for unusual pictures like this. And it's yours for under $270, including 50mm Auto-Nikkor f2 lens. See your Nikon/Nikkormat dealer. Or write for details.

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...and to all a good nightcap

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Baseball Hall of Fame in 1939 with a lifetime batting average of .341

MEN BEHIND THE MAN

I have just finished reading *Experts and Expertise*, by Eliot Janeway, in the October PLAYBOY. It is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating insights that I have ever read into the relationship of a President to his economic advisors. It is absolutely required reading for anyone who is concerned with or interested in our economic past, present and future. To PLAYBOY and to Eliot Janeway, my compliments and congratulations.

Pierre André Rinfret
New York, New York

Dr. Rinfret, president of Rinfret-Boston Associates, is a political economist and financial analyst.

Contrary to what is stated by Eliot Janeway, there was ample ground for concern about inflation in 1956 and 1957. The consumer price index was rising about four percent a year and wage costs were rising twice as fast as productivity was improving. Admittedly, the situation was not as bad as it is now, but it was bad enough to warrant firm counteraction, and that is precisely what it got. Whether recession in 1957 and 1958 and again in 1960 and 1961 was avoidable, while still overcoming inflation, is too complicated a question to discuss here; but let me point out that our policies in the second half of the Fifties succeeded in (1) stabilizing the cost of living; (2) bringing labor cost increases into line with productivity improvements; (3) restoring the country's merchandise trade balance to a healthy six billion dollars; and (4) putting an end to the inflationary psychology. In this way, the stage was set for expansionism and vigorous growth without inflation in the Sixties. Moreover—contrary to fairly widespread misapprehension—an expansionist policy was already under way in late 1959, as an examination of the relevant figures on monetary and expenditure policies will show. The economy responded well to expansionism and we had good growth with little or no inflation until 1965. At that point, the entire legacy of stability and balance that was left by President Eisenhower had been used up. Properly handled, this stability could have lasted indefinitely and we would not today be faced with wage and cost-of-living inflation far worse than in the mid-Fifties. But, alas, the legacy was spent. The result is that we enter the Seventies in a thoroughly unfavorable posture for meeting the nation's enormous problems and needs.

Raymond J. Saulnier
Professor of Economics
Barnard College
New York, New York

Professor Saulnier has written extensively on economic policy and, as a former member of the Federal Reserve Board and chairman of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisors, helped formulate the policies he describes.

RING MY CHIMES

The October interview with Rowan and Martin is crammed with insights for the media student, as when Martin says: "We're not selling jokes; we're selling a gay, freewheeling attitude," to which Rowan adds: "We're telling a new one before you have time to realize that you've already heard the last one." Martin adds: "In essence, what we're doing is cartoon humor." The power of TV to retrieve ancient forms and attitudes has only begun to be grasped. Camp and sideburns are scarcely a beginning of the dive into role playing and costumes. Even Rowan and Martin have just begun to tap the real entertainment resources of TV. They have captured the iconic cartoon quality of the scanning finger and the iconoscope tube. The theme of sex happens to be funny at the moment because sex is dead. Vietnam is *not* dead and, therefore, it is not funny. The real Rowan and Martin hang-up, as in all TV programing, is the inability to take in the audience as the main actor. The TV audience is still treated as in the days of the movie and the radio. This is where the Smothers brothers got tripped up. They were still trying to package their show. TV is not a medium for packages nor for participants. There are no shows that recognize this fact yet. One might except football and sports in general where, without the audience, there would be no game and no broadcast. Personally, I wish to congratulate PLAYBOY for doing this sort of inquiry into the actual processes of show business. Perhaps it would be possible to take a similar look at the huge "cave art" enterprise of our age, namely, the vast hidden environment of advertising. Ads command bigger budgets and bigger groups of talent than all the shows on the air. This great art form is classified as "not for inspection." In the new ecological world, it cannot escape much longer. The aesthetes will soon move in.

Marshall McLuhan
Director, Center for Culture and Technology
University of Toronto
Toronto, Ontario

I enjoyed your interview with those two great philosophers—Rowan and Martin. I used to know two comics in show business by that name. I wonder if they're any relation?

Henny Youngman
New York, New York

Why one out of four people into our music is onto our Stereo 8 Tapes.

They go on any trip you're on.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

There's one on every Christmas list: a jaded type who's been everywhere, bought everything and still expects a yuletide token of your esteem come December 25. If the nifty gift items profferred in our *Eleventh Hour Santa* on page 211 don't fill the bill, this annual supplementary selection of grandiose goodies is guaranteed to blow the recipient's mind and, possibly, a bank balance or two.

Deep in the heart of Texas, diamond encrusted Neiman Marcus—Dallas' foremost purveyor of fantastic folderol—this year is showcasing an item that's clearly designed for someone who's stinking rich: 100,000 gallons of a giftee's favorite men's cologne, toted to his doorstep in several shipments of 50 five-gallon jugs. The price is only $5,000,000, including delivery charge. Chances are that this sweet smell of excess will be just enough to offset the odor of another Neiman Marcus gift selection—a private petting zoo that includes two North American burros, two New Zealand rabbits, two goats (a billy and a nanny), two long-haired Shetland ponies and two white ducks. The entire menagerie goes for a mere $1750, not including ark. As a more modest alternative, you might prefer a Galápagos turtle—perhaps to be used as a frenky, peripatetic footstool—for only $1200 but allow five weeks for Neiman Marcus to locate the gift. For insecure salesmen who feel the need to impress, Neiman-Marcus is also offering 12 solid-gold calling cards (and 50 parchment ones) in a sharkskin case. Only $1500, engraving included.

Landlocked big businessmen with little time to loll by the sea will dig a 12-inch-square Executive Sand Box of teak, rosewood or walnut veneer that comes complete with their choice of sand from any beach in the world. About $556 (not including shipping charges) from Opus International, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario. Or, if you've a sun-loving friend who *really* wants to get away from it all, sign him up for a trans-Sahara expedition—via camel, jackass and Land Rover—courtesy of Lindblad Travel, the same band of happy New York–based wanderers who conduct tours to such fun spots as the Galapagos Islands (possibly searching for Neiman Marcus gift items), Mongolia, Antarctica and that icy-hot watering hole yet to be discovered by the jet set, Easter Island. The cost of the Sahara sojourn is $2700, sunglasses not included.

Before the recipient hotfoots it for the Sahara, make sure the girl he leaves behind has buckled up for safety by equipping her with a four-pound, hinged, hand-forged iron chastity belt that comes with a padlock and two keys—one to be deposited with a trustworthy bank official just in case the guy doesn't return. Only $60 plus $2.40 postage sent to Ridgeway Forge, Sheffield, England.

For sybaritic hippies who'd like to drop out in groovy style, New York furrier Georges Kaplan has created an eight-foot trampoline-type communal hammock made of shaggy lambskin bordered with stainless steel. The $5000 tag is really something to kick up your heels over. Another Kaplan furbelow is a macaroni-shaped, cowhide-covered fur womb for two, which is eight feet long and four and one half feet wide, the inside of which is lined with long-haired fox. It's the perfect place to cuddle on a rainy afternoon for only $1500. Lest we be accused of pushing only Kaplan's costliest creations, let us hasten to add that he also markets custom-made mink pants for men at $2500 a pair. Someone you know may wish to wear them with an equally elegant pair of black-suede evening slip-ons with solid-gold buckles from the New York shoe salon of Whitehouse & Hardy. At $850, they're a shoe-in to sell fast, so step lively; the limited supply is matched only by the demand. Then complete the ensemble by giving a Lucite-and-gold $750 walking stick (perhaps for self protection) from Keith, Ltd., also in Manhattan.

Dirty-minded chess buffs on your gift list will be able to indulge both avocational interests with a ceramic chess set that's made to order from New York's Gallery of Erotic Art. Each piece is symbolically shaped: The king resembles a phallus, the queen a vagina, prurient pawns are puckered for a kiss, castles are molded in the shape of a woman's breasts, bishops are on their knees (not praying) and knights are huge-tongued horses. Pony up $750 without further foreplay (the price includes a raised tile board) and then try to keep your mind on the game.

If there are any spaced-out sky watchers in your life, they'll flip when they unwrap a battery-powered GEOS-5 Flying Saucer Detector that, according to the marketer—Sammy Paradice of Vidor, Texas—buzzes when an unidentified flying object is hovering about. Only $10 (battery and postage included) sent to Sammy, Or, if you'd like to launch your own UFO, Pacific Test Lab in Baldwin Park, California, is peddling a genuine NASA-surplus Mariner A Venus spacecraft for $1,700,000 (not including delivery charges). The windmill-shaped ship is only 80 percent assembled, but for an additional $750,000, P. T. L. will put it in perfect working order, ready for blast off. It's a one-of-a-kind item, however, so order now to avoid disappointment.

Should you know a life of the party who has exhausted the possibilities of lamp shades and lingerie, surprise him with a full-sized gorilla suit made of synthetic black fur. Or he can play with his favorite goodlooks garbed in a life-like bear costume of the same material. Both hairy put-ons are from Morris Magic Co., Charlotte, North Carolina, at $435 and $335, respectively. Budding biologists, on the other hand, will fall hook, line and sinker for a real 1-foot shark permanently preserved with formaldehyde in a clear-plastic tube. Just $5.98 (plus 55 cents for postage) from Greenland Studios, Miami, Florida. And ultrasensitive ladies on your list will love a powder puff that's made of genuine beaver fur, it's for the face, in case you were wondering. Price: $3.75, from Caswell-Massey, New York City.

N. R. A. types will get a kick out of a bayoneted miniature letter opener, which actually fires 2mm blank cartridges. Presumably, it's to be used only on registered mail. Just $6.98 sent to J. P. Darby, Esquire, New Hyde Park, New York. Peacemakers of a different sort may be happy to hear that the Church of

Universal Brotherhood in Hollywood, California, is offering a mail-order doctor of divinity degree that supposedly entitles the newly ordained man of the cloth to conduct wedding ceremonies and visit hospitals and prisons. Two requirements are called for: The prospective pastor must be able to type or print his name exactly as he wishes it to appear on his degree and he must contribute $12.50 to the Brotherhood's coffer. Merry Christmas, brother—and happy shopping.

•

Judging a book by its cover, censors in Capetown, South Africa, have banned the paperback edition of *Free Girls*, a volume of photographic nude studies. Asked why the hardcover edition is still in circulation, a bookshop manager unblinkingly explained: "The type of person who buys the softcover editions is more likely to be corrupted."

•

If they were still around, the founding fathers might be a bit unsettled by the results of a poll in which some 250 U.S. soldiers stationed in West Germany were read the following sentence and instructed to sign the statement if they agreed with it and not to sign if they didn't: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Three-fourths of the GIs refused to sign.

•

Our very own Business Manager, Bob Preuss, obviously in a playful mood, issued the following interoffice memo: "Please note that in accordance with the wishes of the Federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, so as not to discriminate against either men or women as a group, the newly clarified company regulations about pregnancy leaves of absence apply to male as well as female employees."

•

While conducting a narcotics raid on a house in South Lake Tahoe, California, not long ago, police came across a stoned mouse lying on its back, glassy-eyed, with its feet in the air. Investigation showed that the rodent apparently had eaten into a bag containing marijuana. The officer in charge of the bust dutifully reported that the suspect was picked up for further questioning but responded only by wiggling its feet when its stomach was tickled.

•

Sign of the times scrawled in a feminine hand in a Chicago el station: WALTER BLACK'S IS BEAUTIFUL!

•

Our Humanitarian of the Month Award goes to Admiral Donald C. Davis, who banned an auto from Pearl Harbor's Navy yard because the car carried a peace symbol on the windshield. Peace stickers are prohibited, he said, "because they are a cause of possible violence."

•

La Guardia Airport is sporting a Madison Square Garden hockey ad that shows a Canadien and a Ranger embracing. Underneath them is the inscription DO YOU WANT TO SEE SOME GAY BLADES?

•

Entomaniacs, take note: Among the topics discussed at the last annual convention of the Pacific branch of the Entomological Society of America was "The role of a volatile female sex pheromone in stimulating male courtship behavior in the *Drosophila melanogaster*."

•

So There Department: Understandably offended by Iowa's decision to classify the sunflower, Kansas' state flower, as a noxious weed, Kansas legislators have struck back by declaring the Eastern goldfinch, the Iowa state bird, a public nuisance.

•

Florida's *Fort Lauderdale News* carried this suggestive listing for the Thunderbird Drive-In Theater: "*The Game Is Over* at 8:15; *Girls That Do* at 9:45; *The Spy Who Came* at 11."

•

"Neither snow nor rain nor gloom of night": According to U.P.I., a businessman in Wellington, England, received a letter with a note on the envelope from the post office reading: "Stamp Eaten by Snails."

•

The world's first nude ski resort was scheduled to open this winter at Naked City in Inchmuir nudist colony. It was to be called—naturally—See and Ski.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

The stage is a hexagonal stump of a platform surrounded on three sides by variously colored benches for spectators, in the intervening space—which becomes a sylvan, aerial or undersea setting at the flick of a light switch—the gods of antiquity indulge in their favorite pastimes. Jove deflowers Io, who is transformed into a heifer by jealous Juno and guarded by Argus of the thousand eyes; Vulcan catches Mars making it with his wife, Venus, whom he has neglected in order to provide the war-god with suitable armor, and so on. The place is a storefront at 2259 North Lincoln Avenue in Chicago, which Paul Sills—first director of Second City—converted last October into a cabaret theater called ***The Body Politic*** (with backing from Mike Nichols and Elaine May). The production is a robust rendering of seven erotic tales adapted from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by Arnold Weinstein. Under Sills's direction, the show maintains what poet Charles Olson would call a "high-energy discharge" at all points; it's a no-bullshit celebration of life and the forces that perpetuate it. In a risky maneuver that comes off well, the players substitute third-person narration for dialog most of the way, reciting the lines that describe their actions as they perform them; much of the total effect is due to the excellent pacing, staging and movement (the latter comes close to being choreography); and the energetic onstage happenings are augmented by Olympian offstage voices, strikingly suitable rock songs and a more than incidental score composed by Bill Russo and a pair of youthful troubadours—Chris Alpor and John Guth—who get a staggering range of sounds from their electric guitars. The use of electricity for aural and visual emphasis reinforces the sexual tension that animates the production—and one leaves the theater with juices allowed. Although the actors don't *really* make it, they mime it with enough soulful conviction so that it's all believable and beautiful. And that—for gods or humans, for antiquity or posterity—is where it's at. The scantily clad cast of six—Chuck Barthelett, Cortus Tejer, Jim Keach, Molly McKesson, Bernadine Rideaus, Tom Towles—swings into action at 8:30 P.M. Tuesday through Saturday, with additional shows at 10:30 on Friday and Saturday; tickets range from $2 to $3, and the experience is pure joy.

BOOKS

Once again, it is our pleasure to direct your attention to an array of impressive gifts designed to stir the mind and jog the spirit. From the publishing field this season, we have reaped a choice harvest, guaranteed to satisfy readers (and even some nonreaders) of the most diverse predilections.

Evidence that a gift book can be both sumptuous and substantive is available in the form of ***Quality, Its Image in the Arts*** (Atheneum). Editor Louis Kronenberger has collected an estimable company to deal with such enduring conundrums of aesthetics as whether artistic values are subjective or objective, and each essay is accompanied by illuminating illustrations. The quality of *Quality* is implicit in the list of contributors, which includes Eric Bentley on theater, Walker Evans on photography, Joseph Wechsberg on gastronomy, Richard Eberhart on poetry, Elizabeth Hardwick on fiction and Harold Rosenberg on avant-garde. We tip our hat to Marshall Lee, who conceived of the project and oversaw its production to a gratifying conclusion.

In ***The Lives of the Painters*** (Norton), *New York Times* critic John Canaday applies a broad brush to the history of Western art. The first three volumes of this handsome four-volume set are devoted to essays on some 450 painters, from Cimabue to Cezanne, and the fourth

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offers a generous sampling of their work—more than 500 reproductions, 176 of them in full color. All in all, a pleasurable introduction to a pleasurable subject.

American Painting (Skira) is proudly served by the two splendidly illustrated volumes of that title. Volume one, written by Yale professor Jules David Prown, takes us from the beginnings of portraiture in the Colonies ("The most obvious fact about Early American painting is that there was so little of it") to the Armory show, that surpassingly important *succès de scandale* of 1913. Volume two, by Sarah Lawrence professor Barbara Rose, carries us on through the 1960s, right up to op, pop and other offshoots of abstract expressionism. Despite all reservations about the direction taken by American painters of recent years, these volumes leave no doubt of the vitality of our nation's art, yesterday and today.

Rembrandt: His Life, His Work, His Time (Abrams) is an impressive tribute to that great man, timed for the 300th anniversary of his death. In addition to the master's paintings, drawings and sketches, this hefty volume contains pertinent prints of other artists of 17th Century Holland—612 illustrations, all told, including 109 hand-tipped plates in full color. Along with the astutely selected and tastefully displayed pictures goes a lengthy commentary by Bob Haak, former curator of Amsterdam's famed Rijksmuseum, full of insights into the artist and the nation and age that he adorned.

Shortly before he died in 1416, the celebrated French patron of the arts, Jean, Duke of Berry, commissioned a Book of Hours for his personal use. The resultant masterpiece, ***The Très Riches Heures*** (Braziller) was not completed until 70 years after his death, and it has taken nearly 500 years more for a publisher to give us the full, exact-size reproduction in four colors and brilliant gold. Consisting of a calendar with scenes of daily life during each month of the year, as well as illustrated texts of Biblical passages, the *Très Riches Heures* is to be richly treasured both as a superlative work of art and for what it tells us of 15th Century France.

Tom Ungerer, whose artwork has appeared in PLAYBOY, makes a powerful editorial statement in his ***Fornicon*** (Rhinoceros Press). Through a series of bizarrely erotic drawings, the sex act is presented as a macabre machine-dominated ritual wherein technology triumphs over humanity, it's as though Rube Goldberg had been invested with the spirit of the Marquis de Sade. *Fornicon* is available both in a signed, limited edition of 500 and in a regular edition.

For just $375, you can pick up a copy of ***The Dali Alice*** (Random House), which, as the name suggests, is *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* enhanced by 19 "mixed-media originals" of Salvador Dali. Only 2500 copies are being printed, and your own copy will be signed in pencil by Dali, whose contributions include a four-color etching of Alice, as well as 12 11½" x 17" woodcuts—one for each chapter of the book. This unique creation comes in a case-portfolio—18⅛" x 12⅛" x 2¾"—made of linen and leather over heavy board. *Alice* will survive it, but we do regret that Lewis Carroll isn't around to give his opinion of the project.

Commissioning Leonard Baskin to do the illustrations for a new three-volume translation of ***The Divine Comedy*** (Grossman)—by Yale University Dante scholar Thomas G. Bergin—was an apt idea. Baskin's work has always suggested that the artist had some acquaintance with the denizens of the nether world. Now, in 115 washed line drawings, the winner of the National Institute of Arts and Letters gold medal takes full advantage of the opportunity to exercise some of the nightmares that evidently crowd his brain, as they did that of Italy's greatest poet.

In the memorable summer of 1968, the celebrated photographer David Douglas Duncan focused in on the two national political conventions for NBC News. His work was outstanding. Now he puts us doubly in his debt with ***Self-Portrait: U. S. A.*** (Abrams), a collection of 325 exceptional black-and-white photographs drawn from that assignment. Among the Republicans in Miami and the Democrats in Chicago, Duncan tells us, he sought out "our best, worst, most mediocre, uptight . . . Nixon, Rockefeller, McCarthy, Humphrey, hippies, paraders, protesters, professors, Negroes, delegates, dreamers, cops and their killer dogs, wounded Vietnam veterans, wounded McCarthyites, wounded spirits along the side lines—pictures of almost all of us Americans of one breed or another. . . ." Duncan has captured the face of a nation in a troubled hour.

Victor Skrebneski is a Chicago photographer with an international following and a gift for endowing the human figure with infinite grace and dignity. A collection of black-and-white figure studies (and that applies to both the subjects and the photos), succinctly labeled ***Skrebneski,*** has just been published by Ridge Press in a slipcased edition. Included is the now famous shot of Vanessa Redgrave used to promote *The Loves of Isadora.*

Viewing the Sixties as a pop-culture decade and concentrating on its London poppings, Cockney photographer David Bailey and showbiz reporter Peter Evans have put together a large volume that is very much of a piece with the phenomenon it purports to be studying. ***Goodbye Baby & Amen. A Saraband for the Sixties*** (Coward-McCann) offers tricky shots of Christine Keeler, Twiggy, Malcolm Muggeridge, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Andy Warhol, the Earl of Snowdon and a batch of other it-today, where-tomorrow people, along with some harmless comments about them.

Christopher Hibbert makes a lively guide for ***The Grand Tour*** (Putnam), which attracted generations of rich and lively young Englishmen in the 18th and early 19th Centuries. They were, we suppose, precursors of today's jet set—but considerably more interesting and more adventurous. As the selections offered by historian Hibbert attest, there were some exceedingly bright literary lights among the Grand Tourists—Gibbon, Boswell and Wordsworth, to name but a few. Their experiences and reflections, set in an informative narrative and adorned by uncommon illustrations, add up to a most satisfying volume.

Lure of the Caribbean (Rand McNally), which features 270 lush color photos by Ted Czolowski, with accompanying text by Donald Stainsby, takes the reader on a crescent-shaped tour from the Virgin Islands to Trinidad. It's no substitute for making the scene in person, but it's guaranteed to stir up whatever wanderlust one has lurking within him.

For nearly 200 years, Baron Munchausen has held title to the role of the most engaging liar in European storytelling. Created in 1785 by R. E. Raspe, the dashing Munchausen, who could relate in matter-of-fact fashion how he helped several thousand sailors of all nations escape from the belly of a large fish by inserting the mast of a ship between its palate and tongue, has been an international favorite. Now, in ***The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*** (Pantheon), British illustrator Ronald Searle has added a generous supply of his own brand of lunacy to that of the worthy Baron. A hearty welcome to them both.

John Masters' ***Casanova*** (Geis) is a lively retelling of the amours and adventures of that most amorous adventurist. Masters, a British army officer turned American writer, conveys the affection and admiration he obviously feels for the 18th Century master of many trades; the tales of his comings and consortings make easy reading. Unfortunately, the production of the book is not up to its subject; Casanova, a gentleman of good taste and bad temper, would probably have stabbed the publisher.

The never-never world of filmdom's moguls has been invaded by Arthur Knight and Eliot Elisofon. In ***The Hollywood Style*** (Macmillan), film critic Knight, co-author of PLAYBOY's *The History of Sex in Cinema* series, supplies the comments to go with photographer Elisofon's photographs of the mansions, hotels, clubs and theaters created to the tastes of Hollywood greats, from Cecil B. De Mille to Charlton Heston, from Mary Pickford to Steve McQueen. Whatever one's opinion of these tastes, which have often run to overstuffed furniture and potted palms,

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The Hollywood Style captures an extraordinary piece of the American dream.

The Blues Line (Grossman/Mushmusha), a collection of blues lyrics gathered together by Eric Sackheim and interspersed with black-and-white and sepia drawings by Jonathan Shahn, is a moving and monumental effort. It is, in effect, a body of folk poetry encapsulating the life and times of the American Negro. The 400-plus pages cover the words of such legendary musicians as Ma Rainey, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Leadbelly, Big Bill Broonzy and Bessie Smith in a work of epic dimensions.

The 1904 Handbook of Gasoline Automobiles (Chelsea House) is ostensibly a reproduction of a catalog published by the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, a group that paid royalties to George Selden because he held a patent that named him the inventor of the gasoline automobile. PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy, in a fascinating introduction, outlines Selden's temporary hold on the industry, which ended with Henry Ford's courtroom triumph in 1911. The cars are elegant, for the most part, and the book is a tempting slice of automotive history of interest to both buff and beginner.

Foods of the World (Time-Life) offers a cook's tour of cooking here, there and everywhere. Each volume of this extensive series celebrates the cuisine of a single land, complete with history, illustrations and more than 100 recipes chosen by those knights of the dining table, James Beard and Michael Field. Here's a gift that ought to guarantee the giver an invitation to dinner and the dinner ought to be interesting.

The Pipe Book (Macmillan) is a completely updated version of Alfred Dunhill's notable history of stems and bowls, from the makeshift clay creations of Africa and India to the sophisticated European models of today. Cigar fanciers, for their part, have available ***The Connoisseur's Book of the Cigar*** (McGraw-Hill), an almanac of stogie lore by Geneva tobacconist Zino Davidoff. Cigarman Davidoff proves himself a man of wit and sensibility as well as expertise. He writes: "Never under any circumstances light up another cigar before ten or fifteen minutes have gone by – two cigars one after another show a soul either obsessed or base."

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Except for a brief introduction by the author, Tom Hayden's ***Rebellion and Repression*** (World) is not a book *by* this embattled radical but, rather, a transcript of his appearances before the National Commission on Violence and the House Internal Security Committee (nee the House Committee on Un-American Activities). The witness is very much himself—candid but careful not to be entrapped, unintimidated, self-assured. Hayden, who is by no means a pacifist, makes provocative distinctions between civil disobedience (which accepts authority's right to punish) and outright opposition to illegitimate authority. He finds violence generally counterproductive in American society and advocates, instead, the creation of "a movement of political guerrillas," people who "use the political concepts of guerrilla warfare without the weapons or the guns. The political concept of guerrilla warfare is to make yourself at one with the people you are trying to organize, be among them, go through their day-to-day existence, live on the same budget they do, and organize them into a political force." A main source of interest in *Rebellion and Repression* is Hayden's ability to keep his questioners, especially on the House committee, off balance. Parts of the transcript suggest the theater of the absurd: Chairman Ichord: "Let there be order here." Hayden: "There is no order. That is what I am getting at, Mr. Chairman." The witness keeps his cool until, finally, he is asked: "Don't you think that the young people who follow you in these various movements should take a second look at you, before they place their lives and their responsibilities in [your] hands?" His reply: "Shit." At the end of his testimony, trying to get in the last word, Hayden declares: "You exist only formally: you exist officially, but you have lost all authority, and when a group of people who have power lose their authority, then they have lost. You have lost, period." But it's not that simple. Hayden himself spent last fall being tried in Chicago as one of eight defendants accused of conspiracy in connection with the violence at the 1968 Democratic Convention. The power with which America's "revolutionaries" have to contend is, to say the least, formidable, whether or not its authority is legitimate. The winner has not yet been declared.

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In an age of literary specialization (Cheever on suburbia, Updike on couples, Roth on Roth), it's remarkable to see a three-letter man change onto the field. John Fowles—who made the varsity with *The Collector*, that suffocatingly authentic study of a lower-middle-class psychotic, and followed that with his high-scoring tour de force, *The Magus*—establishes his versatility in spades with his latest and best novel, ***The French Lieutenant's Woman*** (Little, Brown). This is an ambitious undertaking. Fowles attempts no less than to invade the historical heart of Victorian England with post-Beatle sensibilities. What is more, the author lets his 20th Century hand show several times during the telling, even to the point of addressing the reader in a consultative way about the possible progress of his story. The chief character is Charles Smithson, a very fine upper-class chap, whose propensities and position would scarcely seem to lead toward tragedy. Yet that is where the author takes him. Charles is not only of the socially elite but of the spiritually elite as well. Blessed with means, with his class freedoms, a good mind, a worn innocence and a fatal curiosity, Charles follows his heart and lands outside the hermetic world of Victorianism. Endowed as he is, Charles has neither artistic nor scientific genius, and the beautiful point made by the author is that *only* genius could guide such a man safely out of his time. The catalyst of Charles's undoing is Sarah Emily Woodruff, an enigmatic female who emerges almost dangerously as a symbol rather than a woman. She is the underworld *Zeitgeist* of Victorianism, the spirit that informs Charles of the essentially anti-human modalities of his day. Because of her, Charles breaks his engagement, a break not only of the heart but of the most sacrosanct codes of Victorian England, a break that makes him an outcast. It's difficult to believe in a woman like Sarah, but then, it's difficult to believe that men could have laced themselves into the strait jacket of Victorian thinking and behavior. But the two anomalies balance out, and the result is a compelling novel.

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A revolution has taken place in money management in the past ten years. Bonds are out; stocks are in. Banks, insurance companies, universities, trusts and funds are paying upward of $1,000,000 a year to men who know which way the bird's going to fly before it leaves the nest. Prudence in the preservation of capital (plenty of bonds, and stocks only in the top 100 companies) has given way to "total performance," whereby the portfolio you manage must outperform all others (which means going with companies such as Natomas, Mohawk Data, Gulf and Western, Zimmer Homes). ***The Money Managers*** (Random House) offers profiles of 19 of today's hottest investment experts, drawn by Gilbert Kaplan (see *On the Scene*, PLAYBOY, July 1969) and Chris Welles from the pages of *The Institutional Investor*, the magazine for pros. They are young, 30 to 40, live modestly and are completely and irrevocably dedicated to the growth of capital. Typical of the breed is 34-year-old David Mead, who runs the San Francisco-based Winfield Growth Fund. "In 1967, Winfield gained 100 percent, not far behind Fred Carr's Enterprise Fund, though last year [1968] it did slump down the list to a mere 16.1 percent. Still, his performance has consistently far outstripped the Dow Jones Industrial Average and, as of the end of 1968, Winfield's assets were $230,000,000, a six-fold increase in the past 12 months." Mead reveals something about his investment attitude that applies to most of the other go-go managers: "I am basically buy-oriented. The good managers are always great bulls because they are the ones to see the potential . . . Really, I'm a fantastic optimist. I'm all offense." He points out that during bad times,

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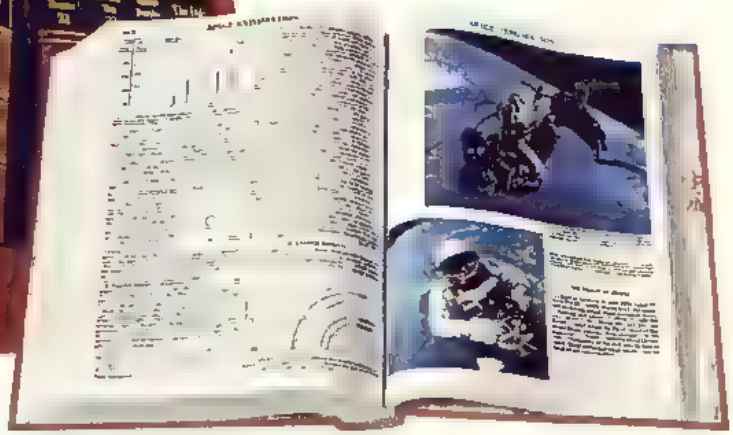

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most funds are bunched together, between 5 and 20 percent down, but that during good times, the top managers step way out ahead of the mediocre ones. It will be interesting to see how these fierce optimists come out of the 1969 down market. As of presstime: badly.

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With his first foray into fiction, Jimmy Breslin is going to get himself in hot water with defensive Italian Americans in general and maybe Frank Sinatra in particular. Let's hope that members of the Mafia, the subject of ***The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*** (Viking), don't hang out in bookstores. The most unusual thing about this terribly funny book is its author's candor about Sicilian foibles—the frenzied religious superstition, the tremendous egotism of the preening males, the crude treatment of women and the tendency toward verbal violence—here couched in Tony-the-banana man dialect ("Shat up a you face!"), as well as the other kind. Although his characters are portrayed as pigs throughout—no Runyonesque sentimentality here—Breslin wisely confines them to the more acceptable outrages such as larceny and murder, skirting Mafia involvement with heroin and whores and the like. His arrogantly bumbling mobsters, while not exactly lovable, are appealing in a way, if you don't think about it too hard. And this is definitely not a thinking man's book but one for belly laughers. Breslin may get away with all this under the cover of art—plus his longtime marital association with the former Rosemary Dattoloco. Better let your wife start the car in the morning, Jimmy.

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Now that the battle over premarital sex has been relegated to history books, the battle over extramarital sex gives every sign of escalating into the major moral issue of the new decade. Two new books signal the turn: ***The Affair*** (World), by Morton M. Hunt, and ***Extramarital Relations*** (Prentice-Hall), edited by Gerhart Neubeck. PLAYBOY contributor Hunt looks at the contemporary scene with cool dispassion. He interviewed 91 persons at length, obtained various letters and diaries, conferred with marriage specialists and utilized the findings of a specially designed questionnaire. His tape-recorded interviews spill over with a raw truthfulness that destroys the stereotypes of unfaithful husbands and wives. Here is a promiscuous wife who breaks up her home when she learns of her husband's infidelity, a wealthy businessman who ends a sordid affair and then discovers that he is content—but never happy; and a genuine love affair that shatters two empty marriages and leads to the lovers' marriage—which promptly blows up in their faces. Such recognizable human beings are nowhere to be found in the potpourri of essays collected by sociologist Neubeck in *Extramarital Relations*. It belongs under dust on library shelves—except for two contributions. One is a tape-recorded discussion of infidelity by several academics, which Neubeck makes the mistake of presenting verbatim. The aimless cross-discussion is a fine caricature of intellectuals talking about sex. The other noteworthy contribution is also full of academic jargon—but despite that, it is a research jewel. Over a period of five years, sociologist Stephen E. Beltz studied the interlocking lives of five couples who were involved in extramarital sexual relationships and, on the basis of the results, he flatly contradicts the prevalent notion that infidelity can improve existing marriages. Others can, and doubtless will, contest Beltz's conclusions, but at least they now have some solid evidence to consider.

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Veteran newspaperman and off-duty novelist Hoke Norris has written a sharp, short and unpretentious novel about love lost and found. ***It's Not Far, but I Don't Know the Way*** (Swallow), a section of which first appeared in PLAYBOY, is the story of David Elliott and Joyce Harper who meet again in Chicago after long separation. Joyce is now doomed, though she does not yet know it, by breast cancer. In the unexpectedly short time that remains to them, David and Joyce become lovers again, reliving the joys and subterfuges of their first union. Norris writes simply but evocatively: Even the minor characters seem truthfully observed. Although the dialog is occasionally bookish and stuff, Norris shows that he is a master of the flashback: David's troubled Southern childhood and the lovers' first poignant night together are handled skillfully. At the end, there's an ironic sadness in store for David. What Norris has done is give us a plain old-fashioned love story, a story also about time and memory that, in this day of gaudy writing and gaudier plot, goes down uncommonly well.

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In his new book, ***Love and Will*** (Norton), existential psychotherapist Rollo May comes on like Don Quixote. After setting up his own particular windmills—that intercourse today is all technique and no feeling, that differences between the sexes have been almost obliterated, that men and women no longer believe they can control their own destinies—the good doctor starts tilting at them with psychoanalytic lances. Since he addresses himself primarily to fellow professionals, who spend most of their waking hours stumbling around in the dreams their patients inhabit, Dr. May's rediscovery and reformulation of such human virtues as love could prove instructive. But to men and women who live out their lives in the real world, it may seem odd to be told that passion does not exist in their lives, that they do not feel the fire of love, that they have lost the capacity to wish, to yearn, to will—in brief, that psychotherapists must teach them to become human beings again. A clearer picture of man and modern society is presented by theologian Harvey Cox (his latest article for PLAYBOY, *For Christ's Sake*, appears on page 117). In ***The Feast of Fools*** (Harvard), Cox asserts that the world, having "nearly lost its capacity for either festivity or fantasy . . . is now beginning to reclaim these neglected dimensions of life." But in doing this, man finds Christianity an obstacle in his path, "a relic of the past and an enemy of the present." With a cogent argument that illuminates the relationship among religion, fantasy and social improvisation, Cox pleads for the church to lead the way back to an acceptance of life's disorderliness, an acknowledgment of its ridiculousness and a celebration of its joys. In a world that lives under threat of extinction, no reasonable man is likely to argue with Cox when he concludes, "Laughter is hope's last weapon." He who laughs, lasts best.

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In telling the story of an idealist in a world of cynicism, Budd Schulberg tends to load his liberal deck—but the game he deals is still an exciting one. The idealist in ***Sanctuary V*** (New American Library) is Justo Moreno Suarez, provisional president of the Cuban revolutionary regime of Angel Bello (read Fidel Castro) until—after one daiquiri too many, he publicly questions Bello's flirtation with the Communists. Bello pays him a sinister midnight visit to defend the honor of his mistress, the Revolution, coming on with bodyguards and not so veiled threats ("Remember, I am not judging you. The Revolution is judging you."). Sensing that the Revolution is after his hide for daring to doubt her virtue, our hero scurries into asylum in an unidentified Havana embassy, only to be engulfed in a hothouse atmosphere of corruption and *machismo* madness more threatening than the one he left behind. (Not the least of his problems is protecting his nymo of a teenaged daughter from A Fate Worse Than.) Other cast members include an outrageously queer but gassy poet, a white-hating, voodoo-motivated peasant leader and a former police chief who, in pre-revolutionary days, liked to turn loose a genius-eating dwarf on selected prisoners. Schulberg, as we all know, knows how to write a readable novel. If his morality play has a flaw, it is that Moreno Suarez is too naïvely liberal for us to swallow. Or is it just that in early 1970, good old-fashioned idealism seems embarrassingly anachronistic?

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The heroine of John O'Hara's mini-book, ***Lovey Childs, a Philadelphian's Story*** (Random House), was born Charlotte Lewis and nicknamed Lovey by her mother. From her childhood, it is clear that Lovey has a mind of her own,

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which, like the minds of her family and friends, remains vacant as she grows. Her father dies when she is 16 and, soon after, a schoolgirl friend of Lovey's seduces Lovey's mother, who likes it so much that she dykes and dopes along until they consign her to the loony bin. Lovey then marries Sky Golds and they live high in New York until Sky is invoked in a paternity suit. After divorcing Sky in Reno, Lovey is—what else?—seduced by a sob sister who's covering the story. Lovey likes it but not as a way of life and, out of a yen for men, she seduces a priest who—what else?—goes back to his chapel and hangs himself. Then Lovey meets her cousin Francis, who has just been jilted by his cousin Rose. Lovey and Francis get married and live together for the next 40 years as a team—out of habit. Writing this sort of book, as a matter of fact, has become a habit with O'Hara. It's time he broke it.

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At 45, Malcolm Boyd, an Episcopal priest who forsook the traditional ministry to bring the message of man's humanity to man, has felt the need to catch his spiritual breath after his recent years of running with Jesus. ***As I Live and Breathe*** (Random House) is, in Boyd's own words, "simply a look at, and into, a man's life." Because the facts of Boyd's life—his years as a TV producer in Hollywood, his entrance into the seminary, his forsaking of the formal pulpit for the person-to-person encounters of coffeehouse confrontations and social activism—are fairly well known by now, it might seem that an autobiography is overkill. But this impressionistic self-examination is not only the perspective-giver that Boyd perhaps needed; it is also a no-holds-barred glimpse into the mind and soul of a most unusual man. Because Boyd believes that a man's relationship to God is wrapped up in, and illuminated by, his life experiences with fellow human beings, the book is built on a succession of hundreds of such experiences—comic, tragic, frightening, ennobling, edifying, puzzling. Narrative is intercut with "unmailed letters" to friends, fragments of Boyd's poetry, Protestant hymns, vividly etched vignettes of people and places. Excitingly written—agonized, joyful, questioning—the book is a story of one man's struggle not only to survive our world but to make it better.

DINING-DRINKING

Not too long ago, La Chaumière, a small French restaurant on Chicago's Near North Side, underwent a metamorphosis in which it acquired a new name —***La Cheminée*** (1161 North Dearborn Street)—new decor, a lot more floor space and an *ambiance* that makes dining a delight. The red-brick walls and the red tablecloths are warm and inviting; the personnel, most of whom—wonder of wonders—are French, are efficient and friendly (but not overly familiar); and the luncheon and dinner menus are abrim with dishes to warm the cockles of a gourmet's heart. Dinner is *à prix fixe* at $9 and includes superbly prepared main dishes such as Steak au Poivre in flaming cognac, Poached Turbot with a Hollandaise Sauce that's exceptionally good, Roast Duckling with Orange Sauce and Beef Wellington. For openers, you can choose from among a piquant *pâté*, avocado stuffed with king crab and onion soup that's several cuts above the ordinary. The mixed-green salad offered with the meal has a vinaigrette sauce designed to turn on the taste buds. The luncheon menu is nearly as varied but far more modestly priced, with most main courses under $4. It was our good fortune to be there when the day's special was Vol au Vent, which was nothing less than splendid, preceded by a superior Quiche Lorraine and accompanied by a small carafe of entirely satisfactory white wine. It made for a first-rate luncheon, marred only by omnipresent canned music completely out of keeping with the surroundings. One other quibble: We wish the restaurant were a little less diffident in letting the public know where it is—the sign outside is minuscule and badly placed. As an added dividend, La Cheminée operates Le Grenier, a piano bar located above the restaurant that featured, at this writing, the piano and songs of Bobby Harrison until 2 A.M. La Cheminée is open for luncheon during the week from 11:30 to 2:30 and for dinner from 5:30 to 11. Closed Sunday. For reservations, call 642-6654.

MOVIES

NO NAME CITY (POPULATION DRUNK). Under that disarmingly wicked legend, scrawled on the gates to a gold-rush town, ***Paint Your Wagon*** sets a new style in $20,000,000 Hollywood musicals, which are customarily geared to the family trade. Not this time, by Gawd. Produced by author-lyricist Alan Jay Lerner from his Broadway show of the Fifties, with André Previn providing additional music for Frederick Loewe's original score, *Wagon* has a new lightweight plot and a nose-thumbing attitude toward moral conventions. While gold dust is plentiful, there's hardly an ounce of propriety to be found in No Name City, where Lee Marvin and Clint Eastwood extend their partnership as prospectors by settling down in a log hut with one wife between them—winsome Jean Seberg, playing a sexual pioneer gal who has been purchased from a Mormon for $800. Their easygoing *ménage à trois* causes nary a ripple of outrage in a community of saloons, bordellos and roughshod brawlers, who tend to look upon the town's brimstone preacher as a kind of freak. In this moral climate, small wonder that the populace bursts into enthusiastic song at intervals, or that the three principals look so relaxed while overturning some of the wholesome traditions of horse opera. The only real voice to be heard above the cornpone beat of The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band is that of Harve Presnell, who handles the show-stopping *They Call the Wind Maria*. Jean and Clint sync their songs competently and Marvin *talks* his—pretty well, too, for an actor who has plenty of vitality but very little natural charm to take the rough edges off a role made to order for the late Walter Huston. While its offhanded affability keeps *Paint Your Wagon* rolling along, the bane of the enterprise is bigness as usual. Director Joshua Logan, who abhors subtlety, seldom uses just two horses or just one harlot when he can have them cheaper by the dozen.

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Ralph Richardson plays the wall-to-wall title role of ***The Bed Sitting Room***—and literally changes into one by a process of mutation following a nuclear war that has lasted exactly two minutes and 28 seconds. London is now a surreal post-atomic trash heap, with the dome of St. Paul's poking through the rubble. While a pregnant girl (Rita Tushingham) sweats out a 17-month gestation period, her dotty old Mum and Dad (Mona Washbourne and Arthur Lowe, as endearing There'll Always Be an England types) are also about to assume new forms. Mum becomes a chest of drawers, Dad a glum parrot. Scotland Yard is still active, praise be, represented by those two *Beyond the Fringe* alumni, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, who do their gumshoeing aloft in a wrecked touring car slung under a gas balloon. Verbal puns, sight gags and snatches of old music-hall routines abound, but only one in ten is intrinsically funny, the rest seems rather pointless and superimposed upon this apocalyptic comedy by director Richard Lester, still stumbling about, trying to find a style of his own. *How I Won the War* was the opening gun in Lester's campaign to bring back the mad vitality of the Marx brothers and the timing of Buster Keaton in a socially significant cinema of the absurd. But the many clichés about the insanity of war don't really become more meaningful when they're batted out of left field with a slapstick.

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Take away the specious social and psychological pretensions of ***Coming Apart*** and almost nothing remains but a large white sofa occupied by Rip Torn, your not-very-cheerful host for an evening of fashionable sex. The game turns out to be fitfully fascinating, thanks in large part to the presence of Sally Kirkland, an actress previously celebrated for her

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nude appearances in such off-Broadway gambols as *Sweet Eros* and *Tom Paine*. With and without clothes, Sally leads the procession of sexniks mustered for action on Tom's couch, not only spewing four-letter words but acting them out as well, without a trace of inhibition, and she is simultaneously sad, funny, vulnerable and obscene. Tom plays a psychoanalyst who is living in a borrowed apartment under an assumed name and appears to be coming apart psychiatrically speaking. Estranged from his wife, he entertains hookers, his friends' wives, former patients and bright-eyed volunteers for McCarthy, while he yammers away about truth and reality as if to persuade us that writer-director Milton Moses Ginsberg has something important to say on the subject of fornication or America or life itself. Forget it. *Coming Apart* is a sexploitation flick dressed up in post-Freudian jabberwocky, as poorly lit as a 1932 stag film, with a scratchy sound track to match. From time to time, though, when the camera is in focus—and when Ginsberg isn't flaunting his amateurism—some amusing sexual foibles are reflected in the mirrored wall behind the sofa where absolutely all of the action unfolds. After Sally, the best of show are Viveca Lindfors, as a woman of the world whose passion has cooled to the point where she can verbalize it, Lynn Swann, as a pint-size swinger who shows up pushing a baby carriage, and Megan McCormick, as a hilariously eager sadomasochist who is turned on by cigarette burns.

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Friday-night fun and games for married swingers in exotic California brings out ***All the Loving Couples,*** the kind of skin show that would have played in cheap grindhouses before X ratings gave sex a first run for its money. Though made on the cheap, *Couples* delivers a suburban wife-swapping orgy as advertised—with no copping out as in the glossier world of *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, and with a flip of honest insight and raunchy humor as well. A tiny moral lesson—make of it what you will—is tucked quietly into the sexclothes by tagging one male among the four fun-seeking couples as a Birchite. However, little of the evening is wasted talking politics, since all concerned seem keenly aware that Friday comes but once each week. There's barely time enough as it is for the group to indoctrinate a new young couple (Barbara Blake and Scott Graham) who have just moved to town and aren't quite sure whether they want to social climb or just climb into the sack. Apologizing for his late arrival, the new chap quips, "Is there a door prize?" To which his snake-eyed hostess answers, "You may be it." That passes for repartee in this fast company until nearly dawn when everyone nips over to Howard Johnson's for coffee. Not the nicest people, but if you're curious enough to drop in, don't say they didn't warn you.

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Z is a first-rate political thriller, filmed in French yet profoundly rooted in the troubled history of modern Greece. Based on the semidocumentary novel by Greek expatriate Vassili Vassilikos, the plot pointedly fictionalizes a real incident that brought about the fall of the Caramanlis government in 1963—when Gregorios Lambrakis, a leftist Greek physician and activist who opposed the establishment of American missile sites in Greece, was run down by a delivery truck as he left a protest meeting in Salonica. Subsequent investigation proved that Lambrakis' "accidental" death was part of a right-wing assassination conspiracy involving top officials of the police, the army and the judiciary. Yves Montand as the victimized man, Irène Papas as his widow and Jean-Louis Trintignant in a brilliantly underplayed performance as the cool young magistrate whose sleuthing brings him, at last, to a showdown with his strong-arm superiors headline a stellar cast in which personalities are subordinate to the inexorable flow of events. The story is told with the urgency of a newsbreak by director Costa-Gavras, another displaced Greek, who crowns his achievement by scrupulously avoiding every temptation to preach. While its leftist sympathies are seldom in doubt, *Z* plainly concludes that the ground rules are the same for East and West—under capitalists, Communists or military dictators such as those now in control of Greece. Costa-Gavras' harshly authentic fiction is neither a pure example of film journalism nor complete as a work of art. Yet with enough intrigue and excitement reel by reel to eclipse James Bond, *Z* takes its place as one of the significant films of this era.

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The 1939 version of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* clinched an Oscar for Robert Donat and made Greer Garson a star. But in MGM's expensive remake of James Hilton's sentimental novel about a rigid English schoolmaster who is humanized by the love of a good woman, Peter O'Toole and songstress Petula Clark plod along to no avail, finding cold comfort in the Mickey Mouse words and music that have been added to the story by composer Leslie Bricusse. Terence Rattigan's scenario is approximately an hour longer than the original and looks and sounds a good decade older, as well. The piece shows its age partly because former choreographer Herbert Ross, in his directorial debut, appears to believe that he can modernize a vintage tearjerker simply by redoing it with lots of tricky zoom shots—***Goodbye, Mr. Chips*** revisited by a helicopter-borne camera. Peter and Petula are sorely miscast and essay most of their big numbers as voice-over background music while strolling through dreamy panoramic views of the ruins at Pompeii or portions of English countryside. Which may be as good a way as any for performers to keep their distance from lyrics that distill the bittersweet quality of life in such lines as "What a lot of lovely, pretty flowers . . ."

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References to William Burroughs, Danny Cohn-Bendit, Chairman Mao, Vietnam, Cuba, *Cahiers du Cinéma* and free Quebec litter the sound track of ***Le Gai Savoir*** (*Joyful Wisdom*) like the passwords for shock troops besieging a freshman dormitory. It should surprise no one that this new foray into anti-cinema is the baby of Jean-Luc Godard, who has apparently given up all semblance of form and decided to issue kinky philosophical tracts from time to time, as the spirit moves him. Which would be all very well if Godard were even a passably clear thinker. In *Le Gai Savoir* he leaves his camera running on an incredibly tedious young couple (Juliette Berto and Jean-Pierre Leaud) who sit or stand or shuffle or strike poses in an inky-black limbo while they discuss the meaninglessness of language and the need for de-education. Occasionally, Godard cuts to cartoon strips, pop posters and street scenes, as if to illustrate—though not intentionally—that images can be pretty meaningless, too. Communication with his audience is minimal, to say the most. As spokesman for a generation in revolt, Godard is an intellectual washout. He casts his net upon the contemporary world's troubled waters, drags in a few fashionable clichés of protest and mounts them as if they were trophies honorably won.

•

At best, the images of consummate evil collected in ***De Sade*** turn out to be amusingly naïve on film, despite a promising array of production shots previewed last June in PLAYBOY. To frame a biography of the infamous Marquis de Sade as a surrealistic play within a play sounds feasible enough, except for one major drawback: the dogged mediocrity of Cy Endfield's direction and Richard Matheson's screenplay. Though it's so expensively packaged that an unwary customer might, at first glance, mistake it for one of Fellini's sleek and shimmering cinematic sex fantasies, this is little more than dime-novel decadence. Ken Dullea, in the title role, runs the gamut from dreamy petulance to boyish exuberance—whether lapping strawberry jam from the breast of a tasty hussy or indulging in a thousand and one other sexercises, few of which even remotely suggest the complexity of a man whose kind life and work not only reflected the violence of his time (Europe before, during and after the French Revolution) but also profoundly warmed the intellectual climate of the Western world for generations

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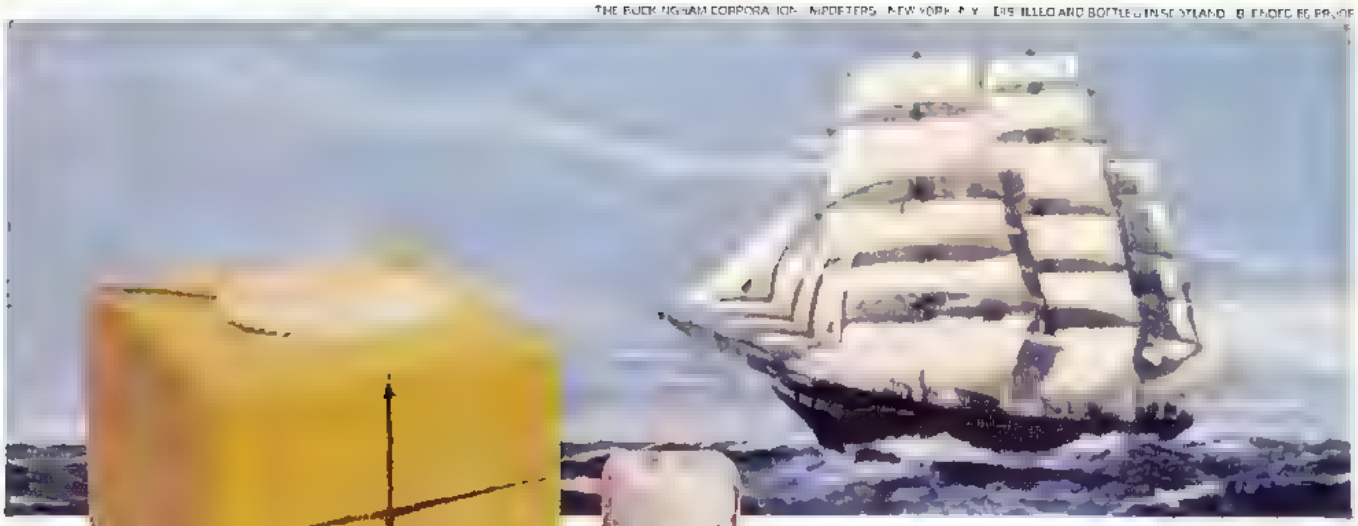

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to come. Dullea's De Sade is a dullard who slops a good deal of wine around in bedchambers, breaks furniture and flays the bare buttocks of prostitutes, presumably as the result of a mother hang-up ("She cherished her jewels more than she did me"). Married off against his wishes to an ugly young woman of noble birth (Anna Massey), he elopes with her beautiful sister (Senta Berger) and apparently invents sadism in part to wreak revenge upon his vindictive mother-in-law (Lilli Palmer). *De Sade*'s numerous dream and fantasy sequences are 18th Century psychedelia, staged by director Endfield as if he were sworn to make the orgies add up to an art film with the raw materials at hand. His most visible assets are the ubiquitous strumpets who come on like a *corps de ballet* of spaced-out Rockettes, and, of course, director-ham John Huston, picking up some easy coin with his outrageously broad stunt work as the Marquis de Sade's uncle, a randy old *abbé* and master of revels who instructs his nephew in the rudiments of pornography. As outlined in *De Sade*, the course is strictly for beginners.

•

Cactus Flower, based on the Abe Burrows adaptation of a French comedy that survived for four seasons on Broadway, offers few surprises but frequent delights. Deep in the toils of a totally predictable plot stands Walter Matthau, co-starring as a wayward Manhattan dentist who preserves his bachelorhood by pretending to be a married man on the make and fails to notice for ten years that the crisply efficient receptionist in charge of his appointment calendar is—Ingrid Bergman. It's the old metamorphosis game, in which a dazzling butterfly emerges from her spinsterish cotoon and catches the boss on the rebound. Finding fault with such formula high-jinks would be easy, but when the performers are well above par and the lines wired for constant laughter, it's easier yet just to relax and enjoy them. This kind of slickly commercial American movie, the epitome of Yankee know-how, very nearly lifts escapist entertainment into the realm of art. Under director Gene Saks, every second gag pops up and sparkles, helping highlight the stars' charisma. Yet *Cactus Flower* may one day be remembered chiefly for introducing movie audiences to Goldie Hawn, the saucer-eyed sprite of Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In* funnier than ever and oddly touching, too, in her big screen debut as a Greenwich Village salesgirl who refuses to marry Matthau until she can clear her conscience of his nonexistent wife and three children.

•

Limpid color photography enhances the fey beauty of Viva, Andy Warhol's weary superstar, who obviously sprang whole out of a drawing by Aubrey Beardsley. Viva is just one of the found

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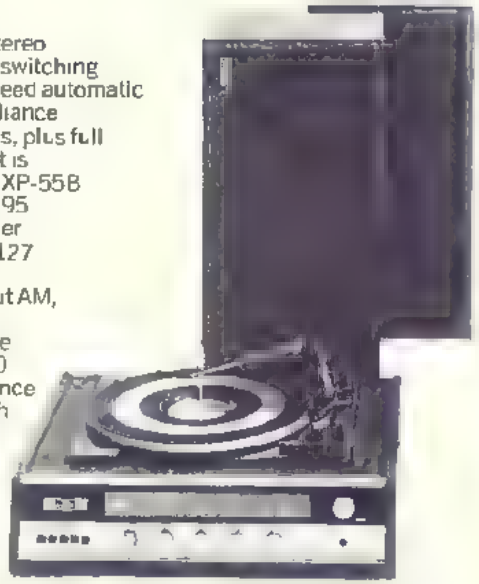

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objects wrested from the underground by French writer-director Agnès (*Le Bonheur*) Varda for her first American film, ***tions Love,*** which also features the hirsute authors of *Hair*, Jerome Ragni and James Rado, and independent moviemaker Shirley Clarke, not to mention an excerpt from Michael McClure's off-Broadway hit, *The Beard*. Miss Varda casts Shirley Clarke as Shirley Clarke, who goes to Hollywood to join a *ménage à trois* in a rented house occupied by Viva, Rado and Ragni, three stray lambs whose improvised dialog consists almost entirely of *non sequiturs*. Some of Viva's lines are wryly amusing, particularly when she muses about the unlikely joys of motherhood and wonders aloud, "Do you think I could go through nine months of it and only come out with one?" *Lions Love* is mostly an inside joke, so committed to the movie-buff mentality that Miss Varda herself steps before the camera on several occasions, even donning Shirley Clarke's blouse to play out a suicide scene that Shirley finds distasteful—with reason. Shirley is supposed to be killing herself because a group of dense major-studio executives have given her such a hard time about making a movie in Hollywood. Director Varda bumps into numerous obstacles, too, in trying to chew on more random Americana than she can easily digest. Despite brief flares of verbal and visual fireworks, *Lions Love* is a fair example of the self-indulgent falseness that emerges when a film maker tries too hard to think young.

•

Notable for one reason or another among the recent deluge of sex epics is ***Fanny Hill,*** a relatively dewy-eyed Swedish version of John Cleland's ribald 18th Century classic. Fanny, in modern dress and in modern Stockholm, is so cleaned up that her best beaux wouldn't recognize her. As essayed by kittenish redhead Diana Kjaer, Fanny's adventures in the city are more lyrical than sensual. She encounters a rich young blade (Hans Ernback) whose father discreetly packs him off to faraway places, but the boy at last returns, still in love and happy to find that his Fanny has been well kept by several other men about town. Except for some artful nude shots, Miss Hill of Stockholm has little in common with her bawdy English namesake.

•

All the films of Luis Buñuel are difficult in some respect but they are seldom pretentious, and a *Viridiana* or a *Belle de Jour* more than rewards the moviegoer who will give it a second thought, perhaps even a second viewing. ***The Milky Way*** belongs to the best Buñuel tradition—dark, elliptical, philosophically rich, doggedly anti-church in outlook, supremely confident in style and touched with a dry, cerebral humor. Taken on its simplest level, the movie is a stunningly dramatized argument about religious faith. Buñuel's lifelong argument with himself was, perhaps, ultimately summed up in the musing of a character who says, "My hatred of science and my horror of technology will lead me one day to the absurdity of believing in God." The chief dramatis personae are two raggle-taggle 20th Century pilgrims (Laurent Terzieff and Paul Frankeur), making their way to the Spanish city of Santiago de Compostela to visit the tomb of Saint James, the Apostle whose body has been interred, disinterred, mutilated, sanctified, desanctified and otherwise bandied about since the 11th Century, according to changing fashions in religious dogma. Buñuel's pilgrims travel through time as well as space, meeting priests, martyrs, a sect of 14th Century heretics about to launch an orgy, the Marquis de Sade midway through a session of torture, a whore, the Virgin Mary and Jesus Christ himself, behaving rather like a shrewd young politician on a whistle-stop tour. Buñuel is a world in which commonplace scenes unexpectedly assume an aura of mysticism and ritual, and here he projects the conflicts of Everyman as a series of vivid confrontations—between a Jesuit and a Jansenist who conduct a lively theological debate while dueling, or between a priest and a militarist discussing transubstantiation at a country inn (whether the body of Christ in a wafer can be likened to the hare in a *pâté*), until two burly attendants in white come and drag the man of God back to his padded cell. *Milky Way* has the resonance of an age-old catechism, charged with life by one of the least compromising masters of modern cinema.

RECORDINGS

There's a mother lode of listening pleasure to graciously give or joyously receive this yule. ***The Boston Symphony Chamber Players*** (RCA) perform works that include Schubert's *Piano Quintet in A*, Brahms's *Piano Trio in B, Op. 8* and Webern's *Concerto, Op. 24*, for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, trumpet, trombone, violin, viola and piano (played by guest artist Richard Goode). All in all, a thoroughly rewarding recording. The Little Orchestra of London, under the baton of Leslie Jones, may be heard to excellent advantage in a six-LP album of Haydn's ***12 London Symphonies*** (93 through 104) and a three-LP package of his ***Six "Paris" Symphonies*** (82 through 87), both sets on the Nonesuch label. The Little Orchestra is perfectly suited to the task and the overall results are a delight. ***Music for Lute, Guitar, Mandolin*** (Turnabout) may lack an Andrés Segovia or a Julian Bream, but there isn't much else missing from this five-LP paean to those instruments. On hand are works by Vivaldi, Boccherini, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert and Paganini. Particularly interesting are the pieces for mandolin, an instrument long relegated to an inferior status. A beautifully packaged offering of Johann Sebastian Bach's ***Harpsichord Concertos*** has been put together for Telefunken's Das Alte Werk series. Gustav Leonhardt, the featured harpsichordist, performs with the Leonhardt Consort and the Concentus Musicus. The sound reproduction is splendid and the instruments are from Bach's own era.

The seasonal goodies naturally include some opulent operatic loot. Top honors go to Richard Strauss's luscious, exuberant ***Der Rosenkavalier*** (London, also available on stereo tape), performed by a choice cast, under Georg Solti's enthusiastic direction and recorded in Vienna, with truly electrifying brilliance. Verdi's tempestuous ***Otello*** (Angel) is another high contender, especially as illumined by Sir John Barbirolli's insightful conducting and by James McCracken's powerful portrayal of the mistrustful Moor. Those ardent Wagnerites who already have the first two volumes of Herbert von Karajan's recording in progress of the "Ring" cycle will almost certainly want to acquire the latest installment, ***Siegfried*** (Deutsche Grammophon), which features American tenor Jess Thomas in the title role. And admirers of soprano Montserrat Caballé's considerable art will find her hard to resist as Strauss's voluptuous ***Salome*** (RCA; also available on stereo tape). Among the reissues, there's a splendid ***Aïda*** (Victrola, also available on stereo tape), presided over by Zinka Milanov, Jussi Bjoerling and Leonard Warren, as well as an equally impressive ***Manon*** (Seraphim), starring Victoria de los Angeles as the hapless heroine.

A pair of widely disparate packages combining books and recordings make excellent Christmas booty. ***To the Moon*** (Time-Life Records) chronicles, by written word, beautiful photos and a half dozen LPs, the events leading up to and culminating in the Armstrong-Aldrin-Collins moon voyage. As a keepsake of a unique and incredible adventure, it's well worth the price. A keepsake of a completely different nature is a book-and-album tribute to Benny Goodman, wherein the Columbia Special Products division of Columbia Records has teamed up ***BG on the Record—A Bio-Discography of Benny Goodman*** (Arlington House) with a grab bag of recorded performances on the Nostalgia label by the King of Swing that covers the period from 1929 to 1945. All but one have never before made it to LPs; the reasons are obvious with many of them, but for the Goodman fan, there's enough gold among the dross to make it all worth while.

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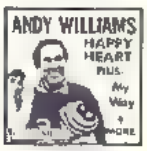

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(also available on stereo tape), should be filled with superlative examples of the idiom. Taken *in toto*, it becomes quite clear that the pacesetters, the pioneers, were on Blue Note—Monk, Dameron, Moody, Rollins, Coltrane, Davis, Bud Powell, Ornette, Silver, Dolphy—all are on hand in this 30th-anniversary reprise. **Chuck Berry's Golden Decade** (Chess; also available on stereo tape) brings together Berry's original two albums under one cover. Included are some of the ground-breaking rock star's most memorable pressings—*Maybellene, Roll Over Beethoven, Rock and Roll Music* and *Sweet Little Sixteen*.

Caedmon, that citadel of the spoken word, continues its winning ways. **Walt Whitman: Eyewitness to the Civil War—Read by Ed Begley** (also available on stereo tape) is brimming with the poet's total immersion in that horrendous conflict. Begley supplies the power to match Whitman's sweeping word images. **The Poetry of Langston Hughes,** read by Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, the theater's superb black husband-wife team, offers a saga of Harlem as only Hughes could tell it—the good and the evil, the crushed hopes and the shattered dreams, the bravura facade and the violent explosions. A total experience.

•

Verily, the Beatles have been touched by the Lord. On **Abbey Road** (Apple; also available on stereo tape)—possibly their best LP to date—they demonstrate unsuspected vocal and instrumental virtuosity as they deliver some of their toughest hard rock (*Come Together, I Want You*), mellowest melodies (*Something, Because*) and keenest satire (*Maxwell's Silver Hammer, Polythene Pam*). Another strange and groovy fruit from Apple, also available on stereo tape, is Billy Preston's **That's the Way God Planned It,** on which the singer-pianist-organist, formerly Ray Charles's side kick, gets the benefit of George Harrison's production. Preston offers tender vocalizing on *Let Us All Get Together Now*, puts power into the funky *What About You?* and revitalizes Dylan's *She Belongs to Me* with his good-time piano; the charts, full of Beatlesque turns, provide proper support for the honest Afro-American soul that's out front.

•

The sounds that emanate from Willie Mitchell's **Soul Bag** (Hi; also available on stereo tape) don't pretend to be art music—they're just bright, danceable instrumentals with a big Memphis beat. *Apollo X, Cherry Tree, Young People* and the nine other tunes are all simple but persuasive exercises in funk.

•

That dynamic, diminutive tornado Sammy Davis Jr. has filled up yet another LP—**The Goin's Great** (Reprise; also available on stereo tape)—with nothing but top-drawer tone poems. Producer Jimmy Bowen conducts the orchestra and chorus behind Sam, who crowds a lifetime of living onto the ten tracks that include *This Guy's in Love with You, The Impossible Dream* and a cutie called *Break My Mind*, by that noble Nashville spirit, John D. Loudermilk.

•

Soul music isn't dominating the charts as it did a year ago, but that's not Jerry Butler's fault. The veteran singer, who gets better all the time, is warmth personified on **Ice on Ice** (Mercury; also available on stereo tape) as he delivers 11 rhythmic love stories, what's cool are the deftly charted and precisely played backgrounds. A welcome newcomer to the soul ranks is Lorraine Ellison, who reveals a vital, church-hued style on **Stay with Me** (Warner Bros.; also available on stereo tape); outstanding are the slow-moving ballads, such as *No Matter How It All Turns Out*, and the title tune (not the Jerome Moross–Carolyn Leigh item of a few years back).

•

Marlene Ver Planck is one helluva singer. Nothing weird, nothing kinky, just right-on-the-button pitch, a lovely sound and material—at least the stuff she does on **This Happy Feeling** (Mounted)—that lets you know words mean as much to her as melody. She has a large assortment of high-caliber studio musicians backing her as she puts her signature to the likes of *Down Here on the Ground, I Have Dreamed, Wave* and *The More I See You*. Let's have more.

•

Any protégé of Johnny Cash has got to have something, and on **The Cajun Way** (Warner Brothers; also available on stereo tape), Doug Kershaw proves himself to be a compelling troubadour in the J. C. mold, except that he's generally in better humor and plays the fiddle instead of the guitar. Buddy Killen's production is a bit too slick, but Kershaw's unvarnished vocals—and a rock-solid beat—give *Come Kiss Your Man, Feed It to the Fish* and the four other tunes the punch that they need.

•

Green River (Fantasy; also available on stereo tape) is another generous helping of earthy images and rhythms served up by the popular Creedence Clearwater Revival, who evidently have no desire to "go commercial"; this set, like their first three, is delivered without brass and strings to obscure the vital elements—a repetitive beat, down-home guitar sounds and John Fogerty's gutsy singing.

•

Since Nilsson sang Fred Neil's tune **Everybody's Talkin'** (Capitol; also available on stereo tape) in *Midnight Cowboy*, people have finally begun talking about Mr. Neil—and this set, previously issued under another title, may win him the wide audience he deserves. It includes some of Neil's best ballads, such as the wistful *The Dolphins* and *That's the Way I'm In*; and his deep-reaching voice, set against shimmering electric backgrounds, is a gas throughout.

•

The Association (Warner Bros.; also available on stereo tape) is further proof that seven's a lucky number, as the voices of the satin-smooth septet—one of the most consistent pop groups around—are unerringly together on *Love Affair, Dubuque Blues, Broccoli* and nine other original tunes.

THEATER

From the Second City, brought to New York by producer Bernard Sahlins, features the best material developed by the company in the past two or three years at its Chicago headquarters. While the show evokes a considerable amount of nostalgia for the Second City of old, the present cast offers a wide range of creditable comic performances. Burt Heaton scores with a merciless characterization of a literally spineless old priest. J. J. Barry is best as a doddering blues singer named Dirty Puddle; and Martin Harvey Friedberg provides a zany bit of pathos in his portrayal of a wacky, back-talking draftee. Along with Murphy Dunne, Ina Miller, Carol Robinson and Pamela Miller, it is an engaging group, but something of the spontaneous Second City *esprit* seems to have disappeared. There is a certain stodginess to their irreverence, and the company pointedly avoids satiric comment on the really pressing political and social crises of our time. The total effect is one of restrained good humor, but the show clearly lacks the sense of urgency and importance that makes theater live. *From the Second City*, in short, is for people who simply want to laugh. Those who seek some form of enlightenment in satire may prefer to go elsewhere. At the Eastside Playhouse, 334 East 74th Street.

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In **Indians,** Arthur Kopit looks deeply into America's past, re-evaluates a traditional American hero, Buffalo Bill, and rediscovers an American tragedy—the massacre of the Indians by the white man. The point, especially with its intended reverberations of the battle between blacks and whites and the war in Vietnam, is not only pertinent but urgent. And, for once, a playwright with a purpose delivers. *Indians* is not, at least verbally, a great play, but it is a great piece of theater and, on its own imaginative terms, it is a successful, significant event. As Kopit sees Bill Cody, he is something of an ancestral WASP liberal, who says (and would seem to believe) one thing and does another. Some of his best friends are Indians, sure, but he slaughters their provender, the buffalo. His way of helping Sitting Bull is to

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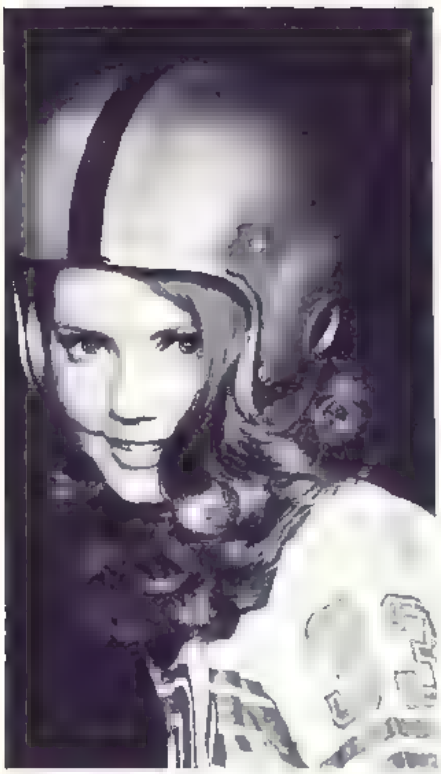

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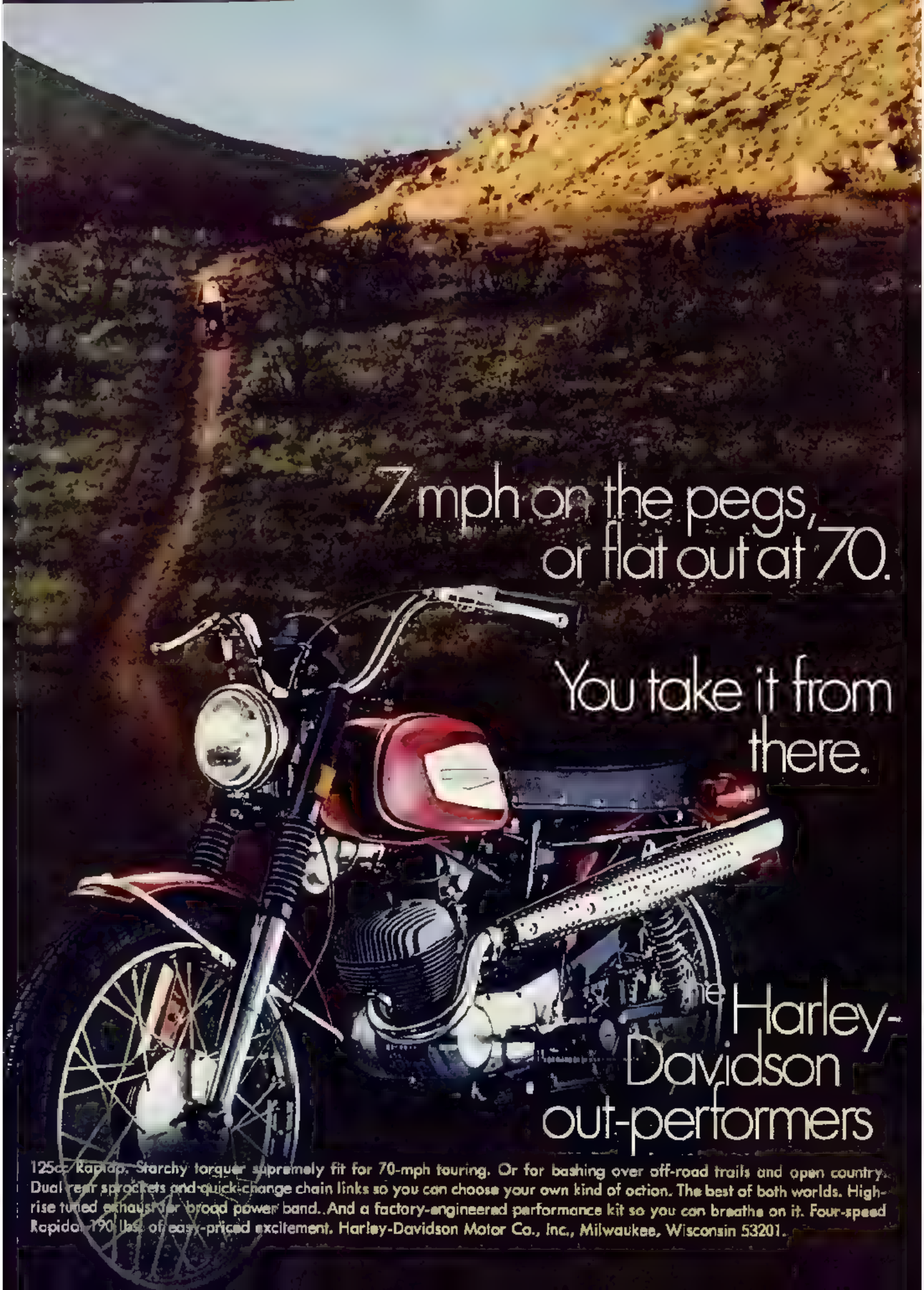
have him join his wild West show, in which the Indian chief humiliates his own "glory"—and sadly, even gets some pleasure from it (remembered glory being better than none at all). Eventually, Kopit's Cody awakens to a sense of moral responsibility and tries to mediate between the reds and the whites, but he is helpless and a little foolish. He feels his failure but refuses to confront himself full face. Kopit's method, with a strong collaboration from director Gene Frankel, is not realistic but nightmarish. The framework, Cody's mediation, is interspliced with stylized, strobe-lighted, choreographed flashbacks, which are at various times wildly farcical, terribly sad, nightmarish and, on at least one occasion—an Indian dance—strangely beautiful. The forward-thrusting stage and Richard Peaslee's eerily effective electronic music envelop and involve the audience. The acting—particularly that of Stacy Keach as the self-deluding Cody and Manu Tupou as the self-defying Sitting Bull—is splendid, catching both the message and the madness of Arthur Kopit's dazzling wild West show. At the Brooks Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street.

•

John Osborne writes two kinds of plays. The first, and more characteristic (*Look Back in Anger*, *Inadmissible Evidence*) are deeply felt, intensely personal self-excoriating dramas about a man in conflict with himself and the world around him. The second (*Luther* and *A Patriot for Me*) are sprawling, intellectual, historical plays in which the world is at least as important as the man. The danger in the second category is that the author will prove too removed from his subject. In *Luther*, Osborne avoided that pitfall (probably because Luther was something of an Osborne-in rebel himself); but in *Patriot*, the playwright is bogged down in his own research. The facts of the case are that in the early 1900s, Alfred Redl, a homosexual officer in the Austro-Hungarian army, is blackmailed by the Russians into becoming a double agent, is discovered and forced to commit suicide. Although in outline this sounds like a bad spy movie, Redl, an aggressive working-class man in an upper-crust army, is a promising subject for theatrical analysis. But it is never clear from *Patriot* whether Redl is, in fact, Osborne's major concern. The 20 quick-moving scenes deftly sketch the background—but what is the foreground? Is this a play about Redl, homosexuality, militarism, political intrigue, a decadent society? Or is it, as Osborne suddenly declares in an epilog, about the decline of Europe? Actually, it is a little of each and not enough of any. Redl himself remains fuzzy. In the play's most celebrated scene, at a military drag ball, he is but an observer, campily funny though the ball is, it comes off more like a production number than anything that advances the action. Even in its failure, however, *Patriot* is continually compelling, and in several scenes, Osborne strikes verbal fire. It is opulently mounted and extremely well acted, particularly in the leads. Salome Jens is beautifully devious as a plotting countess and Maximilian Schell is commanding as Redl. There are indications that Schell could have given his character even more dimension if Osborne had given him a bit more help. At the Imperial, 249 West 45th Street.

•

Salvation is called "the new rock musical," presumably to distinguish it from that hairy "old" one. Actually, there is little chance of confusing them. *Salvation* tries hard to be daring—sometimes too hard—and entertaining, but is neither arousing nor amusing enough, its rewards are intermittent. A couple of the songs—*If You Let Me Make Love to You Then Why Can't I Touch You* and *Tomorrow Is the First Day of the Rest of My Life*—have titles that smack of Anthony Newley, but they're really strong, driving rock. The electrified combo (on stage of course), which calls itself Nobody Else, plays more like Everyone Else, but it has a good beat (although in the beginning, the beat is so loud it obliterates all lyrics). The cast of eight, which clutches hand microphones as if they were all-day suckers, includes the two authors, Peter Link and C. C. Courtney, and all sing and move well. The idea behind the show is provocative and original. *Salvation* is intended as an evening of sacrilege, anti-Gospel, anti-church—any church. Certainly, the subject is a worthy one for spoofing, particularly when one considers the areas in which organized religion is most vulnerable today, the war, the black revolution, birth control. But these important issues are either ignored or slighted (there is, however, one moving plaintive song about a girl whose love died in Vietnam). Link and Courtney are most interested in the confessional booth, sex as sin and Bible-thumping preachers (the evening's leader, Courtney, begins as a thumper, ends as a Learyish hippie, and that is the nonplot). The stage is filled with constantly changing projections—enlarged amoebas, finger paintings, abstractions, stained glass—whose focus is sharp but whose purpose is fuzzy. The anti-religious stance might have been better counterpointed by employing only religious art. *Salvation* began in a night club, the Village Gate, then grew up to off-Broadway. Possibly in a club, in an abbreviated form, it might be effective but splashed on a proscenium stage, with actors running up and down the aisles, it proves not so much a worthy heir to *Hair* as a mere pretender to the throne. At the Jan Hus, 351 East 74th Street.



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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

An article recently said that the American male performs the sex act an average of 5000 times during his life span. While this figure seems a bit modest in personal terms, I consider it an excessive estimate when applied to the entire male population of the country. What do you know about this?—B. C., Palatine, Illinois.

We don't know of any creditable survey on this subject. However, by taking a Kinsey statistic as a basis—that most men have intercourse about twice a week—and applying this to the span between the age of 16 and the age of 50 (which is conservative), one could roughly approximate a total of 3536 acts. But who's counting?

I'm planning to buy a tape deck. Is there any advantage of a three-head model over one that has only two heads?—K. T., East Orange, New Jersey.

In a two-head recorder, one head erases the tape, while the second is used both to record and to play back. A three-head machine has separate recording and playback heads, enabling you to monitor what's actually going onto the tape (as opposed to what's simply going into the microphone) and to produce "sound on sound" (new material added to old), as well as various special effects. The difference is in convenience and versatility.

Unfortunately, my Army husband is stationed where I cannot be with him. Though I have no desire for overt sexual relations with other men, I find myself thinking and even dreaming about it. This makes me feel horribly guilty, as the people who taught me my religion believe that thinking about it is almost the same as doing it.—Mrs. S. P., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Those same religious enthusiasts would not have easily accepted thoughts of putting money into the collection plate as "almost the same as doing it," though, would they? The thoughts you describe are quite natural and your upbringing is exacting an unfair toll of guilt, as you seem to be aware. Perhaps this advice from psychoanalyst Judd Marmor will help: "I have long felt that the Biblical injunction that placed coveting one's neighbor's wife on the same moral level as actual adultery is one of the psychologically destructive heirlooms that the Judaeo-Christian moral tradition has bequeathed us." Dr. Marmor points out that daydreaming about sexual infidelity is commonplace and injurious only to people who cannot tell the difference between thought and action and who try to repress awareness of their natural desires. Even when two people remain exclusively and permanently faithful to each other, Dr. Marmor concludes, "A thought of infidelity a day (without guilt) keeps the psychoanalyst away." In a lighter vein, finally, think of the late Clarence Darrow's comment: "I've never killed a man, but I've read many an obituary with a great deal of pleasure."

How do you make a drink called a skip and go naked?—L. B., Fresh Meadows, New York.

Mix one tablespoon of sugar syrup, the juice of one lemon and two jiggers of gin or vodka in a collins glass. Stir; add ice cubes and fill with beer. Stir again and imbibe leisurely.

A young lady and I have been enjoying sexual relations in her pad for a couple of months. Last weekend, she visited my apartment for the first time and became quite upset by the pinups in my bedroom. What emerged from a long discussion was her feeling that if our arrangement were truly satisfactory, I wouldn't need these "extras," and my feeling that the pictures are unrelated to the meaning of our relationship. Will you help clarify the issue for us?—M. E., Hyattsville, Maryland.

Having a tree that gives you apples doesn't negate the desire to look at redwoods. Awareness of the redwoods, likewise, need not affect your enjoyment of apples.

My girlfriend discusses everything with her mother, including, I just learned, the extent of our personal relations. While we have just scratched the surface so to speak, I'm still a believer in intimacies being kept private. The very thought of facing her mother the next time I pick up my girl for a date makes me tremble with fear and dread, and I'm very angry about it. I do love this girl, but it's like we're making out on closed-circuit TV, and I don't care for that.—S. C., Miami, Florida.

You mistakenly view the confidential honesty of a good parent-child relationship as an invasion of your privacy. What you haven't realized is that you are the beneficiary of a situation in which sex is properly regarded as a normal life activity and one in which guilt has no place. Whatever your fears, they do not spring from the circumstances but from your own background, which apparently was not as healthy as your girl's. Be concerned only with your own attitude

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and try to learn from your friend that there is no need to consider sex a dark mystery with unsavory overtones.

When leaving after a dinner party, I always thank my hosts. However, I've been told that this isn't enough, and that I should write a note to thank them again after a day or two. What's the drill?—J. W., South Bend, Indiana.

After a formal occasion, your hosts will welcome a short bread-and-butter note. For close friends, regardless of the affair, a telephoned thank you is sufficient.

I'm a biology instructor and one of my students (ostensibly working on a science project) recently asked me what living creature has the largest penis in relation to its body size. That wasn't brought up in teacher's college and I'm wondering if you could help.—A. H., Portland, Oregon.

Sure. The ordinary flea makes the rest of us look puny.

As a movie buff, I'm very much interested in the old silent films that are frequently presented by our university film society and by the Museum of Modern Art. Can you tell me whether the lines spoken by the actors were always relevant to the subtitles? I'm not a proficient lip reader, but it seems to me that, at times, the words I can make out are completely unrelated to the action. Am I right?—J. H., New York, New York.

Yes. In the silent era, the scenario did not include any written dialog and the actors ad libbed their lines. Studios sometimes received mail from irate deaf spectators who, as expert (and strait-laced) lip readers, claimed they were privy to utterances that were of a peculiarly personal nature, if not downright bawdy. Four-letter words were occasionally sprinkled throughout a tender love scene that seemed merely romantic to the uninitiated.

The *Playboy Interview* with Masters and Johnson (May 1968) related an anecdote concerning a couple unable to conceive because they made love three times a day, which reduced the male's sperm count. This made me wonder if masturbation prior to intercourse would constitute an effective means of birth control.—T. D., Wilmette, Illinois.

Prior to, no, instead of, yes.

When I began dating a girl, another boy, who had been going with her for some time, dropped her completely and now seems to dislike both of us. I've

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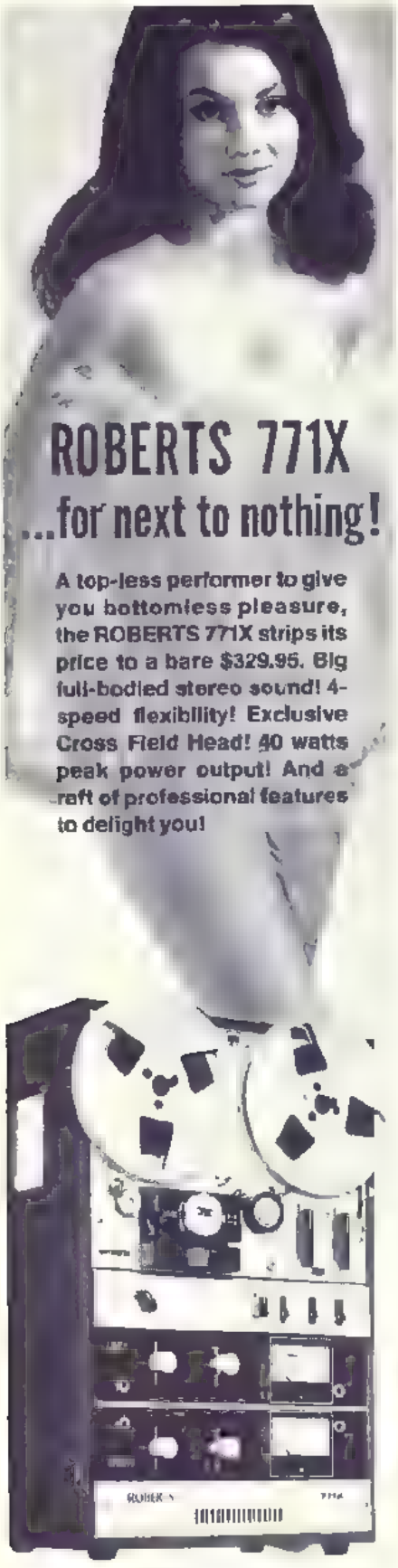

really fallen for this chick and we go out a lot. Because our circles overlap, we often run into this other fellow. Whenever we do, my gal becomes very nervous and upset and it spoils much of our fun. What can I, or should I, tell her?—D. S., Del Mar, California.

Since it seems clear that she has unresolved feelings for the guy, you are the last person whose words will help resolve them. Let her deal with the conflicts herself, unless she asks your counsel. You should, of course, try to avoid this sort of thing by taking your date out into a new social environment, insofar as possible, where the experiences you have will be uniquely your own.

Why are men's clothes buttoned left over right, when the reverse is true of women's outfits?—H. B., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Buttoning started as a unisex arrangement, with both men's and women's garments having holes on the right. During the Middle Ages, buttons on male clothing were switched to the other side so that a man could, in an emergency, swiftly unfasten his coat with the left hand while drawing his sword with the right.

After three years of going steady, my girl and I have reached the point where petting and other nonconital sexual activities simply aren't enough. I'm a firm believer in premarital intercourse, but she continually brings up her fear of pregnancy, refusing to believe in the reliability of contraceptive techniques. She's expressed great eagerness to participate fully in a wide variety of sexual activities once we're married, and I'd hate to risk this promising future by doing the wrong thing now. Yet, my close friends think I'm foolish not to coerce her (subtly, of course) into my bed. I love her very much and I'm uncertain as to what course I ought to take.—N. D., Detroit, Michigan.

Coercion should be the last thing on your mind. What you should consider is how long you expect to wait before marrying. If it's only a brief period, try to be satisfied with your "other nonconital sexual activities"; you'll be bedding your bride soon enough and, presumably, what you're doing now at least provides physical release. If it's more like a year or two, we suggest that you and she go to a marriage counselor who is qualified to give premarital advice and to suggest reliable methods of contraception.

Do you know the derivation of the word hoosegow as a synonym for jail?—L. Y., Dayton, Ohio.

In the early West, when cowboys were exposed to Spanish, they often mispronounced words and thereby coined new ones. Hoosegow is a corruption of juzgado, or court of justice. By extension, the word has come to mean jail, since one frequently led to the other.

Some male employees in the office building where I work seem to have misguided ideas about elevator etiquette. Even when the car is jammed, they wait for the girls to get off first, though this forces the females to fight their way past men who are blocking the exit. I've tried to talk my friends into being more rational by getting off first in such circumstances, but they claim that isn't good manners. Are they correct?—E. S., St. Louis, Missouri.

No. Etiquette is generally based on common sense, and it's absurd to adhere to the ladies-first rule when it runs counter to an orderly flow of traffic.

I'm a lady physician and have been married for more than 15 years. However, this hasn't kept me from falling in love with a colleague, and my desire to have an affair with him has continued unabated for a five-year period. While this man never seeks me out, he seems willing to spend time with me when I'm able to arrange things; but, unfortunately, he has refused to take advantage of the several subtle overtures that I've made. In fact, when I finally came out and suggested an affair, he became visibly disturbed and said he would never risk hurting his wife or jeopardizing his career. I'm beginning to wonder if my imagination has endowed him with more sexuality than he really possesses and if my lion is really a lamb. What do you think?—Mrs. D. T., Los Angeles, California.

Your diagnostic powers are faulty if you believe everyone shares your willingness to risk a sound marriage for an intimate liaison that, in all likelihood, would be temporary and clandestine. In any case, it's obvious that your colleague is either not turned on by your sexual attractions or he's simply happy with his life as it is; so you'd better resign yourself to Platonic friendship rather than Hippocratic passion.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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John Dewar

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

an interchange of ideas between reader and editor on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"

SHOCK THERAPY

As a student who was privileged to spend a summer working with mental patients, I wish to comment on electroconvulsive therapy. I heartily agree with Charles S. Pennewell, Jr., who spoke out against this treatment in the October *Playboy Forum*. I feel that the administration of shock is an absurdly archaic method of dealing with mental disorder. It should have been abolished years ago, along with the strait jacket and the lobotomy. When I witnessed shock therapy and was involved with long-term patients who received this treatment, I was appalled at the extent of their disorientation after these sessions. Shock is still used in many institutions and yet, when you confront a psychiatrist and ask for the rationale behind this therapy, the answer will probably be, "We don't understand what happens but sometimes it helps." Witchcraft! As a wry doctor once said, while demonstrating his art on a schizophrenic: 'When the staff is depressed about a patient, they jolt him with a series of ECT sessions.' ECT is not only degrading for the patient but reduces psychology from science to superstition.

Jo Friedlund
Colorado State University
Fort Collins, Colorado

I am a nonpsychiatric physician, but I feel compelled to correct a misconception that appeared in a letter from Charles S. Pennewell, Jr. He was subjected to a therapeutic regimen that I had hoped was no longer in use anywhere in the United States. The use of electroconvulsive therapy without some level of anesthesia, as in his case, is, indeed, a "terrifying experience" and one that might, indeed, accomplish more harm than good over a prolonged period. But most institutions today are combining ECT with a hypnotic medication given intravenously shortly before the shock is delivered. In this way, the entire procedure is completely without trauma for the patient, who is asleep throughout.

Howard A. Wexler, M.D.
APO San Francisco, California

I read with skepticism the letter from Charles S. Pennewell, Jr., describing his experience with shock treatments. While I was a psychiatric patient in the Baptist Memorial Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, I received 12 shock treatments and they in no way resembled the horrible experiences described by Pennewell. At this hospital, the psychiatrist administering the treatment gives the patient two hypodermics, one to stop his saliva and the other to put him to sleep. About two hours later, the patient wakes up and the treatment is finished.

As for the forgetfulness Pennewell described, I must point out that the purpose of shock treatment is to make the patient forget the disturbing thoughts that have made him sick. I believe it would be impossible for the treatments to have affected Pennewell's intellectual ability as he claims. He may have forgotten much that he had learned, but he can return to college, if he wishes, and achieve his former good grades. I am a junior at Arkansas State University, majoring in engineering. During my first year I attained a B average, but when I became ill, my grades dropped until I was placed on probation. Now that I have returned to college, my grades have risen to the B level again.

David Shaver
Arkansas State University
State College, Arkansas

As a nurse, I wish to add my own comment to the discussion of shock therapy. This form of treatment began when it was observed that epileptics, after a convulsion, usually experienced a short-term memory loss and a sense of calm and serenity. It was decided to induce convulsions in psychiatric patients, using electricity, on the assumption that the memory loss and period of calmness afterward would give them respite from the ideas or delusions that were agitating them.

Just how painful the procedure is, I cannot say, having only observed it and not experienced it. However, even if it were physically painless, as my psychiatric instructors claimed, it is certainly psychologically terrifying when administered as it is in most state mental hospitals today. The patient has a rubber gag forced into his mouth, to prevent him from biting his tongue while in convulsion. Then one attendant holds the patient's legs and another, his arms, to ensure that he doesn't injure himself or fall off the table when the shock hits. The

temples are lubricated and electrodes are attached; then the current is administered. Although the patient is disoriented and cannot recall what has happened when he wakes up, he still shows symptoms of fright.

Not being a psychiatrist myself, I cannot say that this procedure is not, in the long run, beneficial to most patients. I can say, however, from my own experience, that the method of administration is usually unnecessarily cruel. Properly done, electroconvulsive therapy should include a careful explanation to the patient to alleviate his alarm in advance. There should also be an injection of Sodium Pentothal or another anesthetic to render him unconscious before the actual electrical shock. And when he regains consciousness, the doctor should be at his side to reassure him and comfort him during the initial period of disorientation. Unfortunately, this takes more time, money and manpower than most state mental hospitals have at their disposal. The result is that procedures as brutal as those described by Pomeweil are not uncommon.

Kathryn Jewett, R.N.
Wheaton, Maryland

POSTAL SNOOPING

Enclosed is a copy of a letter I sent to my two Senators regarding postal snooping:

Dear Senator:

I recently received a card from the post office located in Tenafly, New Jersey, which contained the following message: "Please call at the above post office regarding an airmail letter from Sweden." The following conversation ensued between my wife and the postal employees upon her visit to the post office:

Mrs. Kaps: "You sent me a post card, something about an airmail letter from Sweden."

Postal clerk (flustered and turning four shades of red): "You'll have to see the superintendent about that."

Mrs. Kaps to superintendent: "I'm here about the airmail letter from Sweden."

Superintendent (equally flustered): "Well, we can't deliver that letter."

Mrs. Kaps: "Why not?"

Superintendent: "It contains obscene material."

Mrs. Kaps: "How do you know that the letter has obscene material in it?"

Superintendent: "We held it up to the light and we could see."

Mrs. Kaps: "What right do you have to hold my mail up to the light?"

Superintendent: "We do that all the time."

Mrs. Kaps: "Fine, now that you've looked at my mail through the light, can I please have it to take home?"

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

WORLD'S OLDEST PROFESSIONAL

COLUMBUS, OHIO—*Acting on complaints by neighbors, vice squad officers arrested a 69-year-old woman and charged her with prostitution, but not before the undercover cops obligingly went out for groceries—the cost of which was to be deducted from her five-dollar fee. The lady, whom officers said looked 20 years younger than her age, confessed to turning as many as 40 tricks a day to supplement her retirement income. She claimed, however, that while her days were sinful, her nights were pure. She thought prostitution was illegal only in the evening.*

SATIRISTS 1, GIRL SCOUTS 0

NEW YORK—*Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. failed to enjoin the distribution of a satirical poster depicting a pregnant Girl Scout and the famous motto, "Be Prepared" (see "Forum Newsfront," November 1969). In rejecting the petition, which accompanied a $1,000,000 damage suit against the poster maker, Federal Court Judge Morris E. Lasker said: "Perhaps it is because the reputation of the plaintiff is so secure against the very assault of the defendant that no such damage has been demonstrated."*

HOMOSEXUALS SEEK CIVIL SERVICE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Homosexuals are still waiting for new Civil Service Commission guidelines embodying the 1969 U.S. Court of Appeals decision (see "Forum Newsfront," October 1969) acknowledging their right to work for the Federal Government. According to a spokesman for the commission's General Counsel's office, the agency is holding off, pending the outcome of a petition for a rehearing. Meanwhile, the Department of Defense has met determined resistance in recent attempts to revoke employees' security clearances on the grounds that they are homosexual. In four cases now before the Pentagon's Industrial Security Clearances Review Division, the Mattachine Society of Washington, D.C. has publicized the identities of the employees, to refute the objection that homosexuals are susceptible to blackmail, and is prepared to go to court if the four clearances are revoked.*

A NOBLE EXPERIMENT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*With great fervor and fanfare, the U.S. Government launched Operation Intercept, a classic border squeeze aimed at smugglers and at the Mexican government's militant attitude in the "war against pot." The smugglers, of course, "laid low," but during its first day, the tight Customs dragnet snared and searched over 418,000 hapless motorists whose radiators and tempers boiled over in massive horn-honking traffic jams. Some got into fistfights or keeled over from the heat and exhaust fumes, and U.S. Customs lost what friends it may have had on either side of the border.*

As its tourist trade shriveled, the Mexican government protested to Washington and rejected a U.S. proposal to spray marijuana and poppy fields with airborne chemicals that might have damaged other crops. Mexican professional and labor groups denounced the U.S. action for its effects on border-town economies and on Mexican workers who could not reach their jobs on the American side. Mexican chambers of commerce counterattacked with Operation Dignity—a boycott of American products.

Twenty days after it started, Operation Intercept was replaced by Operation Cooperation and more conventional border inspection procedures. Mexico, in return, promised to try a little harder.

WHAT SORT OF MAN SMOKES GRASS?

BALTIMORE—*College pot smokers as a group tend to be "socially poised," "skilled in interpersonal relations" and have "a wide range of interests," although they also lean toward "narcissism" and "self-aggrandizement," while nonusers appear to be "pleasant," "dutiful," "rather conventional," "narrow in their interests" and somewhat "too deferential to external authority." These conclusions emerged from a study of 148 students by four psychologists on the staffs of Johns Hopkins and Lehigh universities. Two fairly unsurprising results. Frequent marijuana users are "careless of rules and conventions, but disposed to consider the implications of their actions for the welfare of others," and those nonusers with strong moral objections to pot were "well-socialized rule followers but somewhat deficient in charitable or benevolent tendencies." On the other hand, both occasional users and those who had never used grass but had no strong objections to it were more "morally mature" than either of these extreme groups. Two surprising results: Heavy smokers were more likely to be fraternity men than the occasional users or the nonusers, and they generally exhibited "the sort of achievement motivation necessary for success in graduate school." One conclusion marijuanaphobes will be glad to quote: "There seems to be some connection between smoking marijuana and using other drugs" (62 percent of the users had also tried hashish, 30 percent amphetamines and 25 percent*

LSD). One conclusion marijuanaphiles will certainly quote: "No evidence" was found "that marijuana users frequently experiment with heroin."

ECONOMICS OF LOVE

PONTE VEDRA BEACH, FLORIDA—*In a panel discussion on oral contraceptives and youth, Lynda Bird Johnson Robb complained of the pill's inflationary effect on love. "One of the things that upsets me most about people of my generation is that they can take the pill and feel free to change partners all the time. It used to be if someone really cared about one person, then they might take the risk. Now that there is no risk involved, it cheapens the currency."*

HIPPIES, JEWS AND WITCHES

Persecution of persons identified as "hippies," far from being a random expression of contemporary American prejudice, is becoming institutionalized in ways similar to the opening stages of the 17th Century witch-hunt and the Nazis' efforts to exterminate European Jewry, according to Queen's College sociologist Michael E. Brown. Writing in Transaction *magazine, Professor Brown finds that (1) hippies have become identified as symbols of 'danger" rather than as human beings; (2) an ideology justifying their persecution has been created; and (3) otherwise conflicting agencies of social control are united in opposing this group—and all three of these processes work to institutionalize their persecution. In turn, such socially sanctioned repression of a minority "usually transcends itself both in its selection of targets and in its organization"—in other words, it often snowballs into vigorous suppression of all forms of deviance or difference. Brown points out that psychiatrists have provided much of the rationale for the war against hippies, which is being waged "in the name of mental health rather than moral values or social or political interest." Defining "normality and health in terms of each other" psychiatry more and more identifies any form of alienation as a "sickness" which invites the forcible altering of the dissenter's behavior on humanitarian grounds. Brown concludes ominously that this process has "begun to place all deviance in the category of heresy. This pattern may soon become endemic to the society."*

THE RIGHT OF ABORTION

NEW YORK—*Encouraged by a recent California supreme-court decision, the New York Lawyers Commune and the American Civil Liberties Union have launched simultaneous legal attacks on New York's strict abortion law. The A. C. L. U. suit charges that the state law is unconstitutionally vague and violates the rights of doctors, parents and married couples. The Lawyers Commune suit, filed on behalf of over 125 lawyers, physicians and other professionals, charges similar violations of individual rights as well as the abridgment of the freedom of speech and freedom from religious coercion.*

Lending moral support to the challengers, 280 members of the Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry, including some of the most respected names in the field, issued a report upholding 'the right of a woman to control her own reproductive life" and recommending that "abortion when performed by a licensed physician should be entirely removed from the domain of criminal law."

A PRAYER IS A PRAYER IS A PRAYER

NETCONG, NEW JERSEY—*In their unflagging efforts to evade the Supreme Court's 1963 ruling against prayers in public schools, the Netcong borough council and board of education voted to reinstate school prayers regardless of the law and appointed a panel of local clergymen to supply a non-denominational prayer. While the clergymen wrangled over a suitable prayer, the board substituted a 30-second period of "voluntary meditation" The solution, finally, was to abandon the clergymen as well as the Bible in favor of the* Congressional Record, *which contains a prayer read by the official chaplain at the opening of each day's session. Whereupon the American Civil Liberties Union pointed out that a prayer is a prayer, no matter from where, and readied its case for court.*

THOUGHTCRIME

LONDON—*As many as 250,000 people are in jails throughout the world for what George Orwell called "thought crime" political dissent of a nonviolent nature—according to Amnesty International, a nonpartisan organization working for the release of political prisoners everywhere. These "criminals" have been imprisoned for such offenses as practicing a banned religion, writing something that offended a person in power, refusing to go to war, organizing a peaceful strike or merely holding dissident political views.*

Amnesty, organized in 1961, has 550 active chapters in 19 countries. It has handled some 4,000 cases and secured the release of 2,000 persons. Each chapter takes three cases at a time—one from an Iron Curtain country, one from the "free" world and one from the nonaligned nations. The organization is currently working for the release of various heretics in Rhodesia, South Africa, Greece, Spain, Portugal, Russia and the United States.

Superintendent: "Oh, we can't do that. If you want the letter you have to open it here in front of us."

Mrs. Kaps: "I will not. It's private correspondence and not your business!"

Superintendent: "Well, if you don't want to open it in front of us, we can't give it to you."

Mrs. Kaps: "Fine, then you keep the letter."

I have some questions. Why is it that magazines sent to us on subscription are delivered five to ten days after they are on the newsstand? Why is it that first-class special-delivery letters mailed at the Grand Central post office in New York City frequently take two or three days to be delivered to my office? Why is it that letters sent from nearby towns sometimes take two or three days? Why is it that we get only one mail delivery a day, and in most less advantaged countries like England, Germany, etc., they have two deliveries a day? Could it be that the postal employees are too busy looking at everybody's mail through the light?

Dr. Sanford E. Kaps
Tenafly, New Jersey

PRINTER'S ORDEAL

I was happy to see the item in the October *Forum Newsfront* on printer William E. Schauen, Jr., who refused to knuckle under to pressure aimed at forcing him to stop printing an underground newspaper. To those of us who know this man, nothing is more welcome than national coverage of this issue. People who are concerned with freedom of the press are responding. *Life* magazine also carried an article on Schauen and the advertising boycott organized against him.

Freedom of the press is being tested in Port Washington, Wisconsin. A man may lose his life's work because he will not bow to pressure, but the people who would put Bill Schauen out of business have forgotten about those of us who value our freedom to read.

Marlyce A. Christianson, Chairman
Committee for Free Press in Wisconsin
Waukesha, Wisconsin

COMMUNITY MORALS

The mayor of Miami Beach, Jay Dermer, recently announced, "Smut and pornography will be eliminated from this community," and appointed a nine-member Advisory Committee to Combat Pornography. A local columnist, Jack Roberts, thereupon rushed into print with an enthusiastic paean for Mayor Dermer's concern about community morals.

This is the same Miami Beach that pays slave wages to restaurant and hotel workers.

This is the city that allows high-rise

apartment builders to build right out into the ocean, expropriating public beaches.

This is the city that has polluted its swimming waters until they are a stinking mess.

This is the city where high-priced call-girls work all the conventions without any harassment, but a few cheap whores are arrested occasionally to make the police look as if they are on the job.

This is the city where a councilman is under indictment for influence peddling in the areas of zoning and licensing.

Community morals? A better term, I think, would be community hypocrisy.

George Guyer
North Miami, Florida

THE MIND OF THE CENSOR

Psychoanalysts talk about a phenomenon known as "superego lacuna," a kind of blind spot that allows a person to do what he wants even though he has been conditioned to have strong guilt or anxiety feelings about that act. This, I think, explains the censor: usually an upright and sexually miserable individual whose superego would never allow him to read pornography for pleasure. Through a convenient rationalization, he discovers that he has a moral duty to protect others against pornography. Presto. He is now justified in spending endless hours poring over sexually stimulating material—in order to get it banned. The superego lacuna keeps him from having to admit that unconsciously, he is enjoying every minute of it.

David Guzman
Mountain View, California

PORNOGRAPHY AND SEX CRIMES

I am interested in the newspaper reports on the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, which was established to investigate the effects of such material and, depending on what these effects were, to recommend appropriate legislation regulating dissemination. I note that one of the commissioners, the Reverend Morton A. Hill, has rebuked the commission for spending time investigating effects. Reverend Hill assumes he knows what the effects are—presumably bad ones. This was the attitude of the clerics who refused to look through Galileo's telescope: "I'm a true believer, don't confuse me with the facts."

Speaking of facts, I read an item about a survey of psychiatrists conducted by the University of Chicago indicating that pornography is apparently harmless. Can you give me more information on that study?

Harry Clark
Cleveland, Ohio

The study, which was mentioned in the November "Forum Newsfront," queried psychiatrists and psychologists on what link, if any, they had found between pornography and antisocial sexual behavior. The research, conducted by Dr. K. Michael Lipkin, assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Chicago, and Dr. Donald E. Carns, assistant professor of sociology at Northwestern University, focused on the observations and opinions of clinicians who daily treat behavioral disorders. The questionnaire pointed out that virtually no direct evidence exists on the effects of pornography because of the difficulty of setting up valid experimental situations to measure the long-term results of exposure and because there is a "growing conviction among mental health experts that the effects of exposure to pornography are too insignificant or sporadic to be readily measured." Questionnaires went to 7500 psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, about half of those listed in the directory of the American Psychiatric Association, and to more than 3000 psychologists, whose listing in the directory of the American Psychological Association indicated clinical experience. Over 3100 of these professionals responded.

The results of the poll will not comfort anyone who believes there should be laws preventing the dissemination of pornography. Only 7.4 percent of the psychiatrists and psychologists had cases in which they were convinced that pornography was a causal factor in antisocial sexual behavior; an additional 9.4 percent were suspicious; 3.2 percent did not respond and 80 percent stated they had no cases in which a causal connection was suspected. When asked their opinion about the effects of pornography on the behavior of normal adolescents—a key question, since a good deal of censorship is predicated on the basis that the young are being protected—more than four out of five of the mental-health experts felt that persons exposed are not more apt to engage in antisocial sexual acts than those not exposed.

Other results give even less aid and comfort to advocates of censorship. 64.9 percent declared censorship socially harmful because it contributes to a climate of oppression and inhibition within which creative individuals cannot adequately express themselves; 70.5 percent believed the real problem in censorship is to find persons qualified to exercise their judgment over the reading and viewing materials of others; 72.4 percent believed that there is danger that censorship will suppress true art along with trash; 86.1 percent agreed that people who vigorously try to suppress pornography are often motivated by unresolved sexual problems in their own characters.

Further responses to the questions show: 57.9 percent did not believe exposure to pornography tends to act as a safety valve for antisocial sexual impulses. However, 38.9 percent believed pornography does help decrease the likelihood of antisocial sexual behavior. Sixty-two percent did not believe that pornography that includes violence is more likely to lead to such behavior; 76.2 percent did not believe watching violence on TV or in movies tends to excite some people and lead frequently to violent behavior; 65.5 percent did not feel that elimination of censorship would reduce the desire for pornographic materials; 55.7 percent believed some form of censorship should be applied to pornography, but nearly half of this group felt that the major responsibility for censorship should lie with the family and a fourth with Federal courts and laws rather than with local or state groups. 53.7 percent felt censorship should be applied to the depiction of violence, but 90.4 percent thought it should not be imposed on erotically arousing materials exclusive of pornography.

Dr. Daniel X. Freedman, chairman of the department of psychiatry at the University of Chicago, in commenting on the results, said:

> *While the results do not show if the clinicians had, in fact, systematically probed the subject of pornography, it is clear that the great majority are not impressed with an important role of pornography in the development of illnesses or antisocial sexual behavior.*

THE BOOB-TUBE BLUES

Anyone who still believes there is no honor among politicians just hasn't been paying attention. Not long ago the communications subcommittee of the Senate Commerce Committee launched an investigation into sex and violence on television and to its own horrified amazement, exposed an unsuspected cesspool of both. For example, one outraged legislator revealed that a Washington channel had unblushingly broadcast a salacious foreign movie titled *La Dolce Vita*; another confessed that his morals had been compromised repeatedly by a "suggestive" commercial for shaving cream. To answer for these and similar "violations" of good taste, several network executives were summoned to Capitol Hill. Before being chastened, chastised and shouted down with the usual genteel Senatorial courtesy, each was permitted to read a statement apologizing for the corruption of children Congressmen and other sensitive specimens.

Ever responsive to jackhammer subtlety, ABC and NBC agreed, to submit questionable programs for preview by the National Association of Broadcasters code authority. Sterling Quinlan, CBS president Frank Stanton declared that such a policy was "dangerous," which drew significantly ominous rumbling from the Senators. To the competition's delight, CBS promptly consented to submit its shows—questionable and otherwise—for preview by the critics. Somewhere, an exhausted liberal wept.

Meanwhile, National Educational Television quietly spent the last of its Ford

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A commitment to, not parity, but absolute superiority.

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By 1961, increasingly sensitive cartridges had led us to adapt a feature originally developed for professional turntables: the dynamically balanced tone arm, with a movable counterweight to neutralize the arm and an adjustment to add precisely the correct stylus tracking force.

In 1964, we added an anti-skating control, and patented the sliding weight design that makes it permanently accurate.

Then, in 1967, Garrard engineers perfected the Synchro-Lab motor, a revolutionary two-stage synchronous motor.

The induction portion supplies the power to reach playing speed instantly. The synchronous section then "locks in" to the 60-cycle frequency of the current to give unvarying speed despite variations in voltage.

"We're bloody flattered"

This year one of our competitors has introduced a copy of our Synchro-Lab motor on its most expensive model.

To quote Alan Say, our Head of Engineering, "We're bloody flattered.

"After all, being imitated is a rather good measure of how significant an innovation really is."

The new Garrard SL95B features still another development we expect will become an industry standard.

Garrard's viscous damped tone arm descent—originally offered to provide gentler, safer cueing—now operates in automatic cycle as well.

It seems only logical. Yet, for the present at least, it is another Garrard exclusive.

Other 1970 Garrard refinements include a counterweight adjustment screw for balancing the tone arm to within a hundredth of a gram. A window scale on the tone arm for the stylus force gauge. And a larger, more precise version of our anti-skating control.

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Garrard's disappearing record platform is disappearing for good.

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A small thing, perhaps.

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There are six Garrard component models from the SL95B automatic turntable (above) for $129.50 to the 40B at $44.50.

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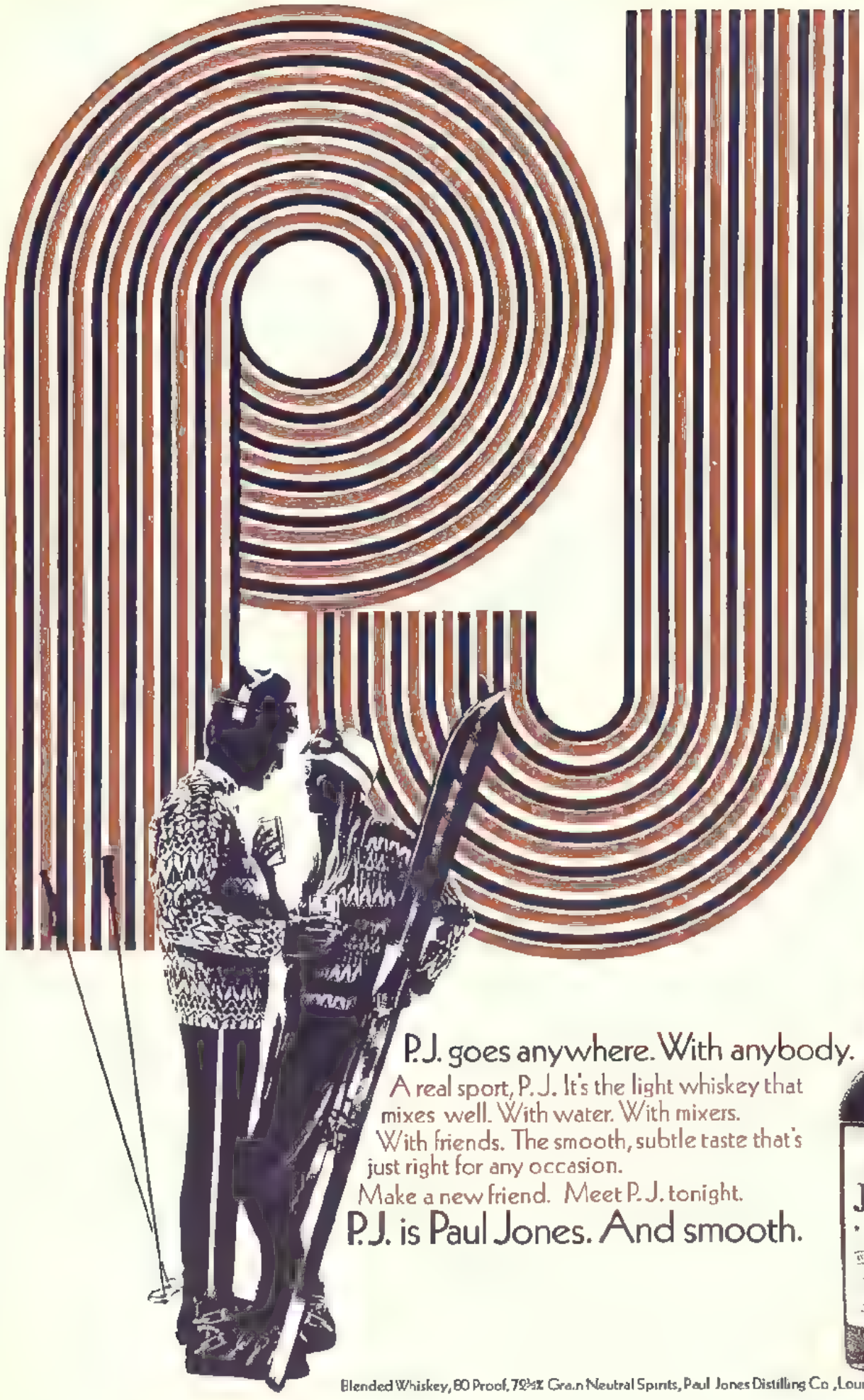

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Foundation bigness and applied to Congress for $20,000,000 to meet expenses in 1970. Since legislators are notoriously crotchety about dollars donated to anybody below Joint Chiefs of Staff, there naturally occurred a lot of ritual clanging over a pitifully shabby fetish called freedom from Federal control. Most everybody agreed that education was absolutely sacred and that the Government should not intervene in this area, lest censorship arise.

As I said, anyone who still believes there is no honor among politicians just hasn't been paying attention.

A. Peter Hollis
Wilson, North Carolina

THE SINS CONSPIRACY

Last year, the right wingers in North Dakota organized against sex education and began filling the letters columns of the local papers with their usual rantings about a gigantic Communist conspiracy. In response, a group of us created a fictitious organization, Sex Is Not Sinful (SINS) and began writing absurd and satirical letters of our own. We soon had actual requests for membership and the fight was on—with great joy and enthusiasm.

Soon we were delighted to hear a local hairdresser announce, with great solemnity, that SINS was a well-known California-based Communist front devoted to producing pornographic films.

While encouraging serious pro-sex education people to rebut the cranks with facts and logic, we concentrated on parody, satire and humor. Nothing destroys a paranoid conspiracy fantasy quicker than ridicule. The battle for sex education in elementary schools was won by our side. Now, we hear that the "Communist under every bed" gang is regrouping to launch an attack on the high school sex-ed programs—and we are looking forward to more fun and lots of laughs.

We'd be glad if other PLAYBOY readers organized local SINS groups. All you need is a group of normal people with a certain weird sense of humor who are interested in the complete education of their children. You'll enjoy the fight, but don't be surprised if you actually have to print membership rules, forms, cards, pins and even marching songs.

Pat Crawford
President and Beloved Founder
SINS
North Dakota Colorado Division
Denver, Colorado

ENLIGHTENED SEXUALITY

In the light of all the controversy in the U.S. about whether sex-education courses should be offered in the schools, I was delighted to read in *The Ottawa Citizen* about the enlightened views of a Catholic family life expert who vigorously supports sex education and is sharply critical of parental failures in this area. According to the story:

> Parents should begin sex education even before their children begin asking those ticklish questions, says a leading Roman Catholic family-life specialist.
>
> Mrs. Mary Sue McCarthy, a Toronto mother of seven, believes in stimulating children's interest in sex.
>
> "We prepare them for life in every other way," she said.
>
> Mrs. McCarthy was interviewed in Ottawa at the Canadian Catholic Conference's family-life conference, where she presented a national committee's brief supporting sex education.

Later in the interview, she notes the problems teenagers encounter because of the failure of those who should have taught them about sex.

> Some young girls recount taking a birth control pill just before making love. "It increases fertility," gurgled Mrs. McCarthy.
>
> Young girls admit to her that they are not prepared to make the cold-blooded decisions necessary to make effective use of birth-control aids.
>
> One girl felt she was safe because her boyfriend practiced withdrawal. Their ignorance that seed is present from the moment the boy is ready got her pregnant.
>
> "These are simple little facts, but the kids have to know them.
>
> "They're better that so few adults will discuss sexuality honestly with them."

Mrs. McCarthy also had a good word for PLAYBOY:

> PLAYBOY's influence had the good effect of making adults, even the Roman Catholic Church, take a new look at sex, reject the idea that sex is "concupiscence," a weakness, a tendency toward evil, or in Gandhi's view, a draining of creative energy.
>
> "Sex with love should make a man creatively reborn, more creative.
>
> "This means a whole new switch to a positive attitude toward sex as a fulfilling, enriching thing."

Edward King
Ottawa, Ontario

FIGHTING BACK

PLAYBOY has performed a notable public service in exposing the Austra-Lopithecine mentalities who launched the current attack on sex education. You have also refuted some of their outstanding lies, misquotations and distortions. There is one thing, however, that you haven't told us, and that is what we need to know most. How can we fight

?
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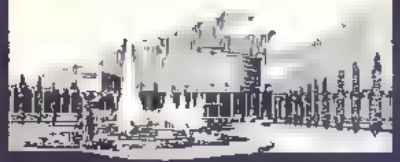

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back? What can a concerned parent do when these baboons descend on his community and begin beating their tribal drums for a ritual book burning?

James O'Malley
Brooklyn, New York

Most boards of education will defend themselves against the initial assault of extremists. Contact your local board at this point and let them know they have your support—and encourage your friends to do the same. This will stiffen the boards' backbones and decrease the likelihood that they will be terrorized into retreating under attack.

Next, obtain firsthand knowledge of your district's sex-education program, learn what films, books and other materials are actually used. Again, encourage your friends and neighbors to acquire this knowledge, also. The favorite device of the extremists is to circulate near-pornographic materials, which they claim are being used in the local schools. An informed community will recognize such forgeries and will not be mobilized into a panic by them.

Do not be lulled into a false sense of security just because the witch-hunters are a minority. The sex-education program of Anaheim, California, frequently lauded as one of the finest in the nation, was sabotaged when three opponents of sex education were elected to a five-member board. Subsequent analysis disclosed that only 14 percent of the eligible parents had voted—most people had stayed home, convinced that a small band of eccentrics could not overturn the school district. They were wrong.

To avoid a similar mistake, you should try to organize a committee of liberal and libertarian community people to support the board as soon as it is attacked. The Anaheim experience shows that an organized minority can ride roughshod over an unorganized (and apathetic) majority; obviously, they cannot do this to a majority that is itself organized and prepared. Your committee should include as many well-known community leaders as possible, so that the inevitable charges of communism against them will quickly be spiked.

Above all, your committee should keep in constant communication with the school board. Yarns about "obscene" incidents alleged to have occurred in sex education classes can easily be checked by the board with a call to the school district where the events supposedly occurred. Then, by rapidly circulating the correct facts, the absurd gossip is quashed (for instance, the female teacher who allegedly stripped naked before a coed class in Michigan is 99 and 44/100 percent myth. The teacher did not strip naked, the students were not coed but all girls, and the teacher merely changed dresses behind a screen to show how different garments alter people's perceptions of the wearer.)

THE OPPRESSED MAJORITY

As a constant reader of your magazine, I notice that you devote a commendable amount of space to airing liberal opinions and to pleading the causes of oppressed minorities. It surprises me a little, therefore, that you haven't published more discussion of that great oppressed majority who make up 51 percent of the human race—women.

Since the early explosions of female emancipation around the end of the last century, the cause of sexual equality has definitely flagged. Woman is put on a pedestal, but that is a narrow place to stand and it gives one no room to move or develop independence. Every pedestal is a trap. Advertising has cast a patina of glamor over the facts and women are brainwashed into thinking their pedestal traps are tiers in paradise, just because they are equipped with the latest technological gadgets. Nevertheless, many women are beginning to wake up and rebel against this situation and I believe that intelligent men must support their cause.

I suspect that a lot of women read PLAYBOY and I would like to hear their opinions on this issue. I hope you publish this and that it will draw an interesting group of responses. After all, everything else about women is fascinating, so why don't we find out what is going on in their brains?

Michael Sherwood Smith
Goteborg, Sweden

SEX AND THE CATHOLIC PRIEST

The mere mention of sexuality in connection with the Catholic priesthood distresses people who prefer to deny that priests are sexual beings. In the past, we glorified men and women who repressed their sex drives, but it is generally recognized today that sexual repression is not healthy. What then is wrong with a priest's need for feminine affection? Priestly sexuality is one of the subjects dealt with in my recently published book, *These Questions Mock Me*; there is a case for sexual love on the part of priests and it must be stated.

The changing relationship between priests and women is part of the total revolution in our thinking about human relations. The human heart was made for human love and sexuality could be a great creative force for priests. Our task is not to suppress the body's energies but to cherish and tend them.

Why does sexual behavior on the part of a priest incur the wrath of religious people? Why should the relationship between a priest and a woman be viewed as though they were both immoral, self-indulgent people sacrificing higher ideals for base self-gratification? Would it not be more Christian to acknowledge that the priest is in need of true, human love?

Dr. Mary S. Calderone of SIECUS wrote in reference to the development of he. lthy sexuality: "What needs to be set free is ourselves in relation to this great power, this great facility of communication and creativity that we have been given. We hold the keys of our own freedom in our very hands, if we can only muster the courage to open our eyes to use them."

The Rev. Pat Murphy
Annunciation Church
New Orleans, Louisiana

THE OLD MORALITY

I quote from an article in *The Washington Post:*

> Harry A. Hantman, the Georgetown University student accused of the rape and murder of an 11-year-old girl, was ruled innocent by reason of insanity at a court hearing yesterday.
>
> [Dr. Platkin] said Hantman suffered from "long standing feelings of inadequacy rejection frustration and impending disaster." He also said Mrs. Hantman gave her son an "extremely religious upbringing to such an extent he felt that God and angels were looking at him."
>
> Another psychiatrist, Dr. Brian Crowley, said Hantman suffered from a "very severe obsessive-compulsive neurosis that deteriorated into psychotic schizophrenia."
>
> Hantman's religious upbringing, Dr. Crowley said, was so strict that "he came to fear every act was a mortal sin. He lived in fear and trembling of hell. A certain amount of aggression and sexual thought is allowable in our society, but he didn't have those pathways."
>
> As a result, the doctor said, the boy who appeared to be well behaved was "like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Another triumphant case of the beneficial effects of the old morality.

Homer Ravenhurst
Washington, D. C.

DETENTION CAMPS

While you do not state the source of your news story entitled "America's Concentration Camps" (*Forum Newsfront*, October), I submit that it is this type of incomplete and misleading reporting, not the provisions of the statute in question, that creates the "widespread rumors."

As noted, the statute (Title II of the Internal Security Act of 1950, 50 U. S. C., section 811 and following) is operative only upon the President's issuance of a proclamation declaring an internal-security emergency. It should also have been noted that such a proclamation may be issued *only* in the event of (1) invasions of the territory of the United States or its possessions, or (2) declaration of war by Congress, or (3) insurrection within the United States *in aid of a foreign*

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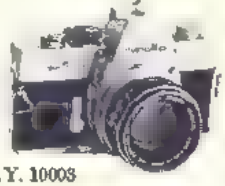

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enemy. The act can only be applied to an individual about whom there is reasonable cause to believe that he will engage in acts of espionage or sabotage.

Again, in view of your news item's statement that a person "charged" under the act will not be given a trial, it should be noted that the act requires that each detained person be arrested on a warrant specifying his name and stating the Government's belief in terms of probable cause, that he may engage or conspire to engage in sabotage or espionage. In addition, the act provides for a preliminary hearing on such a warrant, an appeal to a Detention Review Board, judicial review by the courts, and the right of any individual detained to apply for a writ of habeas corpus.

These provisions, expressly stated in the act, are in keeping with the intent of Congress:

> It is . . . essential that such detention . . . shall be so authorized, executed, restricted and reviewed as to prevent any interference with the constitutional rights and privileges of any person, and at the same time shall be sufficiently effective to permit the performance by the Congress and the President of their constitutional duties.

In short, a basic purpose of the act is to provide methods (consistent with due process) to protect our national defense during the specified emergencies and to base Governmental action on an individual's actual potential for espionage and sabotage rather than on his membership within a certain national group. This is in strong contrast with the procedures that were sanctioned by the courts and utilized in the days following the outbreak of World War Two.

Whether or not this statute is necessary or wise is, of course, a debatable matter, and I offer here only my personal interpretation of the law. My point is that such debates should be based on correct and complete information.

Robert L. Keuch
Attorney at Law
Department of Justice
Internal Security Division
Washington, D. C.

The more complete the information, the more dangerous appears the Internal Security Act, which permits the Government a good deal more discretion—and power—than Mr. Keuch acknowledges. True, the act may be invoked only under certain conditions; but the important question is who defines an "insurrection" or determines it to be "in aid of a foreign enemy." A substantial number of people in and out of the Government appear already to believe that student disorders and antidraft demonstrations amount to "insurrection" and are "in aid" of a foreign enemy, whether or not a foreign government has planned or financed them.

In his references to persons subject to detention under the act, Keuch makes no distinction between those who probably "will engage in" espionage or sabotage and (in the language of the statute) persons "as to whom there is reasonable ground to believe . . . will conspire with others." Not only does this language subtly shift the inquiry from the constitutionally established standard of "probable cause," with its long history of judicial interpretation, but it includes the legal rubric of "conspiracy." How far this ill-conceived legal doctrine can be stretched has been recently demonstrated in the Boston trial of Dr. Benjamin Spock and others, where the defendants were charged with "conspiracy" even though they had never met as a group.

Despite Keuch's detailed description of the procedures that must be followed to effect detention, the fact remains that the procedures do not provide for trial. Nor is the warrant which Keuch mentions, a judicial warrant, as many would assume but rather a special Attorney General's warrant, which is issued not by a judicial officer on the basis of "probable cause" to bring an individual to trial but issued by a Government agency on its own "reasonable belief" to effect his detention. This procedure bypasses traditional and important legal safeguards of the accused, it also substitutes presumption of guilt for presumption of innocence.

The other safeguards described by Keuch are more illusory than real. For example, the preliminary-hearing officer may be anyone outside the Justice Department whom the Attorney General chooses to appoint—a Federal security agent, a local police official, a military officer. Moreover, the Internal Security Act does not limit the amount of time the Detention Review Board may delay in deciding a given case and it authorizes this board to hear secret evidence, which the detainee does not hear and to which no reference need be made in the board's final decision.

WHITE PARENTS, BLACK CHILD

I read a newspaper story that illustrated for me what compassion and true Americanism mean and also exposed the racism that is infecting this country. A white couple in Michigan wish to adopt a three-year-old boy whose mother is the man's ex-wife. The child was conceived after the mother was committed to a mental hospital. The alleged father is a Negro who was also a patient. The couple obtained temporary custody of the child when he was three months old. So far, their efforts to obtain permanent custody have been refused by a judge who, according to newspaper accounts, bases his decision on the simple fact that the child appears to be black.

"He looks black to me. He obviously is a Negro," the judge is quoted as saying. "There is no question about it. This child obviously is a Negro," he added. Later in the newspaper account, the judge argued that a Negro child can't be raised by a white family: "Can't you see, if this child grows up with his family, when he gets to be 16 or 17 who will he date? If he goes to school with only white girls . . . would he have the same problem as if he went to school in [the local Negro section]?"

How can a judge decide that a man cannot have his child in his home, regardless of whether that child is black or white? I am a black American and proud of it. At present, my wife and I, with the consent of our daughter-in-law, keep her children from a previous marriage. Physically, the children appear to be white. We live in a racially mixed neighborhood, the children are happy, though my wife and I do occasionally hear snide and ugly remarks from black people, as well as white. We are extremely happy with these youngsters in our home.

We old-timers ask ourselves nowadays why young Americans are so rebellious. Part of the answer is that they are rebelling against a system that permits racism, a system this judge is helping to perpetuate. I always thought the right of a man to stand up and claim his own—as this good Christian father wants to do—was a part of democracy. If not, many American men like myself sure wasted our time in the past World War. How long will people keep trying to divide America into two societies, one black and one white?

James Pinkney
New York, New York

LAW AND ORDER

An ad originated by the Continental Illinois National Bank, which appeared in several newspapers and commented on Law Day, read:

> Because from the simplest traffic rule to the most complex corporate regulation, it all adds up to the same thing. Laws tell people how to act, so they can get along and be nice to each other.
>
> Find a law that doesn't do this, and you've found a bad one. But there aren't many. And they don't last.
>
> That's another thing to think about on Law Day.

This pious passage describes what might be, and should be, but certainly not what *is*. The bad laws far outnumber the good ones on our statute books. Besides the basic minimum rules on how to be nice—the rules that say if a man conks his neighbor on the head or steals his money, society will step in before he can similarly assault the rest of us—we have two other classes of laws, and they

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We're the largest and only all label record and tape club in the world. Choose any LP or tape, including cartridges and cassettes on any label ...including new releases. No exceptions! Take as many, or few, or no selections at all if you so decide. Discounts are GUARANTEED AS HIGH AS 79% OFF! You never pay full price! You get best sellers for as low as 99¢, plus a small handling and mailing charge.

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make up the majority of our statutes. The second, and largest, group comprises those laws passed at the behest of lobbyists for the one half of one percent of the population that owns most of the property of the country. These laws are there for one purpose only: to stack the deck and load the dice in such a way that the game of free enterprise never becomes really free and so that the present ruling class will remain in power forever. None of these laws are just, or fair or nice. Their existence has created the New Left, the black revolution and all the cadres of Marxists and anarchists currently in rebellion in our streets and on our campuses. The third class of laws comprises those establishing "crimes without victims"—sometimes sin and fun crimes—all the moralistic statutes passed by bluenoses and other lunatics to tell the rest of us what intoxicants we may use, what harmless pleasures we may enjoy and even what positions we may use while making love in our own bedrooms. This group of laws has created the hippies, the Yippies and the entire youth rebellion, which started as merely an assertion of what Herbert Spencer called the right to ignore the state and has moved, under police persecution, into a position almost as rebellious and militant as the New Left. In both cases, the revolutionary mood and disrespect for law and order was directly caused by laws that had no right to exist in the first place.

I am not apologizing for the frequent stupidities, indecencies and coercive behavior of the New Left and the hippies. I am merely pointing out how they were created. I would also like to point out that if laws were reduced to the minimum necessary to tell people how to act, so they can get along and be nice to one another, there would be no contempt for the police, no widespread and organized resistance to government and no need for the Continental Illinois National Bank to preach to us about how we should feel on Law Day.

Simon Moon
Chicago, Illinois

EQUAL MARTYRDOM FOR MEN

In response to Mrs. Hickey's objection to women being drafted into the military (*The Playboy Forum*, September), I notice that she considers "women" as "mothers" and defends their exemption on the basis of motherhood. Yet, when she contemplates a man being drafted, she refers to him as a "boy," rather than as a "father." Now, if women should be spared because they are potential mothers, then men should be spared because they are potential fathers.

Meanwhile, to restore some historical balance and give women their due, I propose an international agreement that during the next 50 years, all wars be conducted and fought exclusively by women. For too long women have been denied the glory of fighting for their countries. Mrs. Hickey tells it like it is when she says "It is not that mothers will not serve in the military; it is that they cannot. They have already given all they can for their country—sometimes, a husband, sons and brothers." My proposal would automatically eliminate these good women's sacrifices by keeping them husbands, sons and brothers at home where they belong. This would not only free women for the battlefields but would give men a chance to make their own sacrifices. Now, men must discover what it means to give—sometimes, a wife, sisters or daughters—for their countries.

Nor should disabled women be denied the pride of wearing a military uniform. As Mrs. Hickey would say: Just think how proud a handicapped girl would be, if allowed to wear the uniform of the United States Army. She could do office work and still be part of this wonderful country.

Carmon Meswah
Las Vegas, Nevada

REFORMING THE ARMY

The Army has been the subject of many literary fusillades in *The Playboy Forum*, and to be sure many of them were deserved. However, I feel that it is specific people within the Army, not the Army itself, who should come under verbal fire.

Having served in six enlisted and three commissioned grades, I have had the opportunity to observe the Army from varying perspectives, including that of a civilian (during a five-year break in service). It has been my observation that most of the officers who deserve criticism are from the group in our society aptly dubbed by one *Forum* letter writer the "good old clean-cut, politically illiterate fraternity-oriented beer-drinking crowd." Stag bars in officers' clubs are cluttered with them. Many of these types are attracted to the R.O.T.C. because it bears being a private, and those who aren't weeded out by the program put on gold bars and become Army officers though they may not have developed the necessary qualities of maturity and judgment. The demand for good officers far exceeds the supply.

The Army cannot be changed by writing new rules and regulations. It is the people who faithfully interpret these rules and regulations who must be changed. The Uniform Code of Military Justice is not unjust, but it can be unjustly applied. Army regulations do not seek to deprive a soldier of his individuality, but shortsighted and ruthless interpretation of them makes it appear as such.

As commander of a basic training company, I run it the way I wished my company had been run when I was a trainee. Hopefully, the men under me finished their eight weeks without developing a dislike for the Army. As a staff officer, I regard my subordinates as human beings; the rank on their sleeves is merely a title by which to address them and an indication of their salary.

Let those in the Army who want to change it stay in and rise to a position where they can do something besides complain. Let those outside who are severe critics join the Army and also work to change its attitudes. I have never known the Army to be reluctant to enlist a man because he is too enlightened, too intelligent or too judicious. The Army needs such qualities in its officers and N.C.O.s and I'm sure it would welcome all persons having them.

Capt. James W. Ryan
APO San Francisco, California

A SIMULATED ATOMIC WARHEAD

I have just lost my job as a civilian worker on the Kwajalein missile range. It happened after I wrote a short, personal note to the commander of the range, in which I described my feelings on observing the re-entry of a simulated atomic warhead fired from Vandenberg Air Force Base. The note read:

> Has this society, as a whole, forgotten the horrors of Nagasaki and Hiroshima?
>
> If the individual conscience in a position of authority does not speak out for fear of humiliation or personal loss, the collective conscience of the civilization will continue to spiral downward toward total disintegration.
>
> Last night's mission made a profound impression—I just had to get this off my chest.

The next day, I was called on the carpet, told that the Army could not employ a man with my views and fired.

B. G. Wallace
Honolulu, Hawaii

THE HEAD HUNTERS

The Army's anti-pot crusade is not a bad thing for everybody. Take me, for example. After being in the Army for three years, including Vietnam and Fort Benning, Georgia, I finally wound up stationed in my home state of Oklahoma. One day, our battery commander had a shakedown inspection and found a rolled strawberry-flavored papers, a roach clip and a booklet extolling the joys of pot in my wall locker. The Army's Criminal Investigation Division (known to us as the "head hunters") was called in immediately. The man from C.I.D. looked in my panel truck for my stash, but couldn't find it. He finally searched my civilian shirt pockets with microscope in hand and came up with four minute fragments of grass that totaled less than half a seed. This made it a legal bust.

My division commander wanted me to get a general court-martial, but the

staff judge advocate said no—insufficient evidence. This left the career men with only one alternative: an administrative discharge. Since I had re-enlisted for six years (being a damn fool at the time), this meant I cleared out five years early.

It's great to be free again.

(Name and address withheld by request)

MARIJUANA AND JUSTICE

Thank you for publishing my letter about the girl who received a sentence of two to fifteen years for possession of marijuana, even though two psychiatrists and the prosecutor himself had urged probation (*The Playboy Forum*, June).

Your readers might be interested to know later developments in this case. According to the *Akron Beacon Journal*:

> Ninth District Court of Appeals threw out the prison term imposed by the Summit County Common Pleas Judge Evan J. Reed.
>
> The court sent the case back to Judge Reed for [the defendant] to be sentenced again, this time according to "due process of law."
>
> Defense Attorney Donald A. Powell argued to the appeals court that [the defendant] had been deprived of due process and that Reed had "abused the court's discretion."
>
> The appeals court ignored the abuse argument but found violation of due process in the handling of psychiatric reports.
>
> [Prosecutor] Gabalac said he would make a strong recommendation for probation, and added, "It can't be any stronger than it was last time."

Robert A. Blunk
Streetsboro, Ohio

CONJUGAL VISITATION

I recently inquired about the conjugal-visit program at the California Correctional Institution at Tehachapi, and received the following reply:

> Since our two family visiting apartments were activated on July 1, 1968, through December 31, 1968, the units were occupied a total of 147 days with a total of 357 people occupying the units during that six-month period. . . .
>
> During the six-month period, 42 eligible inmates took advantage of the program, with several having two or more two-day visiting periods. . .
>
> Though contact with the wives and other family members following visits has been understandably limited, there has been some feedback all of which has been overwhelmingly in favor of the program, with one wife commenting that had it not been for the visit and the understanding she received as a consequence, she would have certainly

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rejected him upon his arrival home following parole.

The program has cost nothing in terms of additional staff and probably nothing in terms of material, since after the cost of furnishing the apartments, which was minimal, the only cost in day-to-day operation of the units is changing supplies and utilities, which is most likely offset by savings in feeding cost for the inmate occupying the unit, who is eating food provided by the family rather than his institutional ration during the visiting period.

It is anticipated that the rate of occupancy of the apartments will increase during the succeeding six-month period due to favorable reporting in the institution by participating inmates.

I hope you will publish this, to encourage extension of the program and (hopefully) inauguration of similar programs elsewhere.

Russell Henly
Los Angeles, California

AFTER PRISON

The letters in *The Playboy Forum* concerning the failures of our prisons are true. It is not only stupid but also economically unsound to have a penal system that leads to more crimes.

Even worse, however, is the way we treat our criminals after they get out of prison. If any convict, miraculously, has been rehabilitated in prison and genuinely wants to lead a noncriminal life, we then erect an obstacle course for him. He will find it hard to get a decent job. Many employers who do hire ex-cons are not idealists but actually have ulterior motives: They pay the lowest possible wages, knowing that these men have little chance of finding a better position. And more and more jobs require bonding, from which ex-cons are usually excluded.

If we want any of our criminals to be rehabilitated, we will eventually have to do something about all these problems, especially the bonding pitfall. It is ridiculous to release a man from prison when he is unable to get a fairly good job outside and then pretend astonishment if he falls into crime again.

Kenneth H. R. Smith
Nanaimo, British Columbia

SECOND-CLASS CITIZEN

When I was 17 years old, I made a mistake: my friends and I took a joy ride in a stolen car. We were subsequently caught and convicted, and I was given two years' probation.

I am now 22 and I am still paying for my mistake. I have been sentenced to never having a good, responsible job. Not long ago, I had an opportunity to work for one of the largest insurance companies in the nation. I took a battery of aptitude tests, on which I did extremely well. I was given every indication that I was the man they were looking for. They then investigated my background and suddenly started acting as if I had the plague. More recently, I was interviewed for a job in the insurance division of one of the largest trucking companies in New England. I spoke with the vice-president, who told me that I was the man for the position. The following morning, I called them and all I got was, "Sorry, Bob, we did some normal character checking and we don't think. . ."

I have tried telling about my past when interviewed, receiving everything from the bum's rush to a polite brush-off. I'm not asking for any special favors. I'm young, fairly intelligent and ambitious. I will soon be married and I would like a good life for us. All I want is a chance, which, so far, I have been denied.

How much longer am I, and others like me, going to be damned for mistakes we made as adolescents? The black people have also been denied, but society is now trying to help them. Who is trying to help people like me? Who is concerned? Who even gives a damn?

Bob Burrell
Easton, Massachusetts

ABORTION REFORM

From reading PLAYBOY's news and letters columns, one would think that the United States is still in the grip of hopelessly restrictive abortion laws, and that every effort to improve the situation is quickly defeated by puritanical legislators. While this may too often be the case, I think it unfair to suggest that no progress is being made. As a premed student, I am rather familiar with the subject and know that quite a few states have recently passed laws that could permit legal abortions, in some cases, simply on "psychological" grounds. PLAYBOY should point this out.

Edward L. Gorow
Barrington, Illinois

Since 1967, ten states have liberalized their abortion laws to include preserving the woman's mental or physical health, the possibility of fetal deformity, cases of rape or incest, or all of these, as grounds for therapeutic abortion. Compared with most states, which still prohibit abortion except to preserve the life of the woman, the new laws may be considered liberal, but, in actual practice, they do not remotely approach the "abortion-on-demand" laws of some foreign countries. They are neither as lenient as their opponents generally claim nor do they necessarily benefit the average woman, married or single, who may desperately wish to terminate an unwanted pregnancy.

Often this is due not to the strictness of the law but to its narrow interpretation by conservative medical boards or cautious physicians who must authorize therapeutic abortions. For example, the "mental-health" clause may be applied only in cases of conspicuous mental illness or when a woman has attempted or convincingly threatened suicide. Similarly, the "fetal-deformity" clause may require medical proof of rubella ("German" or "three-day" measles), a relatively mild disease that frequently goes unrecorded if a woman is unaware of her pregnancy and does not seek medical treatment. In either case, the laws work to the advantage of the higher socioeconomic classes, who have access to physicians and psychiatrists willing to interpret a statute as liberally as possible. In a few states, authorization may be granted more or less automatically upon certification by one or more consulting physicians. Other states require affirmative action from either a hospital review "board" (defined by the statute) or from a hospital review "authority" (required by law but defined by the hospital). Such action may take several days or weeks, but most states waive some or all of these requirements, including residency requirements (if any), where the mother's life is in imminent danger.

The most liberal of the new laws is Oregon's, which permits two physicians (one personal and one consulting) to judge the danger to a woman's physical or mental health on the basis of her "total environment, actual or reasonably foreseeable."

UNWED MOTHER'S OPINION

I am 22, unmarried and have had a baby whom I gave up for adoption. I ruled out abortion, mostly for financial reasons. The people who loved and cared for me were willing to stand by me; thus, the experience of having a baby out of wedlock and giving it up for adoption did not hurt me emotionally, but not everyone is so lucky.

I'm in favor of more liberal abortion laws. Too many girls are hurt, mentally and physically, by the present system. If a girl can't cope with unwed pregnancy and childbirth, she should be able to seek help that is legal and reasonably priced. The result would be fewer girls destroyed by unwanted pregnancy and more girls who are happy, healthy wives and mothers.

Sue Johnson
Playa del Rey, California

TWO PREGNANT GIRLS

A girl I knew became pregnant at age 17 and for nine months she went through hell. She was afraid to be seen in public and quit high school, though she had a B+ average and a college acceptance. The baby's father neglected her completely, aside from one attempt to take her to court to prove that the child wasn't his. Her parents were unable to pay any of her medical bills and she had to accept all the financial

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responsibilities herself. When she finally gave birth and signed the papers giving the baby up for adoption, she had changed from a happy, friendly, ambitious, normal teenager into a hard, cold, unsmiling, unhappy woman. No one should be put through this.

A second girl who was the same age, attended the same school and had the same friends fell into the same situation. This girl, however, had a quick and safe abortion. She stayed in school and went on to college, where she is doing well.

There is no question in my mind which path is best.

Mrs. Sharon Prasser
San Diego, California

ABORTION AND THE CONSTITUTION

Like Dr. Leon Belous, whose conviction under a California abortion law was recently overturned by that state's supreme court (*Forum Newsfront*, December), I am contesting abortion laws in New York and Washington, D.C. I hope, through the Federal courts, to have all the abortion laws in the United States declared unconstitutional. During my professional life, I have been arrested seven times as an abortionist and have served nine years and three months in prison for my civil disobedience. I am gratified to see that Dr. Belous' appeal was supported by 179 professors and deans of medical schools and 17 California lawyers. They, as friends of the court, agreed with my long-held view that all abortion legislation infringes on state and Federal constitutional prohibitions against deprivation of liberty without due process of law and violates the physician's fundamental duty to practice medicine in his patients' best interests.

I believe that if the precedent set by the California supreme court's decision is applied to other cases, it won't be long before abortion is generally recognized as purely a medical matter between a woman and her doctor.

Nathan H. Rappaport, M.D.
Miami Beach, Florida

PSYCHOSEXUAL DISTURBANCE

The Playboy Forum publishes a great deal of opinion about whether or not preferential homosexuality is a disturbance of psychosexual development, but little or nothing definitive that might tend to take the issue out of the realm of pure opinion. In an article for *Science and Psychoanalysis*, titled "Homosexual Activity and Homosexuality in Adolescence," I addressed myself to that question:

> This author sides with the majority in considering preferential homosexuality to be a sign of disordered sexual development. Gershman states the basic premise clearly: "It is in the nature of the male and female to develop, function and relate as such, provided that the necessary healthy components of growth are made available in the formative years. If that does not obtain, then the assumption is made that psychological obstructions to such maturation have occurred." This does not mean that homosexual experiences—perhaps repeated experiences—may not occur in development toward normal heterosexuality, but it does mean that homosexuality as a preferred mode of sexual gratification is pathognomonic of disturbed development.

It may be asked, if preferential homosexuality is gratifying to the individual, in what sense is it a disturbance? Proceeding on the premise that the individual, by the time he has reached full reproductive capacity, is biologically predisposed to ultimate heterosexual preference, I see adaptation to adult sexuality as a major psychosexual task of adolescence. If the ego, as developed in childhood, is not equal to this task (which is perhaps made more difficult for the adolescent in this culture than in some others), it will be unable to integrate the new capacity for reproduction into its sexual identity and it will back off from it. As I say in my article, this state of affairs can lead to preferential homosexuality in adulthood:

> Regardless of the rationalizations of homosexuals themselves, and the confusion of the cultural relativists, homoerotic object choice by preference is a confession of the inability to be competitively and reproductively heterosexual. Homosexuality is a relinquishment of the task imposed by puberty and a return to genetically earlier, nonreproductive sexual gratifications.

Warren J. Gadpaille, M.D.
Denver, Colorado

HOMOSEXUALS' RIGHT TO WORK

The October *Forum Newsfront* reported the U.S. Court of Appeals' ruling that Federal Civil Service employees may not be fired merely because they are homosexual. As a former Civil Service employee who served over six years with the Department of the Navy and over five years with the Department of Defense, this news comes too late to be of any comfort to me. I was honorably discharged from the Army after serving in World War Two and also from the Air Force Reserve in 1965. In my 11½ years of Federal employment, I earned three awards for work performance and made rapid progress. The first black mark on my record was on my final-separation papers, which read: 'Employee resigned after being told of proposed removal action for admitted homosexual acts." This occurred because a supposed friend had tried to get out of serious trouble by implicating almost every acquaintance in his address book and this "information" counted for more than my record of service. At the age of 39, I was forced to begin a new life in a new place and, because of the stated reason for my resignation, with no chance for a decent job. I have been forced into bankruptcy and now face a life with little prospect of improvement. I am glad to hear that the Government can no longer treat others as it has treated me. I hope the ruling will help me in my fight for reinstatement—but nothing can undo the harm that has already been done.

(Name and address withheld by request)

HOMOSEXUALS AND THE LAW

As a homosexual, my rights as a citizen have been ignored both by law enforcement officers and by the Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court. I have been arrested twice during raids on gay bars. Each time the charges were dropped for lack of evidence of any crime. During one of these arrests, I refused to employ the bondsman who was provided by the officer in charge of the raid. As a result, I was beaten.

I myself owned a gay bar for a while and was continually harassed by the police, because I refused to pay them off. Vice-squad decoys will go as far as kissing homosexuals in order to tempt them into making sexual advances. A Miami ordinance reinforces the attitude that homosexuals have no rights as citizens or, indeed, as people by forbidding a bar owner to serve or to employ homosexuals or to allow them to gather in his bar. I have unsuccessfully fought this ordinance in the courts, firmly believing that it is a gross violation of the constitutional right to associate freely. The U.S. Supreme Court has refused to examine the ordinance. My experiences lead me into absolute agreement with Dr. Alan Watts, who said that "There will be respect for authority only when authority itself is respectable."

Richard Juman
Miami, Florida

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy" including installments 1–7, 8–12, 13–18 and 19–22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RAQUEL WELCH

a candid conversation with hollywood's hottest sex symbol—and the improbable star of "myra breckinridge"

Since the Twenties, when Theda Bara became America's first female sex symbol, Hollywood has searched unceasingly for young beauties who could fan the American male's erotic fantasies. In the Thirties, it was Jean Harlow; during the Forties, Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth took turns turning on film audiences; and in the Fifties and Sixties, respectively, Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor personified the U.S. sexual deity. As we head into the Seventies, a new cinema queen in the old tradition has emerged

brown-eyed, chestnut-haired, spectacularly structured Raquel Welch. It has taken the 27-year-old actress little more than four years to eclipse a multitude of pulchritudinous pretenders to the throne. Raquel's revealing photographs—the most famous displaying her 37-22-35 form swathed skintight in a doeskin bikini

can be seen not only in GI barracks but in captured Viet Cong bunkers as well. And comedian Johnny Carson has accurately called her "the kind of girl you'd take home to Mother and Dad—if they were gone for the weekend."

To a great extent, Raquel's rapid rise from $250-a-week billboard girl on the "Hollywood Palace" television show to $325,000-a-film superstar (her salary for playing the title role in "Myra Breckinridge") can be attributed to the acumen of Patrick Curtis, initially her manager and currently her second husband. A onetime child actor, Curtis quit his job as a press agent three weeks after meeting Raquel at a Sunset Boulevard coffee shop and formed a joint business partnership—Curtwel Productions—of which Miss Welch was the sole asset.

Like thousands of movie hopefuls who migrate to Hollywood each year, her credentials were rather nebulous. She was born Raquel Tejada to Castilian Spanish and English-Scottish parents, who moved from Chicago to La Jolla, California, when she was two. Raquel's uneventful teenage years at La Jolla High School—highlighted by nothing more impressive than a summer-stock role as an Indian maiden—ended in marriage to James Welch, who fathered her two children, Damon and Tahnee. Following their 1963 divorce, she supported herself for the next two years by modeling, working as a cocktail waitress and making occasional appearances on San Diego TV talk shows. Soon after, she met Curtis, who immediately proved to be the perfect catalyst for her career. Step number one of his plan was to make her known to Hollywood executives in a position to offer her employment. A bit part as a hooker in "A House Is Not a Home" was followed by the lead in a low-budget beach movie, "A Swingin' Summer," in which she performed a highly sensual striptease.

But Raquel's first measurable impact on the film industry came not on the screen but at the 1965 Hollywood Deb Star Ball, a bokey beauty pageant sponsored by movie hairdressers, at which she so outshone the other starlets in attendance that a 20th Century-Fox producer who was introduced to her that night arranged a screen test on the spot. It led to Raquel's role in "Fantastic Voyage," one of the better science-fiction films in recent years. Although Miss Welch's exploitable assets were concealed throughout the proceedings in a cumbersome wet suit, this oversight was immediately corrected in "One Million Years B.C.," a monstrous prehistoric saga shot in the Canary Islands. Playing an Amazonian cave woman, Raquel pranced around grassy landscapes and talked to the pterodactyls while attired in little more than tattered animal skins.

Shortly thereafter began step two of the big build-up: Christmas cards depicting a skimpily clothed Raquel standing on a mountaintop were dispatched around the world to more than 10,000

"The label sex goddess somehow eclipses everything else about you. A sex goddess isn't a real living thing. She's a plastic lady. She's Superwoman. She has no intellect, no emotions, no anything."

"There's beauty in every part of the body—gracefully curving shoulders, a flat, firm tummy, the shape of the buttocks and the way it moves, the softness of the pubic area. All that is tremendously sensual"

"There's no one who's liberated to the point the American woman is and yet handles it worse. She holds her freedom like a club and beats the guy with it until he's got stars coming out of his head."

film exhibitors, magazine editors and newspaper reporters. Within 18 months European periodicals were calling her "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" and her unforgettable body and toothy smile had appeared on nearly 200 magazine covers. Moviegoers flocked to her next four films, all of them somewhat unfortunate: "The Biggest Bundle of Them All"; "The Lovely Ladies"; "Shoot Loud, Louder . . . I Don't Understand", and "Fathom" Raquel's appearance in 'Bedazzled" (which cast her, appropriately enough, in the role of Lust), plus her reputation as the darling of the paparazzi, finally led to step three in her development: more prestigious parts opposite celebrated American actors. Soon she was Sinatra's leading lady in "Lady in Cement" and the window dressing for Jimmy Stewart in "Bandolero!" And in 1968, she and ex-pro footballer Jim Brown were teamed in a shoot'em-up epic, "100 Rifles," that turned out to be less memorable for what happened on screen than off. The filming had hardly begun when news media throughout the Continent and the U.S. carried stories about a private feud between the co-stars, reportedly over matters sexual. By the time Raquel finished the film—and a cameo role in "The Magic Christian," as the whip-carrying overseer of 91 topless slave girls—her sex-star status was firmly established.

Late last summer, while Raquel was completing her first television special—to be aired April 26 on CBS—and preparing to film "Myra Brechinridge," she met on five separate occasions with PLAYBOY *interviewer Richard Warren Lewis for this exclusive conversation. The setting was her newly acquired seven-bedroom, eight-bathroom Beverly Hills home, once owned by Jeff Chandler and later by Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.*

Reports Lewis: "The first thing a visitor notices while walking up the brick pathway leading to the house is the his-and-hers Rolls-Royce convertibles resting side by side in an open garage. A very British secretary opened the heavy, carved front door and led me into a living room decorated with ferns, still life paintings and plush white carpeting. Many of the volumes visible in the room's built-in bookcases reflected the occupants' occupational interests. Among the more prominent titles, show-business biographies of Frank Sinatra and film mogul Harry Cohn, 'An Illustrated History of the Horror Film,' 'The Films of Jean Harlow,' 'The Films of Marilyn Monroe' and 'The Studio.' Neatly arranged on an antique coffee table were several high-fashion magazines containing photographs of Raquel—many of them shot by Justin de Villeneuve, Twiggy's mentor.

"When Raquel descended the circular staircase from an upstairs game room, she shook hands firmly and flopped her long-limbed, 118-pound body into a Queen Anne wing chair whose brown-velvet upholstery, I noticed, matched the color of her eyes. She wore zippered white pants, leather sandals and a transparent paisley blouse over a white bra. The emerald-shaped, ten-carat diamond on her ring finger reflected the light filtering through leaded-glass windows—beyond which one could occasionally glimpse busloads of passing tourists or her two school-age children (legally adopted in 1968 by Curtis) playing on the lawn.

"I wanted to accomplish two things at our first meeting: set a date for our first taping session and establish a degree of rapport with my subject. I needn't have worried on either count: Raquel loves to talk. There are frequent traces of an English affectation in her voice, and occasionally she lapses into an unintentional yet uncannily accurate impersonation of Katharine Hepburn, of whom she is an unabashed admirer.

"In our subsequent talks, I found Raquel to be a witty, gutsy lady. I also found her absolutely fascinated by certain subjects—such as her career and sex, acting and sex, men and sex, marriage and sex and just plain old-fashioned sex. The day we began taping—beside her Olympic-sized swimming pool—Raquel wore a suede bolero vest that left exposed the undersides of her celebrated breasts. Confronted with this appetizing sight, I thought it seemed eminently sensible to start our interview by discussing her penchant for exposing strategic—but not vital—areas of her epidermis."

PLAYBOY: Many of the movies' biggest sex stars—among them, Ursula Andress, Kim Novak, Marilyn Monroe, Carroll Baker, Jane Fonda, Ann-Margret, Susannah York and Brigitte Bardot—have appeared nude in PLAYBOY. Why have you refused our invitations?

WELCH: It's just been done too often, and now everyone seems to be hopping on the band wagon because it's the thing to do. A long time ago, I promised myself never to be photographed nude. Why should I show all my cards at the beginning of the game? If I did that, what could I do for an encore? I have a very good figure and it shows up plenty good in a bathing suit, so I'll wear a bikini any day of the week. But if someone started telling me, "Well, just take off the bra and sort of do the three-quarter bit," I'd tell him to forget it.

As far as I'm concerned, 90 percent of the girls who've taken off their clothes should've left them *on*, anyway; their figures just aren't good enough. If they were, they wouldn't have to prove it that way. Sexiness doesn't come from exposing yourself nude; it comes from something you *are*. Carroll Baker tries to be sexy, but I don't care if she poses spread-eagle for *Life*: she never will be. There's a certain kind of piquant sexuality that Carol Lynley conveys, but it's not the kind that's enhanced by removing her clothes. And Kim Novak is way past the age to be doing that sort of thing. She's huge and she looks awful.

There's only one instance in which I saw nudity in PLAYBOY that I could appreciate. That was Ursula Andress photographed by John Derek. I felt as if I was seeing a lovely woman of flesh and blood reveal all the lovely things about herself—her purity, her freshness, her vitality and, of course, the classic look of her body. And I saw it through the eyes of a man who loved her and was, in fact, turned on by her, not by somebody who had perfunctorily snapped a picture. I simply don't intend to ever walk into a studio with some strange man, remove my clothes and be photographed naked any more than I would agree to a similar arrangement in front of a motion-picture camera. I don't know anybody at this moment with whom I could comfortably pose nude and produce something lovely and complete.

PLAYBOY: Then you're implying that you'd consider posing nude if there were some kindred soul behind the camera.

WELCH: Yes. The attitude of the photographer is the important thing to me, and when I look at a picture, it's rather obvious to me whether that rapport was there or not. I can't believe, however, that an actress or a model will bump into that many photographers who can capture something real about her insides—her guts or lack of same. For me, this hypothetical man would have to be very gentle, yet very much in control. Then maybe he could catch my vitality, my tremendous energy, my dominance and my coolness, as well as my vulnerability, my romanticism and all the other soft, conquerable qualities that a lot of people have never seen in me.

PLAYBOY: Would this hypothetical photographer also have to find you sexually attractive?

WELCH: I think that would be essential whether I was posing nude or in a snowsuit, and that's precisely what I try to project whenever I'm being photographed. I think of someone looking at me and admiring what he sees. In fact, I practice that in front of a mirror by making faces at myself, by making love to my own image. While I'm doing this, I notice attractive things about myself and practice them—like how to walk gracefully, so that my legs will show to best advantage. Making oneself photogenic is really a science, but it's a very boring one. I don't want to talk anymore about posing for PLAYBOY, though. If I wanted to do it, I'd do it, then everyone would see whatever there is to be seen.

PLAYBOY: Since you haven't yet given the

public that opportunity, would you describe how you look in the nude?

WELCH: How do you *think* I'd look in the nude?

PLAYBOY: We can only speculate.

WELCH: I'm splendid in the nude, but you'll have to use your own imagination. After all, sexuality isn't something that can be talked about. It's not on the surface of the body and, contrary to current fashion, it has nothing to do with the size of one's breasts; it exists in the mind and spirit. There's an unfortunate obsession in this country with the mammary glands—those eye-stopping protuberances—as an isolated symbol of sex. They're the softest, most vulnerable part of a woman and, because they stick out the farthest, they're the easiest part to grab. And the American male is too quick to do just that. He makes them synonymous with sex, which they're not. Don't get me wrong, though. Nice knockers are great, but they're only one component of total sexuality. They're not the end all. As a matter of fact, when all the machinery swings into high gear, they kind of get lost in the shuffle. So no matter how fantastic a girl's breasts are, if she spreads sloppily at the bottom and she's got a lousy face and bad hair and she dresses terribly and walks badly, she's still hopeless, isn't she? If that's all she's got, they just hang there like two worthless tits and don't mean a thing. That's why I think the fascination with them is absurd. But comedians still make jokes about boobs; they say things like, "I bumped into Raquel Welch s-l-o-w-l-y," as if the ultimate sexual experience came from fondling these two protrusions.

PLAYBOY: There is a story circulating in Hollywood—one that is substantiated by several of your past acquaintances in La Jolla and San Diego—that your breasts have been enlarged by surgery. True?

WELCH: That's all a bunch of bunk. I take it as a compliment, though, that some people think I'm too perfect to have occurred naturally. But what can I say? If that's their opinion, they're welcome to it.

PLAYBOY: What are the other components of the total sexuality you mentioned a moment ago?

WELCH: There's beauty in every part of the body: delicate fingers, slender arms, gracefully curving shoulders, a well-formed rib cage, a flat, firm tummy, a supple back, with the smooth valley that runs down the middle of it, the shape of the buttocks and the way it moves, the softness of the pubic area, the thighs tapering to the knees, the calf, the ankle—all of that to me is tremendously sensual. Combine these things with the tilt and roundness of the eyes, the fullness of the lips and the way the hair is worn, and it all makes a beautiful total picture. How can anyone deny that boobs are just a small part of it?

Are her breasts all we remember about Marilyn Monroe? Of course not. We remember her white skin and cotton hair; her sleepy eyes and her soft, moist, constantly moving lips. She was strong and formidable, yet sleek and catlike. Brigitte Bardot's another example. She's a kinky child with those long lean legs and that little-girl body; but just mention Brigitte Bardot to most men and the first thing that pops into their heads is boobs. Marilyn Monroe and boobs. Raquel Welch and boobs. It's just ridiculous. But I think we may be beginning to grow up a little. Who knows—someday men may come to appreciate, say, the teeth and the lips and the back of the neck as erogenous zones, too; because that's what they are, at least to me.

PLAYBOY: In a recent issue of *Life*, Jim Brown described the way he psyched you out in one of your love scenes for *100 Rifles*: "The camera was on her face, and so I had my head on the other side of her head. . . . I stuck my tongue in her ear. She jumped. . . . I came off that bed laughing because . . . I had discovered that she was weak in the ear." Is that another one of your erogenous zones?

WELCH: That whole story is a fabrication. It wasn't just my ear; he licked the whole side of my face. And he didn't psyche me out. In fact, all I could think at that moment was, "Holy Christ, what the fuck does he think he's doing?" Afterward, I realized that he'd done it because his face was off-camera in that shot and, knowing the way that man's mind works, the way he has to constantly feed his ego, I suppose it really irked him. I personally couldn't have cared less who was on top and who was on the bottom, but he was extremely rude and tried very hard to mess me up during that scene. I was angry because we wasted two days on that scene and people were spending a lot of time and effort and money to finish it.

In a situation like that, no real actor would play some little one-upmanship game just to let the crew know he was really the biggest stud that ever lived. If Jim Brown was the big stud he likes to think he is, then why couldn't he really communicate with the woman playing opposite him, instead of trying to pull some kind of power play? Obviously, he thought the point of the entire film was whether or not he was man enough to tromp on me. He was extremely insulting to a number of people, and particularly to several women on the set, myself included. As an ex–football player, he's been trained to kill, kill, kill, break that line, crush heads—and that's just how he treats women. Unfortunately, some of us aren't a bit titillated by that approach. His whole attitude reminded me of the pubescent boys in grade school, who used to run around pulling up the girls' dresses. I can just imagine how he would have acted if I'd agreed to appear the way the scriptwriters wanted me to. There was one scene in the original script in which, as a member of the Spanish army, I was supposed to run around a battlefield stark-naked, shooting people with a pump-action shotgun. That would have been a great scene, I suppose, but I couldn't do it. It wasn't the nudity that bugged me; it was the stupidity. A scriptwriter will usually try to get away with as much sex in a film as he can, but my big objection to most of the bizarre scenes written for me is that they generally have no real function in the script. They're obviously thrown in for exploitation value alone.

PLAYBOY: Given the increasingly explicit sexual activity in films today, couldn't your reluctance to participate in such scenes be considered a bit prudish?

WELCH: I'd rather begin by examining this sexual revolution we've all heard so much about. When it first started, it was obviously something spontaneous and fresh, but, like the original hippie movement, the media began to exploit it and turned it into a fad. And since most people are engaged in a frantic effort to be just like everybody else, they're all trying to get into the act. So the media keep pushing it, because it makes them seem trendy, and the public keeps buying it, because they've been told it's the thing to do. Even if an individual doesn't want to participate, he really has no choice—if he doesn't want to be branded as a square or a prude. Then people will think he or she doesn't like fucking; God forbid.

So sex is shoved down our throats and, more and more, it begins to look like a commodity, a product—like Campbell's soup or underarm deodorants. It's become one of the status goodies that people use to convince themselves that they're part of the "now" generation. But that presents problems. The implication is that a girl should screw a different guy every hour on the hour, 365 days a year. Well, even though that might be nice for a while, it's obvious that it could get to be more than slightly debilitating. In fact, it might completely destroy her sexual appetite. The other dangerous implication is that people begin to apply to themselves what they see in the media. "Jesus," a guy says to himself, "There's Sean Connery in the tub with eight naked broads. Why can't I do that? What's the matter with me?" Obviously, it doesn't take the American male very long to realize that he can't possibly emulate this masculine paragon—and his lady is afraid as hell that she can't fulfill her fantasy role as an erotic amazon. How can anyone live with those pressures? I think it's about time we all

relaxed and let sex return to its beautiful, natural place in our lives.

PLAYBOY: Do you object to watching explicit sex scenes in movies as much as you object to appearing in them?

WELCH: It depends on the scene. But most of those I've seen have been tawdry and distasteful. And you don't find it only in movies. I saw something in a recent issue of a popular national magazine that I thought was obscene. There were lots of nude people lying around on the floor, covered with a slime that looked like blood and they were doing grotesque things to one another—very sadistic and perverse Marat/Sade–type behavior. I went "Yuk" and didn't bother to read the article. Also, one scene in *The Killing of Sister George*, in which Coral Browne unzips Susannah York's dress, gave me the same "Yuk" reaction. At first, I thought they were just going to kiss. I'd seen that happen in *The Fox* and wasn't offended by it. It was done beautifully. But the scene in *Sister George* was like a slap in the face. I couldn't believe I was really going to sit there and watch this lady do what she did to the other lady. There was a murmur throughout the audience. I just looked down and asked my companion, "Is it over yet?" I saw glimpses of what was happening, but I couldn't believe it. It was obviously stuck in just to be titillating and to boost the box office. It certainly wasn't entertaining. I was embarrassed not only by my own reaction but by the audience's reaction. I just don't care to see two ladies graphically engaged in Lesbianism, and I don't think the audience did, either.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been confronted by Lesbian advances in your private life?

WELCH: Well, I've been meeting more strange women lately than ever before, and occasionally I really can't tell if some of these ladies with the low voices are men or women. They give me the creeps. We may be talking and then, all of a sudden, something strikes an off key note and I think: "Wait a minute. I'd better make tracks." But when I hear that someone's a dyke or that she goes both ways, it doesn't seem so important to me. That's her life. Why should I bother with her problems or her private conduct? That has nothing to do with me. If it's something they want to do, fine; but I'm not interested in doing it or watching it myself, any more than I'm interested in seeing any number of other things go on.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

WELCH: Would you want to watch somebody killed in front of you or see somebody run over? Some people cannot draw themselves away from the sight of gore. They're fascinated by it. The bloody violence in *The Wild Bunch*, for example, disturbed me immensely. The director may have been trying to make a moral statement about how awful violence is, but I was at the breaking point by the end of the massacre scene. They did it very stylishly, in slow motion, with big blood packs bursting. It was incredibly brutal. I simply couldn't bear to see any more blood, no matter what he was trying to prove. It was the bottom line for me; I couldn't have stood to see one more person blown apart and flying through the air, to see one more child stamped by a horse, to see all of the people who, during the course of the picture, I'd grown to sympathize with and like for their own idiosyncrasies, get blown to bits. It was more than I could take and I broke down. Wanton violence is an obscenity that I object to even more than exploitive sex.

PLAYBOY: If this trend toward ever more explicit sex in films continues, can you think of any kind of erotic scene that might excite you as a moviegoer?

WELCH: I thought Annie Heywood and Keir Dullea's love scene in *The Fox* was quite erotic. But if we're really going to get down to it, I figure that since I'm continually asked to show my stuff on the screen, I'd like to see some actor show *his*. Maybe that's an exaggeration. I guess I'd really just as soon not go any further than seeing an actor's rump. But if an actress has to run around doing crotch shots with her boobs bouncing, why shouldn't we make the men turn around? That would be the logical conclusion. Along these lines, I've heard that one of the very popular glossy women's magazines is considering a monthly center spread of a male pinup personality. I personally wouldn't want it, because I don't care that much about looking at it, but I suppose it might find an audience.

PLAYBOY: Do you think these pinups might appeal more to the male homosexual reader than to the female reader?

WELCH: Well, right at this moment, I suppose so. But women are rapidly changing their ideas and becoming much kinkier. For instance, I adored the pictures of Rudolf Nureyev posing in the nude for a women's magazine not long ago, because he has a really fabulous body. When I see him, I think of the wonderful artistry he's capable of producing as a dancer. I'm struck by the strength of his body, by its movement. It's so much more to me than just a fantastic male body. Women appreciate good tone in a man's body as much as a man appreciates it in a woman. But I don't care for those muscleheads with the tremendously thick necks who can't even walk properly because their thighs are disproportionately developed. Their muscles are so pumped up they can hardly move. Having been a dancer for so many years, I much prefer to see a man who's stretched his muscles rather than one who's obviously spent all his time pumping them up. When it comes right down to it, though, I'll settle for Steve McQueen—dressed. I think he's an extremely attractive, sexy man. He doesn't need to make blue movies in order to be a great big movie star.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen any blue movies?

WELCH: *The House on Bare Mountain* is the only film like that I've seen. It shows a number of very buxom girls all taking showers and rub-a-dub-dubbing. Then they all come down the stairs in one long line—ka-bong, ka-bong, ka-bong—and run out and play volleyball. It's really so funny that I don't see how it could be erotic. Can you laugh and have an orgasm at the same time?

PLAYBOY: The eroticism in *I Am Curious—Yellow* was played for laughs. What did you think of it?

WELCH: I haven't seen *I Am Curious—Yellow*, although it's been described to me in graphic detail. But there's always some little underground movie where someone's copulating or masturbating or practicing various positions of sodomy. Since only a minority of people actually involve themselves in this kind of behavior, producers can put it on the screen and still reach those to whom it's unique. But I'm tired of everyone airing their dirty laundry in front of me, and that's why I haven't gone to see many of these films. They make me feel uncomfortable, they threaten me in some way.

PLAYBOY: Why?

WELCH: Because I'm sitting there as an actress and thinking: "If someone asked me, would I do that?" I just wonder what effect it's going to have on me and my work. Will I have to do a nude scene in every picture with some man who means nothing to me? Someday, I'm going to have to make that kind of decision and maybe lose a great part.

PLAYBOY: Will you eventually capitulate?

WELCH: I couldn't begin to answer such a question, because I just don't know. But the idea of getting into bed with a man I don't know is terrifying to me.

PLAYBOY: You're not afraid that perhaps you'd lose all your inhibitions?

WELCH: No. I just don't do those things for money, and I prefer to get my kicks off-camera.

PLAYBOY: How *do* you get your kicks?

WELCH: I don't think I have any new tricks. I'm not a contortionist. I've never swung from a trapeze or anything like that. In fact, I definitely have a mid-Victorian streak that runs through me. Queen Victoria had quite a sexy little mind, but she thought that a woman should handle her private life discreetly. She thought a woman should embody the old axiom: a whore in the bedroom and the absolute epitome of a lady at all other times. It's this duality that makes any woman an attractive mystery. So I

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don't intend to share my private relations with the entire world. This facet of my life is definitely personal and I will not exchange notes about it.

Besides, I could never understand why people think it's necessary to impress others with tales of their sexual exploits. A guy goes out and gets himself three girls, then comes back from a weekend and says: "I had such a scene down at the beach house. First we had a little pot and then everyone took off their clothes. And there was this one chick—wow, was she ever great. And then there was another one and then another. I don't know what's the matter with chicks lately, but they just love me to death." Well, Warren Beatty, to name one grown-up man, does not discuss his sexual exploits, nor does anyone else who's confident of his sexuality. They don't run around declaring their potency like it was a banner worn on their sleeves or like they had a new trophy to show. I would never dream of telling any of my friends what my husband and I do in the bedroom. That's nobody's business but ours, and my enjoyment of it isn't increased by telling it to Mabel while we're chatting over the back-yard fence.

PLAYBOY: Considering your mid-Victorian bent, does prudishness inhibit your sex life? How do you feel about making love with the lights on, for example?

WELCH: You're prying; but as far as I'm concerned, you can see better with the lights on. There are some people, of course, who can fantasize better with the lights off, and others like darkness because it protects them from facing what's there—as if it weren't really happening. But that's all right, too. Some people jump off a diving board with their eyes closed, but they still hit the water. There are degrees of light—different intensities for different moods—just as there are different strokes for different folks. If a girl's got a great face and a terrible body, she should turn out the lights entirely and just go to bed. If she's got a great body, on the other hand, and she thinks he's pleased with it, then there's no reason for her to do a cover-up number. In fact, she's probably the sort of woman that many men enjoy displaying in public while they think to themselves: "Look, everybody, this is a reflection of what kind of man I am. All you have to do is look at *her*." But that's where it ends. He doesn't really want everyone's hands all over her. At least my husband surely doesn't. And I personally don't want anyone's hands on me, either. One set is enough.

PLAYBOY: As long as we're on the subject, have you ever attended an orgy?

WELCH: I don't know, what *is* an orgy? Is an orgy more than one, more than two people? Or what? I've never been involved in any group efforts. I guess the opportunity just never arose. I'll have to cross that bridge when I get to it.

PLAYBOY: Do the prospects seem appealing to you?

WELCH: Depends on who the participants were. If an invitation were delivered, I'd have to consider it; but orgies really have no great appeal to me, even if the participants were Steve McQueen, Warren Beatty and Paul Newman, all together in the altogether. I'm just not particularly enchanted by the idea of simultaneous sexual relationships, although I suppose that some people could function very well in an orgy situation.

PLAYBOY: Helen Gurley Brown, editor of *Cosmopolitan*, recently conducted an editorial survey among her female staff members to determine how they liked their breasts fondled. Is a man's technique in this area important to you?

WELCH: Well, tactile stimulation of the breasts is as important as anything else, and I suppose many people fall short of their purely technical responsibilities in lovemaking. There are a lot of bad lovers around. But apparently, most women don't know how to tell their men that they're performing badly. So maybe Helen Gurley Brown thinks that all a girl has to do is leave the magazine open to the right page for her husband, and that he'll read it and realize his mistakes. I don't know why people demand pat solutions to sexual problems. There aren't any pat answers for anything else in life. But everyone has such overly romantic ideas about sex—that it's always supposed to be perfect, that it can't ever fail. Ultimately, they grow intolerant of anything that falls short of their erotic expectations. It's like being told a thousand times how great a particular movie is, and then, when you finally get to see it, you're disappointed because it isn't as good as you were told. But you still sit there, wondering if it's the film or your taste that's deficient.

PLAYBOY: Do you have sexual failures, like everyone else?

WELCH: I have had, yes. I wasn't very happy with my first husband. I was wildly attracted to him physically; he had lots of curly hair, his eyes tilted just right, his teeth were white and he was always beautifully tanned. But in spite of having a fair amount of elegance and charm, he was hardly the Prince Charming type. In fact, he was the kind of guy who treats women terribly. He was always late, never very nice and he couldn't care less about anything I had to say. But he was gorgeous and I was terribly unhappy every minute we were apart. I had married him solely on the basis of my emotions—on impulse. Neither of us had reached our full development as people, and I learned that it's impossible to match two people purely on their mutual physical attraction and expect the relationship to last. The physical aspects, therefore, soon became secondary to our emotional difficulties and sex didn't work out too well for us. It was very clumsy and awkward in every respect. In fact, it was just boring.

PLAYBOY: How often do you meet a man whom you'd consider a suitable sex partner?

WELCH: Well, when it comes to truly personal relationships, I can't get turned on by just any guy I happen to bump into on the street. It's not that easy. But because I can't be turned on by just *anybody*, that doesn't make it a universal truth for all women. For much too long, women have been brainwashed into believing that a full-scale relationship is required to make the sexual experience acceptable or enjoyable. Now they realize that they can have sex without the relationship, because the widespread use of female contraceptives has given them the freedom. A woman no longer has to think of her bed partner as someone she'll have to spend her life with or as the guy who may be the father of her child. But personally, I don't think I could get any kind of real sexual satisfaction from a relationship if it was such a throwaway thing. I don't believe that one brief moment—or even lots of brief moments—can make up for the lack of a deeper relationship with another person.

PLAYBOY: Doris Lessing, an acknowledged heroine of the feminist movement who writes extensively about the emancipated woman, recently noted: "The only reason to get married is having children. Otherwise, men and women should just live together." Do you agree?

WELCH: Marriage is still good for some people but, I no longer think we have to be so dogmatic about it. I think it ought to be an option in our society. Some relationships may last only a very short time, while others—those in which the partners complement each other and grow together—may last a lifetime. In either case, why must such a relationship be officially documented with a piece of paper? It's this compulsory piece of paper that destroys people. I like it for myself, but it can take all the magic out of a personal relationship for many people. Personally, I wouldn't want to grab anybody by the neck and say, "You have to stay with me or else I'll sue you for every cent you have." If I thought I needed that kind of guarantee, then the whole thing would be shot right from the start. The marriage contract was necessary in the past to protect women who were incapable of making their own way in the world. But today, the situation has changed for most women, though I can still sympathize with women who have children by a man who later walks out on them.

PLAYBOY: In a recent Gallup Poll, two out of three college students interviewed condoned premarital sex. Do you?

WELCH: I have no objections, but I do

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think the doctrine of sexual permissiveness is being forced upon many young girls today. Too often, because a girl wants to be with it she thinks it's necessary to lose her virginity. That's just as stupid as keeping it in order to remain innocent.

PLAYBOY: Were you a virgin when you were married the first time?

WELCH: Yes. At that point, my decency syndrome was a thread that ran through my entire character. I was just a 16-year-old ding-a-ling determined not to debauch myself. I never even considered having an affair, because at that time, if you slept with someone, you married him. And that was that.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about living with someone before getting married?

WELCH: For one thing, it gives you some idea of what you're getting into. In living together, you have an opportunity to learn much more about your partner. When your sexual appetites are satisfied right from the beginning, you begin to discover more important things about a person—what he's really like as a person and what it's like to be around him. After all, it takes real talent and genius to make a marriage work. Cohabitation and premarital sex give you some indication of whether or not the relationship can succeed as a marriage. If not, you haven't lost anything and, as a well-adjusted modern lady, you can just hop into your two-plus-two with the top down and drive away into the sunset. People must learn to admit and allow for the possibility of human failure in personal relationships.

PLAYBOY: Do you think marriage as a legal contract may be supplanted by cohabitation in our society?

WELCH: I don't know, but many young people are beginning to recognize the hypocrisy of their parents' marriages. The kids see their parents struggling to sustain a bad relationship and say to themselves: "Why should I waste twenty or twenty-five years of my life, my energies and my talent on a relationship that, day in and day out, breeds nothing but hate and discontent? I won't do it." As I said earlier, the birth-control pill allows them to live together without the inevitable consequence of parenthood. Having a baby could make a bad scene even worse; but with effective birth control, a couple is less likely to be forced into choosing between keeping the baby or having an abortion. Nowadays, one can have an affair without the fear of pregnancy, but that in itself presents other problems—like promiscuity.

However permissive and enlightened a man may profess to be, I think he eventually loses respect for a promiscuous woman; and she's bound to lose respect for herself. It's just not a very realistic pattern of life. She can do what ever she pleases as a young woman, but what happens when she gets to be 36 and she's no longer interested in carving notches on her gun? When you get down to the nitty-gritty—inside somebody's guts—gun notching can't go on forever. When she examines herself seriously, she sees that her promiscuity has been nothing but an attempt to escape from the frustration of not knowing who she is or why she's alive. Because she's failed to establish a set of values for herself, she lacks self-esteem and compensates for her inadequacies and aimlessness with a series of indiscriminate sexual escapades. I think it's fine for a girl to have a number of sexual experiences, but that's different from promiscuity, which I consider to be indiscriminate fucking with everybody in sight. Promiscuity isn't a viable life style; it's an attempt to deal with insecurity by going through the motions that are usually associated with love and affection.

PLAYBOY: Are you equally opposed to extramarital sex?

WELCH: I don't think that it's necessarily bad behavior for a man to break away once in a while. But while I can certainly understand it in his nature, the woman's gut reaction is still to hate it with a passion. But I would try to be tolerant and understanding. An emancipated woman accepts the fact that her husband might like to fool around now and then, because she knows that *she* is still the only woman in his life who's tuned in to what he feels and thinks, and is capable of catering to those things. I would only ask that if extracurricular activities were going on with the man in my life, I'd just as soon he not let me know about them. If it was flaunted in my face, I couldn't take it. Nor could I reciprocate, just to show him.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you ever tempted to pursue extramarital affairs when you're separated from your husband by professional commitments?

WELCH: On *100 Rifles*, it was obvious that members of the crew were pairing off. In fact, it seemed as if they'd just discovered fucking when they got to Spain. But when I'm working 16 hours a day on location, I don't lie awake pining for romance—I just work hard. And, frankly, Patrick and I haven't been apart from each other for very long periods of time. He always comes and visits. I think Elizabeth Taylor has stipulated that she won't make a picture unless Richard Burton is going to be nearby, and I can't blame her. You're really asking for it the other way. If you're separated from a dishy guy or a dishy lady for three months or more, he might really fall for somebody else. And if that happens, it's the ball game. He may come home when the picture's over and say, "I want a divorce."

PLAYBOY: Despite your fidelity, why do rumors circulate in Hollywood indicating otherwise?

WELCH: It's an expression of jealousy directed at people who look like they have more than their share of the goodies in life: beauty, fame or money. People can't bear the fact that Liz Taylor has so much, can they? They really sock it to her, as if to say: "How dare she be that wealthy and that beautiful and, on top of that, have love, children and a happy marriage?" Obviously, I'm also going to be suspect, so they say that I'm promiscuous and that I'm doing various numbers. No one believes that an attractive man and an attractive woman can get together on location or on a sound stage for the time it takes to make a movie, without having all hell break loose sexually. Considering the number of people who are playing around, the skeptics can't fathom that someone else's head may be in a different place than theirs. It's taken for granted by the public that because you do a love scene with someone, you're balling him offscreen. To them, all actresses get screwed left, right and center, front and back—all the way to the top and then all the way back to the bottom. That may be the way a lot of actresses play it, and I don't really give a damn, but I hate to get junked in with all the rest. These girls get the mistaken idea that the only way to succeed in this town is to ball the right people; to me that seems like a pretty bleak way to live. Is it really worth it to bang a bunch of people you're not interested in, just to get your face on the screen? An actress might chart a path to the top, marking the way with people she ought to sleep with, but if she's that cold and calculating about sex, she's not really having sex; she's just doing business. I see it happening all around me—people prostituting their minds and their bodies just to get ahead. But it really has nothing to do with me. I couldn't ever bring myself to ball someone for a job. It would be too demeaning.

PLAYBOY: But many people think this custom is as much a part of Hollywood as the footprints at Grauman's Chinese Theater.

WELCH: Perhaps. But I don't think Hollywood is all that dirty. It has its share of lechers, but no more than any other place of extreme wealth and glamor. You find the same thing going on at any number of resort areas, probably in most major industries and undoubtedly in politics, too. There are simply a lot of important men in high places knocking off a lot of ladies, and you can't blame them. It's not their fault that women are throwing themselves at their feet every minute. The Hollywood lecher is no different from any other. I should know. I've had three separate experiences with some of the biggest people in the industry. Before I came to this town, my

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mother said "You're going to Hollywood? Take this copy of *The Carpetbaggers*. You'll see what you're letting yourself in for." So when I arrived here in 1964, I was traumatized by my fears: How would I act? Would I turn into the slut of all time? Would I become neurotic? Would I end up committing suicide? I took all these hypothetical situations and built a solid philosophy around them.

The first time I was tested, I stuck by my guns. A well-known producer saw me on *The Hollywood Palace* when I was just getting started and said: "Kid, you've got a certain quality. Why don't you come to my office on Monday?" I was really excited by the prospect, so I fixed myself up, wondering all the time what part it might be. I went through my photos and picked out the ones that I thought might apply and I walked into his office with a little briefcase under my arm. He greeted me, shut the door and whispered, "I think we should go to my house. Do you want to take your car or mine?" I said, "I just have a Volkswagen." He said, "Well, we'll take my car."

Meanwhile, I thought he was whispering because he had some secret television project he didn't want anybody else to know about. So, as we walked out the door, I said, "You know, ever since you talked to me three days ago, I've been thinking about what this big, mysterious thing could be. Why are you keeping it such a secret?" He said, "Oh, come on now. From the way you look, I know you've been propositioned before." I really hadn't expected that. I just hadn't been around long enough to know. I said, 'No, I haven't. I thought you had a part for me." He said, "Well, we can write you a little part. I'm going to be producing a television show this season, and I also have a night-club act." I said, "Well, thank you very much, but I'm not interested." At that point, the tears started rolling down my cheeks.

"Don't cry," he pleaded. "For God's sake, don't cry. And don't tell anybody. Do you need some money? Here, take some." "You think I'd tell anybody that I was stupid enough to come up to your office on a deal like this," I told him, "thinking all the time that it was for a job? You know, when I was a little girl, I used to watch you on television—and I used to laugh at you. I just can't believe this is really happening." As he opened my car door, he said, "I didn't know. You're just a young kid. I didn't mean it. The way you were dressed on that show, with your legs showing and everything, and the kind of face you have—you looked so sensuous. Just don't tell anybody. I'm awful sorry."

Several months later, I did an expensive Cinemascope studio screen test. For part of the test, I wore a bikini and, for another part, only a towel. I guess this studio executive found me attractive, because after he saw the test, he called and invited me to have dinner and screen a film with him and a producer. I went there thinking it might be some kind of an opportunity; but in the middle of the screening, the producer got a mysterious phone call from his wife—something drastic had happened—and he left. So there I was, alone with the studio executive: it was an obvious setup. Since Patrick had dropped me off, I didn't have a car and I wanted to call him and tell him to come take me home. But no, this guy wouldn't let me make the call. He insisted on driving me home himself—after he "checked a couple of things in his office." So we went into his office, he looked at me and said "You are the most fantastically exciting creature I've ever seen." He also said he'd seen my test and thought I was a good actress.

Then he started. He took me into a room adjoining his office that contained a sofa and a television set and suddenly remembered a program he had to watch. So he laid down, started patting the sofa and said, "Let's watch television." I said, "I can see fine from here." Naturally, I spent the next three hours fighting him, using every ounce of agility and physical dexterity I had to ward him off. I also had to exercise some pretty good mental gymnastics to protect myself without getting him mad at me. Rather than insult him, I figured the best thing to do was to laugh it off. "You don't trust me," he said. "That's not true at all," I said running around the table. "I just think you're trying to take advantage of the situation, and I want you to know how I feel, so there won't be any unnecessary groupings and disappointments."

Then I went into a real filibuster, knowing that if I stopped talking, I'd have to physically fight him off. I really wanted to take off my shoe and hit him or start screaming, but one doesn't do that to a studio executive. I kept trying to stress the fact that we'd have to have either a business relationship or none at all. I told him that I wanted a part in his film not because I was a good lay but because I could do the job. Finally I told him, "I'm very flattered by your interest in me, because I think you're an attractive person. But even though you've got a lot of power and prestige, I can't compromise myself. I'm not interested in making it on your terms, only on mine."

Eventually, he drove me home and apologized just like a child. But when I closed the door, so help me God, I burst into tears, thinking that I'd just ruined my entire career. I knew that if I'd hurt his feelings, he could see to it that I didn't work again in Hollywood. You see, his ego problems were complicated by the fact that he was a tiny man in stature and that he was also trying hard to prove himself in the business. But three weeks later, I was working for him in another film; I suppose even though I'd refused to make it with him, he must have thought I was worth something.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned a third encounter. Did you manage to escape that one, too?

WELCH: You're damn right. I was doing a one-day job at a studio and this producer saw me outside his office. He came to the set and talked to me for hours about "rebuilding my image," based on what he called my "inner glow." Since, at the time, I was just somebody who wanted to be a film star, that sounded all right to me, so I accepted his offer to start by doing some sunset shots in silhouette as a stand-in for this big star in a picture he was making. He told me, "We're going to shoot this up at Big Sur and, while we're up there, we'll have a photographer take some pictures of you against that beautiful countryside, so I can find your real soul." And all that time, he kept assuring me that he wasn't interested in my body.

Of course, when we got there, the entire crew that had flown up there with us seemed to vanish. But the room I had was a single, with no connecting door, and I trusted him enough to accept his invitation to dinner. Unfortunately, he got sidetracked while we were driving to the restaurant and his next line was, "I've got this marvelous cabin and you've just got to see it." "This is the last straw," I said to myself. "I'm the stupidest girl alive." But what could I do? Jump out of the car, into the ocean? We finally came to the cabin, which was out on a cliff, and it really was lovely. I enjoyed the sound of the surf and the sight of the mist rolling in; but when I finally realized that it was three o'clock in the morning, I told him that I was awfully hungry and that we should be getting back. But he insisted that we have dinner there, so I opened some cans and cooked, knowing that it could have been a very bad scene if he decided to get rough with me.

I started reminding him about his wife, but, like everybody else in Hollywood, he claimed that they had an understanding. Since we had to get up early for the shooting the next day, I told him that I absolutely *had* to get back, and that's when he suggested that I sleep there. Predictably, there was only one bed in the place, so when he retired to the bedroom, I started climbing the ladder to the hayloft. "What're you doing up there?" he asked. "I'm going to sleep up here. Good night." "That's ridiculous," he said. "You don't trust me." "That's right, I don't. I'm not going to pay you for a contract in bed. Either I'm going to do this job tomorrow morning or I'm going back to Los Angeles." Well, he said every ugly word in the book, and I really expected him to get rough, but he finally took me back to the motel. He

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kept calling me, even after I got back to Los Angeles, but I swore then that I'd never again walk into that man's office alone. He's just too hung up. He's a crude, vulgar, despicable man—the all-time letch. Each of these men I've described was like a high school kid begging for a piece of ass. It amazes me that men of their stature could get down and beg like that. They suddenly became so puny that it almost made me sick to my stomach. And they seemed surprised by the fact that I had the common sense not to capitulate to them. I suppose they usually get what they want, but I stood up to these guys and they still wanted to hire me.

PLAYBOY: Why? Since you've had little or no opportunity to display your acting ability, isn't your success so far attributable almost entirely to publicity ballyhoo about your face and figure?

WELCH: Well, I've had enough attention to last me for a century, but I'm not responsible for most of that publicity. Reporters say that I own 23 cantilevered bikinis, each in a different color, and that at the click of a flashbulb, I do any of 39 different stock poses. I hate the girl they're writing about. She's kinky-dink, shallow and horrible, and if I didn't have a sense of humor about it, I'd go insane. The skeptics have always said that I was Mrs. Shrewd and that my husband and I just walked in with a lot of know-how and enough good old-fashioned dollars to buy off the entire world. That's not true. Maybe we knew a few things about this business, but we didn't know all the right people and we certainly didn't have a lot of money behind us. It might have been partly timing—being in the right place at the right moment—but it was also because I'm slightly out of the ordinary, even in Hollywood. Still, I'm mystified to this day how and why it happened.

Four years ago, I was having a very difficult time in Hollywood. I was just a nonentity—a dot in a sea of dots. Before that, I had tried to make it in modeling, but they thought I was just too much in every way. Patrick and I were trying to generate interest in me, but what happened to me eventually was completely beyond our efforts—or even our daydreams. After things started rolling, I did five pictures in one year, most of them on location in Europe; and, in addition to working six days a week, I spent every single Sunday for 18 months on publicity photo layouts. Everybody wanted to see me and everybody had to have exclusive pictures. I appeared in tons and tons of magazines, with names I can't remember, and I was on the cover of every one of them. It seemed very important for me at that moment, but it became incredibly tedious, terribly boring and very taxing for me.

What really got me started was the remake of *One Million Years B. C.*, shot off the coast of Africa, on top of a volcano in the Canary Islands. There we were in this really Godforsaken place called Tenerife. There was only one building, a government-run pension, located on the very top of this volcano, and there was no telephone or post office. According to the natives, it hadn't rained there in 37 years, but the minute we got to the Canary Islands, it snowed. Then it started raining and it never stopped. During the shooting, I was practically naked, while everybody behind the cameras stood around their fires, wearing big warm coats. I had just recovered from a bout with tonsillitis, but I sort of dragged myself out of bed and went up onto the roof of this pension to have a couple of pictures taken. I was a blonde at the time and I was wearing a doeskin bikini that I helped design. It was the photographs in that bikini that generated all the interest. It was one of those pictures that really did it. One was sent to every theater owner and film distributor in the world.

Meanwhile, a few photographers had gone down the mountain and said, "Hey, there's this girl up there on top of the volcano and she's so extraordinary you won't believe it." By that time, we had moved to Lanzarote, another Godforsaken island, and, all of a sudden, thousands of photographers came out to see this girl. "I must have exclusive," they were all saying. It was obvious that something was happening, but I wasn't quite sure what it meant. It was truly a spontaneous thing, a lot more real than something contrived. Everybody was saying, "Who is this girl?" and I kept gaining momentum. When I got back to London—pow!—all the newspapers and magazines were running pictures of me every day. And then the interviews began. I hated them. I was hanged for many of the innocent things I said, the things that weren't properly guarded.

PLAYBOY: What kind of questions were you asked?

WELCH: The question that really stumped me was: "What's it like to be a sex goddess?" Suddenly, everyone was saying I was a sex goddess. I really don't know what it's like. I'm not that person.

PLAYBOY: To the public, nevertheless, that remains your image. What do you think that label means to the man in the street, to those who see your movies?

WELCH: I suppose the word goddess implies some power over men; in real terms, that means I'm someone most men would very much like to go to bed with. Unfortunately, all sex goddesses end up being one-dimensional comic-strip characters whom people lust after but never really get to know as a human being. Not only was I stifled by this image but I thought I was misunderstood. Nobody took me seriously. I wanted desperately to get away from it, but to do that seemed to be an impossibility. Regardless of what I did, I knew I was going to look like Raquel Welch doing it. With or without my help, a monster had been created, and I'm still trying to find out how to escape it.

PLAYBOY: Is being a sex goddess really as traumatic as all that?

WELCH: Well, it does have its advantages. It's better than being labeled a washerwoman. I was also tagged the most beautiful woman in the world, and how can any woman resist that kind of flattery? But the disadvantages far outweigh the advantages. The label sex goddess somehow eclipses everything else about you. A sex goddess isn't a real living thing. She's a plastic lady. She's Superwoman. But she has no intellect, no emotions, no anything. She's just a man-eater, the dominant woman. I don't happen to be any of those things, especially not the new contemporary woman who verges on dominance. No one can tell her what to do. She gets everything she wants by being as aggressive as her male counterpart. Women are becoming so dominant now that I wonder if a lot of men are up to the challenge.

PLAYBOY: Some people think the American male actually is in danger of being emasculated.

WELCH: Absolutely. The times have caught up with men and really done away with many of the things that were once regarded as exclusively masculine. The man used to be the head of the household; but now, with so many women working, he's often not the sole provider anymore. That's a difficult thing for many men to handle. He has to be very secure in his own manhood to be able to live with that. Another threat to the male sexual role is that women are waking up to new kinds of realities. Traditionally, a woman was a delicate creature, who sat home doing embroidery, having children and generally making a home for her husband as a cook and helpmate—but not as an equal. She had no way to divorce herself from those duties to carry on an extramarital affair. It took all of her energy and creativity just to keep her husband happy when he came home. The man, meanwhile, was out in the world, with the freedom to go out and experiment. He had a broad spectrum of experience, and when he came home, his wife couldn't communicate with him, because she knew nothing about his life. Yet she was supposed to sit there and take it, sacrificing her own interests for her home and family.

Then she began feeling jealous because many men took advantage of this self-sacrificing attitude, and, little by little, she became increasingly involved in the outside world. Soon she found that other people could take care of her children and house. Then she discovered that she had the time to work and earn money. She became independent and free—to dress the way she pleased, smoke a man's cigarette, get on a horse, handle

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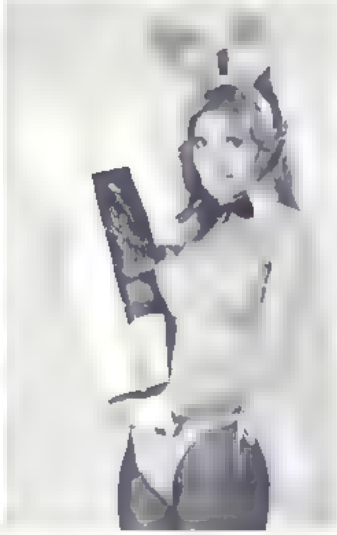

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a gun, do the whole thing. The logical conclusion was that the woman told her husband, "Look, you have a double standard, Buster. You can go out and screw around if you like, but don't expect me to sit home and be happy about it anymore. If you screw around, I screw around." A lot of women are turning to that and, as a result of this new aggressiveness, I think their lovers are beginning to say, "Wait a minute! All my life I wanted an easy lay, but now I wish she'd just leave her clothes on and let *me* take them off of her. For Christ's sake, I'm not even the instigator! She's balling *me*!" In all areas, somehow she's become the aggressor.

PLAYBOY: Do you think many women are suited to handle that role?

WELCH: No. There's no one who's liberated to the point the American woman is and yet handles it worse. She holds her freedom like a club and beats the guy over the head with it until he's absolutely got stars coming out of his head. She's become so overdominant that she's passed the point of equality and is now sledge-hammering the poor American male into the pavement. I can't imagine why women want to do that, particularly radical groups like S.C.U.M.—the Society for Cutting Up Men. These women are a bunch of real hags. They literally hate men to the point of physical violence. S.C.U.M.—that's a perfect name, isn't it? They're trying to tell us that females don't have a sex drive at all, that we don't need men, that sex is just an inconvenience—a chore that we're obliged to perform, in order to keep the rent paid and a roof over our heads. They think they've been mistreated and want to retaliate by socking someone in the teeth. It's lunacy.

PLAYBOY: This question of sexual dominance figures prominently in *Myra Breckinridge*—your next starring role. How did you feel about competing with the several transvestites who were also being considered for the part?

WELCH: I was frightened to death. Knowing that they tested all those transvestites made me feel really creepy. But when I tested for the part, I played the character as a woman, even though Myra is actually a man who's undergone a sex-change operation. I think of Myra in terms of how a girl would act if she had a lot of balls and could use them to get what she wanted. Let's face it, the kind of a man who'd change himself into a woman is already thinking like a female. So why should I screw my head up by trying to think like a man? The test was a five-minute dialog in the office of Buck Loner, the old-time movie idol who runs a talent school for children.

Carrying a black briefcase, I kicked open the door and said, "Stand up when a lady comes into the office, you son of a bitch!" And then I asked him why he cheated those poor provincial children, bleeding them white for a chance at immortal stardom, when he knew they were all doomed to an eternity of dishwashing. I tell him that I've got a certificate that proves I'm one of his partners and that I want exactly $500,000 for my share of the school. Myra comes on very strong and butch; then she turns quite coy, but you know she's just being coy so that she can crown it with the next tough blow. And yet there's a certain fragility about it all. What comes across is a very desirable creature—a really gutsy, ballsy chick. But she tosses so many numbers at him that he doesn't know which end is up. By the time she leaves, she's done him up and down. She's made him both fancy and fear her. And she's in control. That's the main thing. She uses every device at her command and she's so blatant about it that it's camp.

PLAYBOY: How were you able to identify with this manipulative character?

WELCH: I didn't ever think about it in terms of this guy being a freak. I thought of Myra as a person who lives in a kind of fantasy world, and he/she wants desperately to make that fantasy come true. It will be great fun for me to play her—as well as a great opportunity for me as an actress—as long as she's having a good time. She wants to make celluloid come alive in her own life, to play one part after another, but she's looking for something that can never be real. Consequently, she's plagued by terrible insecurities.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't that description of Myra also be applied to Raquel Welch—a woman committed to competing in the fantasy world of the actress and subject to the same insecurities that plague so many in show business?

WELCH: Yes. I obviously operate from great insecurity. We all do. If you don't admit that, you'd be in worse trouble. If I were completely right in the head, if I were really well adjusted, I wouldn't be an actress. But I'm really not equipped to do anything else.

PLAYBOY: There are those who insist you're not even equipped to do that, they claim that your beauty is all you have to offer.

WELCH: If it is, I'm in pretty bad shape, aren't I? But if I'm not capable of doing anything more substantial than displaying myself, I'd like to find out about it now, rather than continue to function at what I consider to be 40 percent of my ability. I can't negate the fact that I'm physically attractive, but I don't want to be pigeonholed by it. I have a need to *express* myself. I want to be an actress.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the public getting tired of hearing that cliché?

WELCH: Yes, but it happens to be the truth. I haven't said these things for a long time, because they do sound like an embarrassing cliché. I realize that after attaining stardom, most actresses suddenly pull this serious-actress bit and renounce their image. Well, I'm very grateful for the success my attributes have brought me, but I can't be a decorative phenomenon for the rest of my career. It's a terribly destructive image; I know, because at one point, I began believing in it myself. I was totally convinced that I was a complete nit, that everyone else was far more cultured than I. If enough people tell you that you don't have any ability or creativity or that your work has no artistic merit, you begin to believe them. To counteract that impression, I vowed to broaden my artistic sensibilities. Marilyn Monroe went through the same process. She married Arthur Miller and studied with Lee Strasberg, thinking these people could give her what she needed. But you can't get it from other people, really. It has to come from yourself. When I began to realize that, I decided that I'm just not going to commit my entire life to the shit I've been doing.

PLAYBOY: If you want to be appreciated for your acting ability, rather than for your anatomy, why don't you wear clothes that conceal rather than reveal?

WELCH: The reason you don't see me in Mother Hubbards is that I'm just not given those kinds of parts. I'm obviously cast for certain roles because I have a nice body and photograph well, and my presence on the screen adds some flavor to a movie. Of course, I'd like to play better roles, but most directors and producers don't believe I have the ability to put the nuances of warmth or depth into a character. They associate my image with a lack of intelligence and skill. It's definitely a struggle, and I'm trying very hard to convince industry people that I have the ability but it's almost impossible to distinguish oneself in a very shallow part. How do you tread water and at the same time accomplish something? Though I have to give them what they expect, I try to elaborate on the part as much as possible—but I've yet to prove myself. Maybe I never will, but I think I have emotions and experiences to bring to a characterization that Hollywood has yet to tap. One of my problems is that I've been badly directed and I've had bad scripts to begin with.

PLAYBOY: How did you respond to reviews of *One Million Years B.C.* that said such things as, "Her acting conveys all the emotions of Mt. Rushmore"?

WELCH: Neither the producers nor I ever pretended that *One Million Years B.C.* was going to be an art film. The audience bought a very lovely girl, a great-looking guy and a lot of prehistoric monsters. Furthermore, I'm grateful for having had the opportunity to appear in the film, because that was the real beginning of my career. Without the status it brought me, I'd be in no position now to stand up and say, "I want to be an actress."

PLAYBOY: Did you attempt a credible performance in the film?

WELCH: What do you want from me?

The dialog consisted of words like "Tumak," "Aquita" and "Seron." Tumak was my lover's name, we had a giant bird we called Seron; and "Aquita" was supposed to mean help. "Aquita!" was my big word. The producers also dubbed in a number of grunts and groans for me. The rest of the picture I spent running away from monsters. When I see myself in movies like that, I see that my characters aren't projecting the things I have inside me. Perhaps in the beginning, I was too scared and inept to bring some kind of warmth or reality to a film.

PLAYBOY: That may be true, but your reviews were little better for *100 Rifles*, released only a year ago.

WELCH: I agree that it was one of the worst films ever made. When I saw *100 Rifles*, it threw me into a depression that lasted for a couple of weeks. It seemed to me that all the good moments in my performance had been edited out. During the sneak preview at a local theater, I just kept sinking lower in my seat. No one even knew I was there. I wore a wig, so that people wouldn't look at me. The whole movie turned out to be high camp. But it was a huge commercial success, anyway.

PLAYBOY: As your husband once put it, the studio hard-sell emphasized the cataclysmic meeting of "Superwoman" and "Superspade." Do you consider this campaign another example of the way you've been exploited?

WELCH: No doubt about it. I can't tell you how much I hated that whole campaign. It undermined every bit of self-respect I have. Even while we were filming, the publicity mill was turning it into a circus because somebody tastelessly suggested to the press that the relationship between Jim Brown and myself was akin to "the mating of two beautiful animals." I pleaded with the producers and the publicists: "Don't make it a big deal. Just portray us as two people who are attracted to each other, so that when we eventually get into the sack together on film, it will be real, natural and believable. Don't turn it into a freaky deal just because he's black and I'm white." But, no! The next thing I knew, the press started asking questions about what it's like doing a love scene with a black man. And that's what the public responded to. I never got any dirty mail before I did *100 Rifles*. Then I received one letter that really devastated me—a very nasty, terrible letter. It said that I was a filthy little tart because I was acting in a film with a black man. Enclosed in the letter was a nice little prop—a wooden ruler.

PLAYBOY: Why did this particular letter upset you so much?

WELCH: Because I couldn't believe that some people still consider contact between the races dirty. Things like that hurt me deeply. But it gets to a point where you've got to stop crying. I can't

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change some people's attitudes, so fuck it. That's not my problem anymore. I've got tomorrow to look forward to and I've got my self-respect to think of. I began to learn how to deal with my identity problem after I returned from Europe two years ago. But that whole period was very distressing for me, because I had just been married in Paris and the wedding was an incredible side show. It really left me shaken.

PLAYBOY: From the newspaper accounts, one would assume that your wedding was staged for the publicity. Is that true?

WELCH: No. I didn't plan it. I didn't go there as a press gimmick. I went there to get married. Why should I be criticized just because it turned out to be a fantastic, chaotic, horrible thing? We just never had a moment to ourselves from the time we got off that plane. Photographers and reporters followed us every place we went. They even had walkie-talkies. They trailed us to our hotel and waited outside the door until we came out. They slept in their cars in front of the hotel. They went to every restaurant we went to. They went to the Lido with us. Patrick had to rent three different cars to decoy them. We would drive down the Champs Élysées, change cars at a given point and then drive off in the opposite direction. It was like a military operation with complicated plans—but none of it worked. I went into Yves Saint Laurent's salon to buy a wedding dress and 25 photographers poked their lenses through the curtain in the changing room. There was no way to satisfy them. I bought a white crocheted wedding dress that caused even more of a flurry when we arrived for the ceremony. There were 300 photographers waiting at the mayor's office and we could hardly get through the door. They were pushing and shoving and grabbing us, yelling, "Turn around, Miss Welch," and "This way, Miss Welch," and forcing us against the wall. I was terrified. It was like a bad movie.

PLAYBOY: After that, was it a relief to return to the U. S.?

WELCH: Far from it. We'd been away so long that we literally had no home to come back to. On top of that, I wasn't satisfied with my career. I'd been to Europe and made five movies, yet I knew nothing about the countries I'd visited or the people I'd worked with. It was all just nothing to me. I felt not like a human being but like a puppet who'd just been manipulated. Then, too, I was frightened about married life and about my whole identity. That's when paranoia took over. I felt that people were after me, that they were standing around corners with their stilettos, just aching to slit my throat, that everybody was trying to choke me to death because they didn't like me—that whole scene. I couldn't deal with it. I thought I was being victimized by all the people who propagated my sex-goddess image; that people in the industry considered me a substandard actress; that I was trapped inside this terrible plastic lady, screaming to get out. I obviously wasn't prepared for the kinds of pressures and responsibilities that were being forced on me. The inhuman aspect of show business is that even though the pressures have pushed you over the border of sanity, you must continue to function and deliver. It's a mental crippler.

PLAYBOY: Did you see an analyst at that time?

WELCH: No. I didn't. I've never been to an analyst, but I've considered it. I suppose I've been my own analyst in many ways. Soon after that paranoiac interlude, I realized that I felt a lot of animosity toward people, which led to the discovery that it wasn't that people didn't like me but that I didn't like myself. Finally, I decided to stop judging myself every minute. I realized that if I didn't like who I was, I'd better start making a few changes. Supposedly, I was this indestructible six-foot Barbie doll; but I finally comprehended that there was no way to be that mythical lady in real life. I am five foot, six, symmetrically built, analytical in mind, passionate in impulse. I'm not a female John Wayne. Most of the men I know were truly relieved when they found out that I'm not a man-eater. So was I.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the public will accept the real Raquel Welch?

WELCH: Today, we can and do accept real people on the screen—people with normal dimensions of personality—because an audience can relate to them. The Thirties and Forties are gone now and the public isn't as turned on by glamor as it used to be. No one goes around today singing, "Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you." The old film stars had a certain kind of charisma, but they rarely went before the public off-camera, lest they damage their carefully constructed images. Stars today are far more down to earth and often say very provocative things in public; they don't confine their relationship with the audience to signing autographs or answering fan mail.

What's happening is that creative people in the film industry are being forced to explore their imaginations more and more, and producers and directors are discovering that they can often make a better film for less money, using unknown actors. Take Dustin Hoffman or Woody Allen. They're not your everyday, garden-variety matinee idols, but they've got fabulous heads and I personally find such comedic minds very erotic. Both Hoffman and Allen are making big box-office movies, yet neither has the romantic appeal of the past. Obviously, what they've got comes from within and, unlike superficial glamor, that's not likely to diminish with age.

PLAYBOY: Do you think your own romantic appeal is likely to endure as the years pass, even if you're successful in establishing yourself as an actress rather than a sex star?

WELCH: I don't think real beauty can ever wither. I've never believed somebody's bone structure or anatomy makes him what he is. Physical equipment is secondary to something that comes from inside. I don't believe the face and figure have anything to do with being an enduring artist in films. Look at Barbara Stanwyck and Katharine Hepburn, who were great beauties in their day. Jeanne Moreau is an older woman who appears to know everything about life and love. She looks slightly dissipated, but still comes off as very attractive. There's also the tremendous spirit and valiant quality of Marlene Dietrich, who has taken great care to preserve herself. I don't know how they do it, but I've seen too many attractive women between the ages of 40 and 60 to believe that getting old is such a hard rap.

PLAYBOY: You feel, then, that you're only at the beginning of a long career.

WELCH: Well, I'm not as frightened or pressured by the pace of things as I was when I first began. I understand now that I'm my own worst enemy and that when I do something wrong or stupid, I mustn't knock myself down for it. I know that I can't bat 1000 all the time and that I'm bound to do and say some dumb things, but that's not the end of the world. If I keep working hard enough and if I'm able to reveal myself in my work, then I'm bound to start getting what I want from acting.

PLAYBOY: And what's that?

WELCH: I don't know yet. I haven't found the single aspect within me that suits me best or that I'm most happy with. I'm still in a quandary as to which lady I want to be. But when I find that out, people will realize that I deserve to be regarded as an actress of stature—and longevity. I've been exploited in the past for the way I look, but I won't be tricked into that again and I'm not about to apologize for being attractive and for getting started that way. What really matters to me now is having the determination to be myself. But it takes a considerable amount of experience to find out who you really are, and I just haven't been able to get that yet. I know that I'm on the right track, though. My name is a household word; everybody knows who I am and they stand in line to see my movies. Now, if only the people in the industry would stop maligning me, stop typecasting me as Hollywood's giant mammary gland and give me a chance to assert myself, they may not see a Duse or a Bernhardt, but they'll discover a damn good actress.

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there's no telling what trouble you may get into if you land in a sleepy little whistle stop that turns out to have more girls on the loose than one stranger can handle

THOMAS IN ELYSIUM

fiction By IRWIN SHAW

A HORN BLEW outside the garage and Tom climbed out from under the Ford on which he was working in the grease pit and, wiping his hands on a rag, went out to where the Oldsmobile was standing, next to one of the pumps.

"Fill 'er up," Mr. Herbert said. He was a steady customer, a real-estate man who had taken options on outlying properties near the garage at low, wartime prices, lying in wait for the post-War boom. Now that the Japanese had surrendered, his car passed the garage frequently. He bought all his gas at the Jordache station, using the black-market ration stamps Harold Jordache sold to the more discreet among his customers.

Thomas unscrewed the tank cap and ran the gasoline in, holding onto the trigger of the hose nozzle. It was a hot afternoon and the fumes from the flowing gasoline rose in visible waves from the tank. Thomas turned his head, trying to avoid breathing in the vapor. He had a headache every night from this job. The Germans are using chemical warfare on me, he thought, now that the War is over. He thought of his uncle as German in a way that he didn't think of his father as German. There was the accent, of course, and the two pale-blonde daughters who were dressed in vaguely Bavarian fashion on holidays, and the heavy meals of sausage and smoked pork and kraut, and the constant sound of people singing Wagner and Schubert lieder on the phonograph in the house, because Mrs. Jordache loved music. *Tante* Elsa, she asked Thomas to call her.

Thomas was alone in the garage. Coyne, the mechanic, was sick this week and the second man was out on a call. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and Harold Jordache was still home at lunch. *Sauerbraten mit Spätzle* and three bottles of Miller High Life and a nice snooze on the big bed upstairs with his fat wife, to make sure they didn't overwork and have premature heart attacks. Thomas was just as glad that the maid gave him two sandwiches and some fruit in a bag for his lunch to eat at the garage. The less he saw of his uncle and his family, the better he liked it. It was enough he had to live in the house, in the minuscule room in the attic, where he lay sweating all night in the heat that had collected there under the roof in the summer sun during the day. Fifteen dollars a week. His uncle Harold had made a good thing out of the fact that Thomas had been exiled from home and Port Philip.

The tank overflowed a little and Thomas hung up the hose and put on the cap and wiped away the splash of gasoline on the rear fender. He washed the windshield down and collected $4.30 and the black-market stamps from Mr. Herbert, who gave him a dime tip.

"Thanks," Thomas said, with a good facsimile of gratitude, and watched the Oldsmobile drive off into town. The Jordache garage was on the outskirts of town, so they got a lot of transient traffic, too. Thomas went into the office and charged up the sale on the register and put the money into the till and threw the ration tickets into the carton on the desk. He had finished the grease job on the Ford and, for the moment, he had nothing to do, although if his uncle were there, he would have no trouble finding work for him. Probably cleaning out the toilets or polishing the chrome of the shining hulks in the used-car lot. Thomas thought idly of cleaning out the cash register, instead, and taking off somewhere. He rang the NO SALE key and looked in. With Mr. Herbert's $4.30, there was exactly $10.30 in the drawer. Uncle Harold had lifted the morning's receipts when he went home for lunch, just leaving five one-dollar bills and a dollar in silver in case somebody had to have change. Uncle Harold hadn't become the owner of a garage and a used-car lot and a filling station and an automobile agency in town by being careless with his money.

Thomas hadn't eaten yet, so he picked up his lunch bag and went out of the office and sat tilted on the cracked wooden chair against the wall of the garage, in the shade, watching the traffic go by. The view was not unpleasant. There was something nautical and regattalike about the cars in diagonal lines in the lot, with gaily colored banners overhead, announcing bargains. There was a lumberyard diagonally across the road, but there was the ocher and green of patches of farmland all around and a roadhouse that was closed now but advertised dancing on Saturday nights. If you sat still, the heat wasn't too bad and just the absence of Uncle Harold gave Thomas a sense of well-being.

He dug into the bag and pulled out a sandwich. It was wrapped neatly in waxed paper. It was a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich, with a lot of mayonnaise, on fresh, thinly cut rye bread. Recently, Clothilde, the Jordaches' maid, had begun to give him fancy sandwiches, different ones every day, instead of the unrelieved diet of baloney on thick hunks of bread that he had had to make do with the first few weeks. Tom was a little ashamed, seeing his grease-stained hands with the black nails on the elaborate, tea-shoppe sandwich. It was just as well that Clothilde couldn't see him as he ate her offerings. She was nice, Clothilde, a quiet French-Canadian woman of about 25, who worked from seven in the morning

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SCHOFFE

until nine at night, with every other Sunday afternoon off. She had sad dark eyes and black hair and this uniform somberness of coloring set her off as being ineluctably lower in the social scale than the aggressively blonde Jordaches, as though she had been born and marked specifically to be their servant.

She had taken to leaving a piece of pie out on the kitchen table for him, too, at night, when he left the house after dinner to wander around the town. Uncle Harold and *Tante* Elsa couldn't keep him in the house at night any more than his own parents used to. He had to wander. Nighttime made him restless. He didn't do much—sometimes he'd play in a pickup softball game under the lights in the town park or he'd go to a movie and have a soda afterward and he'd found some girls. He had made no friends who might ask embarrassing questions about Port Philip and he'd been careful to be civil to everyone and he hadn't had a fight since he'd come to town. He'd had enough trouble for the time being. Actually, he wasn't unhappy. Being out from under his mother and father was a blessing and not living in the same house and sharing the same bed with his brother Rudolph was soothing to the nerves. And not having to go to school was a big improvement. He didn't mind the work at the garage, although Uncle Harold was a nuisance, always fussing and worrying. *Tante* Elsa clucked over him and kept giving him glasses of orange juice under the impression that his lean fitness was a sign of malnutrition. They meant well enough, even if they were slobs. The two little girls stayed out of his way.

Neither of the senior Jordaches knew why he had been sent away from home. Uncle Harold had pried, but Thomas had been vague and had merely said that he was doing badly at school, which was true enough, and that his father had thought it would be good for his character to get away from home and earn some money on his own. Uncle Harold was not one to underestimate the moral beauties of sending a boy out to earn money on his own. He was surprised, though, that Thomas never got any mail from his family and that after that first Sunday-afternoon telephone call from Axel, telling him that Thomas was on his way, there had been no further communication from Port Philip. Harold Jordache was a family man himself, extravagantly affectionate with his two daughters and lavish with gifts for his wife, whose money it had been in the first place that had enabled him to take his comfortable place in Elysium. In talking about Axel Jordache to Tom, Uncle Harold had sighed over the differences in temperament between the brothers. "I think, Tom," Uncle Harold had said, "it was because of his war wound. He took it very hard, your father. It brought out the dark side in him. As though nobody ever was wounded before."

Harold shared one conception with Axel Jordache. The German people, he believed, had a streak of childishness in them, which drove them into waging war. "Play a band and they march. What's so attractive about it?" he said. "Clumping around in the rain, with a sergeant yelling at you, sleeping in the mud, instead of in a nice warm bed with your wife, being shot at by people you don't know, and then, if you're lucky, winding up in an old uniform without a pot to piss in. It's all right for a big industrialist, the Krupps, making cannons and battleships, but for the small man" He shrugged. "Stalingrad who needs it?" With all his Germanness, he had kept clear of all German-American movements. He liked where he was and what he was and he was not to be lured into any associations that might compromise him. "I got nothing against anybody," was one of the foundations of his policy. "Not against the Poles, or the French, or the English, or the Jews or anybody. Not even the Russians. Anybody who wants can come in and buy a car or ten gallons of gas from me and if he pays in good American money, he's my friend."

Thomas lived placidly enough in Uncle Harold's house, observing the rules, going his own way, occasionally annoyed at his uncle's reluctance to see him sitting down for a few minutes during the working day but, by and large, more grateful than not for the sanctuary that was being offered him. It was only temporary. Sooner or later, he knew he was going to break away. But there was no hurry.

He was just about to dig into the bag for the second sandwich when he saw the twins' 1938 Chevy approaching. It curved in toward the filling station and Tom saw that there was only one of the twins in it. He didn't know which one it was, Ethel or Edna. He had screwed them both, as had most of the boys in town, but he couldn't tell them apart.

The Chevy stopped, gurgling and creaking. The twins' parents were loaded with money, but they said the old Chevy was good enough for two 16-year-old girls who had never earned a cent in their lives.

"Hi, twin," Tom said, to be on the safe side.

"Hi, Tom." The twins were nice-looking girls, well tanned, with straight brown hair and skin that always looked as if they had just come out of a mountain spring, and plump little tight asses. If you didn't know that they had laid every boy in town, you'd be pleased to be seen with them anywhere.

"Tell me my name," the twin said.

"Aw, come on," Tom said.

"If you don't tell me my name," the twin said, "I'll buy my gas somewhere else."

"Go ahead," Tom said. "It's my uncle's money."

"I was going to invite you to a party," the twin said. "We're cooking some hot dogs down at the lake tonight and we have three cases of beer. I won't invite you if you don't tell me my name."

Tom grinned at her, stalling for time. He looked into the open Chevy. The twin was going swimming. She had a white bathing suit on the seat beside her. "I was only kidding you, Ethel," he said. Ethel had a white bathing suit and Edna had a blue one. "I knew it was you all the time."

"Give me three gallons," Ethel said. "For guessing right."

"I wasn't guessing," he said, taking down the hose. "You're printed on my memory."

"I bet," Ethel said. She looked around at the garage

and wrinkled her nose. "This is a dumb old place to work. I bet a fellow like you could get something a lot better if he looked around. At least in an office."

He had told her, as he had told others in Elysium, that he was 19 years old and graduated from high school. She had come over to talk to him after he had spent 15 minutes one Saturday afternoon down at the lake, showing off on the diving board. "I like it here," he said. "I'm an outdoor man."

"Don't I know," she said, chuckling. They had screwed out in the woods on a blanket that she kept in the rumble seat of the car. He had screwed her sister Edna in the same place on the same blanket, although on different nights. The twins had an easygoing family spirit of share and share alike. The twins did a lot toward making Tom willing to stay in Elysium and work in his uncle's garage. He didn't know what he was going to do in the winter, though, when the woods were covered with snow.

He put the cap back on the tank and racked up the hose. Ethel gave him a dollar bill but no ration coupons. "Hey," he said. "where're the tickets?"

"Surprise, surprise," she said, smiling. "I'm all out."

"You got to have 'em."

She pouted. "After everything you and I are to each other. Do you think Antony asked Cleopatra for ration tickets?"

"She didn't have to buy gas from him," Tom said.

"What's the difference?" Ethel said. "My old man buys the coupons from your uncle. In one pocket and out the other. There's a war on."

"It's over."

"Only just."

"OK," Tom said. "Just because you're beautiful."

"Do you think I'm prettier than Edna?" she asked.

"One hundred percent."

"I'll tell her you said that."

"What for?" Tom said. "There's no sense in making people unhappy." He didn't relish the idea of cutting his harem down by half by any unnecessary exchange of information.

Ethel peered into the empty garage. "Do you think people ever do it in a garage?"

"Save it for tonight, Cleopatra," Tom said.

She giggled. "It's nice to try everything once. Do you have the key?"

"I'll get it sometime." Now he knew what to do in the winter.

"Why don't you just leave this dump and come on down to the lake with me? I know a place we can go skinny-bathing." She wriggled desirably on the cracked leather of the front seat. It was funny how two girls in the same family could be such hot numbers. Tom wondered what their father and mother thought when they started out to church with their daughters on Sunday morning.

"I'm a workingman," Tom said. "I'm essential to industry. That's why I'm not in the Army."

"I wish you were a captain," Ethel said. "I'd love to undress a captain. One brass button after another. I'd unbuckle your sword."

"Get out of here," Tom said, "before my uncle comes back and asks me if I collected your ration tickets."

"Where should I meet you tonight?" she asked, starting the motor.

"In front of the library. Eight-thirty OK?"

"Eight-thirty, lover boy," she said. "I'll lay out in the sun and think about you all afternoon and pant." She waved and went off.

Tom sat down in the shade on the broken chair. He reached into the lunch bag and took out the second sandwich and unwrapped it. There was a piece of paper, folded in two, on the sandwich. He opened up the paper. There was writing on it in pencil. "I love you," in careful, schoolgirlish script. Tom squinted at the message. He recognized the handwriting. Clothilde wrote out the list of things she had to phone the market for every day and the list was always in the same place on a shelf in the kitchen.

Tom whistled softly. He read aloud. "I love you." His voice was still adolescently high, nearly soprano. A 25-year-old woman to whom he'd hardly ever spoken more than two words. He folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket and stared out at the traffic sweeping along the road toward Cleveland for a long time before he began eating the bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich, soaked in mayonnaise.

He knew he wasn't going out to the lake tonight for any old wienie roast.

• • •

He sat in Uncle Harold and *Tante* Elsa's big bathtub, steaming in the hot water, his eyes closed, drowsing, like an animal sunning himself on a rock, as Clothilde washed his hair. Uncle Harold and *Tante* Elsa and the two girls were at Saratoga for their annual two-week holiday and Tom and Clothilde had the house to themselves. It was Sunday and the garage was closed and in the distance, a church bell was ringing.

The deft fingers massaged his scalp, caressed the back of his neck through foaming perfumed suds. Clothilde had bought a special soap for him in the drugstore with her own money. Sandalwood. When Uncle Harold came back, he'd have to go back to good old Ivory, eight cents a cake. Uncle Harold would suspect something was up if he smelled the sandalwood. Caught by a nose, 99 and 44,100ths percent pure.

Tom lay back in the water and stayed under as her fingers worked vigorously through his hair, rinsing out the suds. He came up blowing.

"Now your nails," Clothilde said. She kneeled beside the tub and scrubbed with the nailbrush at the black grease ground into the skin of his hands and under his nails. Clothilde was naked and her dark hair was down, falling in a cascade over her low, full breasts. Even humbly kneeling, she didn't look like anybody's servant with her hair down.

His hands were pink, his nails rosy, as Clothilde scrubbed away. He looked down at her wedding ring, glistening in foam.

Clothilde put the brush on the rim of the tub, after a last meticulous examination. "Now the rest," she said.

He stood up in the bath. She got off her knees and began to soap him down. She had wide firm hips and strong legs. Her skin was dark and with her flattish nose and wide cheekbones and long straight hair, she looked like pictures he had seen in history books of Indian girls greeting the first white settlers in the forests. There was a scar on her right arm, a jagged crescent of white. Her husband had hit her with a piece of kindling. Long ago, she said. In Canada. She didn't want to talk about her husband. When he looked at her, something funny happened in his throat and he didn't know whether he wanted to laugh or cry.

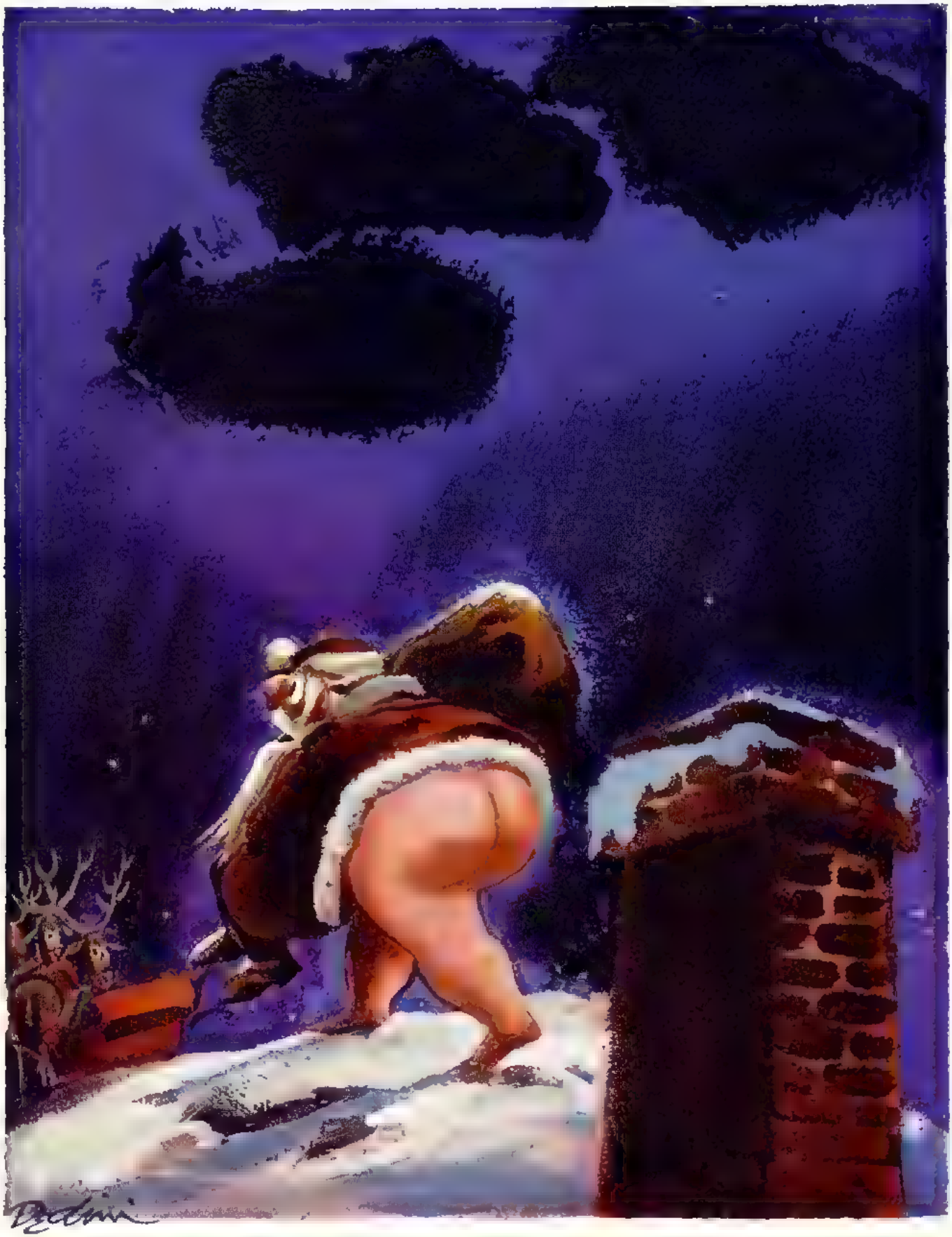
Motherly hands touched him lightly, lovingly, doing unmotherly things. Between his buttocks, slipperiness of scented soap; between his thighs, promises. An orchestra in his balls. Woodwinds and flutes. Hearing *Tante* Elsa's phonograph blaring all the time, he had come to love Wagner. "We are finally civilizing the little fox," *Tante* Elsa had said, proud of her unexpected cultural influence.

"Now the feet," Clothilde said.

He obediently put a foot up on the rim of the tub, like a horse being shod. Bending, careless of her hair, she soaped between his toes and used a washcloth devotedly, as though she were burnishing church silver. He learned that even his toes could give him pleasure.

She finished with his other foot and he stood there, glistening in the steam. She looked at him, studying him. "A boy's body," she said. "You look like Saint Sebastian. Without the arrows." She wasn't joking. She never joked. It was the first intimation of his life that his body might have a value beyond its functions. He knew that he was strong and quick and that his body was good for games and fighting, but it had never occurred to him that it would delight anybody just to look at it. He wouldn't know what the word aesthetic meant if he came across it in a book. He was a little ashamed that he had no hair yet on

(continued on page 100)



"My God, this has been an erotic year"

RUGER SPORTS TOURER: Unlike some skin-deep attempts at re-creating the icons of the classic-car era, the Ruger—fashioned after a Van den Plas–bodied 4½-liter Bentley Tourer—is about as honest an evocation of the Twenties as today's standards of safety and performance will allow. From its rugged X frame to its Naugahyde-covered fiberglass body, the Ruger—brain child of William B. Ruger, the famed Connecticut firearms maker—is a suitable successor to yesteryear's land yachts. With its windscreen folded flat and the cloth top tucked into the boot, the no-nonsense lines of the Ruger are dramatically apparent. A chrome-plated exterior hand brake, functional radiator cap, plated-brass hardware and a stainless-steel exhaust system are examples of Ruger's meticulous detailing. The only significant departure from the original is found under the polished-aluminum bonnet. Instead of the aesthetic but archaic long-stroked Bentley engine, there is a 429-cubic-inch Ford V8. Production plans: 200 of the lovely brutes a year at $13,000 each.

CLASSIC COMEBACKS

A CONTEMPORARY VARIATION ON A VINTAGE BENTLEY THEME AND A FAITHFULLY REPRODUCED BOATTAILED AUBURN OFFER THE INDIVIDUALITY OF TRADITIONAL ELEGANCE IN AN ASSEMBLY-LINE AGE

MODEL 866 AUBURN SPEEDSTER: Faithfully duplicating the legendary Model 851/2 Auburn Speedster in almost every detail, this contemporary version has been mistaken for one of the original boattailed beauties by some members of the Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg Club. Its chromed exhaust headers coil into the still-glamorous "teardrop" fenders with the same sex appeal that they possessed in 1935, when Gordon Buehrig's design was fresh from the styling board. This hand-rubbed fiberglass replica has a wheelbase of 127 inches, exactly that of the original; but, because it is three inches lower and two inches wider, the 866 is even more rakish than its predecessor—and hotter: the supercharged Lycoming straight-eight engine has been replaced with a 428-cubic-inch Ford V8. The newer version also has independent front suspension and a limited-slip differential. Braking is commensurate with the added power: Bendix extra-service drums are fitted all around. All this and a golf-bag door, too. Price: $9450 F.O.B. Broken Arrow, Oklahoma

PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

THOMAS IN ELYSIUM *(continued from page 96)*

his chest and that it was so sparse down below.

With a quick motion of her hands, she did her hair up in a knot on top of her head. Then she stepped into the bathtub, too. She took the bar of soap and the suds began to glisten on her skin. She soaped herself all over methodically, without coquetry. Then they slid down into the tub together and lay quietly, with their arms around each other.

If Uncle Harold and *Tante* Elsa and the two girls fell sick and died in Saratoga, he would stay in this house in Elysium forever.

When the water began to cool, they got out of the tub and Clothilde took one of the big special towels of *Tante* Elsa and dried him off. While she was scrubbing out the tub, most excellent housewife, he went into the Jordaches' bedroom and lay down on the freshly made crisp bed. This was a lot better than the hard pallet in the little maid's room behind the kitchen that he had to sneak into late at night, when the family was home.

Bees buzzed outside the screened windows, green shades against the sun made a grotto of the bedroom, the bureau against the wall was a ship on a green sea.

She came padding in, her hair down now, for another occasion. On her face the soft, distant, darkly concentrated expression he had come to look for, yearn for.

She lay down beside him. Wave of sandalwood. Her hand reached out for him, carefully. The touch of love, cherishing him, an act apart from all other acts, profoundly apart from the giggly high school lust of the twins and the professional excitement of the woman on McKinley Street back in Port Philip. It was incredible to him that anyone could want to touch him like that.

Sweetly, gently, he took her, while the bees foraged the window boxes outside the screens. He waited for her, adept now, taught, well and quickly taught, by that wide Indian body, and when it was over and they lay back side by side, he knew that he would do anything for her, anything, any time she asked.

She slipped out of the bed and he heard her in the bathroom, dressing, then going softly down the stairs toward the kitchen. He lay there, staring up at the ceiling, all gratitude, and all bitterness. He hated being 16 years old. He could do nothing for her. He could accept her rich offering of herself, he could sneak into her room at night, but he couldn't even take her for a walk in the park or give her a scarf as a gift, because a tongue might wag, or *Tante* Elsa's sharp eye might search out the new color in the warped bureau drawer in the room behind the kitchen. He couldn't take her away from this grinding house in which she slaved. If only he were 20. . . .

She came silently into the room. "Come eat," she said.

He spoke from the bed. "When I'm twenty," he said, "I'm coming here and taking you away."

She smiled. "My man," she said. She fingered her wedding ring absently. "Don't take long. The food is hot."

He went into the bathroom and dressed and went on down to the kitchen.

There were flowers on the kitchen table, between the two places laid out there. Phlox. Deep blue. She did the gardening, too. She had a knowing hand with flowers. "She's a pearl, my Clothilde," he had heard *Tante* Elsa say. "The roses're twice as big this year."

"You should have your own garden," Tom said, as he sat before his place. What he could not give her in reality he offered in intention. He was barefooted and the linoleum felt cool and smooth against his soles. His hair, still damp, was neatly combed, the blond tight curls glistening darkly. She liked everything neat and shining clean, pots and pans, mahogany, front halls, boys. It was the least he could do for her.

She put a bowl of fish chowder in front of him.

"I said you should have your own garden," he repeated.

"Drink your soup," she said, and sat down at her own place across from him.

A leg of lamb, small, tender and rare, came next, served with parsleyed new potatoes, roasted in the same pan with the lamb. There was a heaped bowl of buttered young string beans and a salad of crisp romaine and tomatoes. A plate of fresh hot biscuits stood to one side and a big slab of sweet butter, next to a frosted pitcher of milk.

Gravely, she watched him eat, smiled when he offered his plate again. During the family's holiday, she got on the bus every morning to go to the next town to do her shopping, using her own money. The shopkeepers of Elysium would have been sure to report back to Mrs. Jordache about the fine meats and carefully chosen first fruits for the feasts prepared in her kitchen in her absence.

For dessert, there was vanilla ice cream that Clothilde had made that morning, and hot chocolate sauce. She knew her lover's appetites. She had announced her love with bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwiches. Its consummation demanded richer fare.

"Clothilde," Tom said, "why do you work here?"

"Where should I work?" She was surprised. She spoke in a low voice, always, without inflection. There was a hint of something a little foreign in her speech. She almost said V for W. French Canada.

"Anyplace. In a store. In a factory. Not as a servant."

"I like being in a house. Cooking meals," she said. "It is not so bad. Your aunt is proper with me. She appreciates me. It was kind of her to take me in. I came here, two years ago, I didn't know a soul, I didn't have a penny. I like the little girls very much. They are always so clean. What could I do in a store or a factory? I am very slow at adding and subtracting. I am frightened of machines. I like being in a house."

"Somebody else's house," Tom said. It was intolerable that those two fat slobs could order Clothilde around.

"This week," she said, touching his hand on the table, "it is our house."

"We can never go out with each other."

"So?" She shrugged. "What are we missing?"

"We have to sneak around," he cried. He was growing angry with her.

"So?" She shrugged again. "There are many things worth sneaking around for. Not everything good is out in the open. Maybe I like secrets." Her face gleamed with one of her rare soft smiles.

"This afternoon . . ." he said stubbornly, trying to plant the seed of revolt, arouse that placid peasant docility. "After a . . . a *banquet* like this. . . ." He waved his hand over the table. "It's not right. We should go out, do something, not just sit around."

"What is there to do?" she asked seriously.

"There's a band concert in the park," he said. "A baseball game."

"I get enough music from *Tante* Elsa's phonograph," she said. "You go to the baseball game for me and tell me who won. I will be very happy here, cleaning up and waiting for you to come home. As long as you come home, I do not want anything else, Tommy."

"I'm not going anywhere without you today," he said, giving up. He stood up. "I'll wipe the dishes."

"There's no need," she said.

"I'll wipe the dishes," he said with great authority.

"My man," she said. She smiled again, beyond ambition, confident in her simplicities.

. . .

The next evening after work, on his way home from the garage on his wobbly Ivar Johnson, he was passing the town library. On a sudden impulse, he stopped, leaned the bike against a railing and went in. He hardly read anything at all, not even the sports pages of the newspapers, and he was not a frequenter of libraries. Perhaps in reaction to his brother and his sister, always with their noses in books, and full of fancy sneering ideas.

The hush of the library and the unwelcoming examination of his grease-stained clothes by the lady librarian

(continued on page 244)

A RECLUSE AND HIS GUEST

in coming unbidden to his house, she had brought with her the one thing he feared most

fiction

By TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

THE TALL and angular person—man or woman?—had come into town not by the road (which the winter had made nearly impassable for months) but northward through the Midnight Forest, which was still more impassable.

"I understand that you came here through the forest."

"That I did."

"You weren't afraid of being attacked by wolves?"

"No, because, you see, I had smeared my leather wrappings with an oil that is repellent to wolves. They smell this oil and go in other directions without looking back."

"You were coming from——"

"Vladnik."

"Oh, from Vladnik. That explains why you——"

"Couldn't come by the road but had to struggle through the Midnight Forest, losing my way several times. Oh, I doubt that ever in my travels I've had a worse time of it."

"Why did you leave Vladnik?"

"In Vladnik I was the guest of a tradesman who suddenly found it inconvenient for me to stay with him any longer."

(This is part of a conversation that the woman had with someone a few weeks after she arrived in the icy seaport of Staad.)

The woman had eyes the color of the ice in the harbor and her hair, close-cropped, was so fair that it seemed to be gray.

An earlier conversation that she had with a baker—he gave her a loaf of bread—should not be omitted.

"Do you know of a man in Staad, I mean a man who's unmarried, of course, who might take me in for a while?"

"Well, now, I don't know," said the baker. "No, I don't know of any, unless you'd stay with a recluse."

"I never turn back," said the woman, "and before me in Staad, what is there but the ice in the harbor?"

"This recluse is not much different from the ice in the harbor."

"Thank you for the bread. I was very hungry. Now would you please tell me how I can find the house of this recluse?"

"Let's see, where is it? I think if you go down the road and take the second turn to the left, you'll find the house of the recluse. You'll recognize it by the windows; he keeps them boarded up in winter. But as for your luck there, don't count on it much or even a little. He hasn't let anyone in since the death of his mother and he goes out only now and then to buy necessary provisions."

"Thank you. I'll try my luck there."

It takes a great deal of patience to enter the home of

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES BRAGG

a recluse. The recluse did not admit the woman that morning, but she was patient. She stayed on his porch till evening, and during the time between morning and evening, she swept the snow off his porch with birch branches, and from time to time, during her wait for a meeting with the recluse and a possible acceptance, she sang loudly in a hoarse voice that could have been the voice of a man or a woman.

Evening came on, as bitterly cold as a heart that has never felt love nor even friendship. Then, surprisingly, the recluse opened his door an inch or two and the woman addressed him with a torrent of words.

This went on for an hour before the recluse admitted her into his house.

* * *

At the Black Crown tavern that night, the matter was mentioned and discussed a bit.

"I understand that the recluse has taken in somebody who crossed the Midnight Forest from Vladnik."

"A man or a woman?"

"A man."

"No, a woman."

"If it's an adult human being, it must be one or the other, unless it's an apparition."

"It's a woman who seems like an apparition because she's so tall and she moves without bending her knees."

"You mean she stalks?"

"Yes, I would say she stalks."

"This apparition that you say is a woman swept the snow off the porch of the recluse with birch branches and she waited all day for the recluse to let her in."

"Perhaps the recluse has taken sick and sent for a relative to care for him."

"Yes, well, personally, I——"

"You say she did get in?"

"Finally."

"Strange things happen sometimes, and sometimes they happen as often as things that aren't strange at all."

* * *

Now a few days had passed and the stalking woman seemed to have settled in with the recluse, at least for a while.

Changes began to take place in the house of the recluse. The windows were unboarded and the glass panes were washed.

Snow was swept off the stone walk between the porch and the side road.

A wash line was strung between two birch trees and washed garments were hung along it.

The recluse was seen moving about the yard of his house as if he had never looked at it from the outside before.

After some days, the senior councilor of the town paid an official visit to the recluse and his mysterious visitor.

At the Black Crown tavern that night, it was said that the councilor had asked the stalking woman: "What is your occupation; that is, if you have any?" And the woman had replied that she was a traveler.

"Yes, I heard about that, and I also heard that the woman gave the councilor a cup of good coffee and a piece of freshly baked bread with butter and honey on it."

"Is it true that the recluse was taken with a serious illness and sent for a relative to nurse him?"

"That I don't know."

"Who cares?"

* * *

A few days later, the recluse came out of his house in an old leather suit and old boots brightly polished. Then people remembered that *(continued on page 124)*

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE SWORDSMAN I EVER MET

humor **By ART BUCHWALD** *his acne was rampant and his uniform a mess, but this swinger had a secret ploy that made the girls surrender*

AS A MAN who lives his sexual fantasies through his friends, I have made a lifelong study of the techniques of others in the pursuit of ultimate physical happiness.

The prize after all these years still goes to a friend I served with in the United States Marine Corps during World War Two. His name was Dooley and we were stationed together at the El Toro Air Base in Santa Ana, California.

Dooley was as unlikely a Marine or a swordsman as you could find in the Corps. He was 19 years old, suffered from an acne condition, was thin as a rail, walked with a slouch and his uniform made him look like a scarecrow.

We spent most of our liberty in Los Angeles, with side excursions to Newport Beach, Hollywood and Santa Monica. These trips in search of female companionship and liquid refreshment proved almost always productive for Dooley and almost always unproductive for me. Inevitably, Dooley wound up in the hay with a girl, while I usually found myself hitchhiking back to El Toro by myself at three o'clock in the morning, trying to figure out what the hell I had done wrong.

Except for admitting that he had scored, Dooley never talked too much about his successes; and after ten liberties, I was going out of my mind, trying to discover what Dooley had that I didn't. I will say right here, without bragging, that in those days, I looked like a Marine, talked like a Marine and, by all the laws of nature, it should have been Dooley rather than me who kept striking out.

One day I couldn't take it anymore and I said to Dooley while we were sitting on the flight line waiting for our planes to come back, "Goddamn it, Dooley, how do you do it?"

"How do you do what?" Dooley asked, rubbing grease all over his trousers.

"How do you make it with the broads?"

Dooley stared down at his dirty fingernails and said nothing.

"Come on, Dooley. I'm your buddy. Tell me your secret. Last night, we both walked into the

MEDALLION BY BILL BRYAN

bar together, we met two girls together. we both bought them drinks, I was twice as amusing as you were, and yet at the end of the evening, your girl took you home and my girl wouldn't even let me take her to her door. What the hell do you tell them?"

Dooley lay down outstretched on the concrete and shielded his eyes from the sun. "You really want to know?"

"You're damn right I want to know."

"OK," said Dooley. "I'll tell you, but only on the condition you never tell anyone my secret. Do you promise?"

"I promise! I promise!"

"I tell them I'm queer."

"What?"

"I tell them I'm queer. I tell them I can't make it with them sexually."

"How can you do that? You're a Marine."

"That's just the point. I tell them it's a secret. That I lied to get into the Marine Corps."

"I still don't get it. Why would you say a stupid thing like that?"

"Because almost every woman takes pity on a queer and decides it's her personal mission in life to make him go straight."

'Oh, my God!" I cried. "I don't believe it."

"It's true. I read it in a book once. Some guy thought he was queer and this older woman decided to prove to him that he wasn't, so she started taking her clothes off and, bam!"

"You couldn't get away with it," I protested. "You just couldn't."

"Well, I do."

"I don't believe you."

"Ok," Dooley said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. One of these nights, when we go out, I'll take you along with me and you can watch me operate."

"I can't believe it, I can't believe it."

Three weeks later, Dooley and I were in a bar in Santa Monica and before the evening was out, we were sitting with two secretaries from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

It turned out that one of them had an apartment a few blocks away and Dooley told the girls we had no more money to spend. His girl suggested we go up to the apartment, which I, of course, seconded.

As we were leaving the bar, Dooley whispered, ' Now, watch me closely."

It was a nice one bedroom apartment, with a large living room and two couches facing each other.

Dooley's girl brought out the ice and produced a bottle of Scotch. Then she turned on the record machine.

I tried to kiss my girl, but she pushed me away. "None of that stuff," she said. "We've only invited you up for a drink. Then you have to leave."

Dooley just sat on the couch, staring at his hands.

His girl said, after a while, "What's the matter?"

"I think I better tell you something, before we get to be good friends," he said, biting his lip. "You see, I like you a lot, but . . . but. . . ." He put his head in his hands.

Dooley's girl sat down next to him. "What's wrong?"

He looked at her with large basset eyes. "I can't make it with a girl."

"Were you hurt in the War?" she asked.

"No, it's not that," Dooley gulped. "Christ, I wish it was. It's just that I've never been able to make it with a girl. Please, I better go."

His girl and my girl stared at Dooley. My girl said, "You mean you're . . . you're. . . ."

"Yes," Dooley said, "You can say it. I'm queer." He had his face in his hands.

Dooley's girl put her arm around his shoulder. "Have you ever tried?"

Dooley nodded his head. "Many times. It's just no good. Maybe it has something to do with my mother. She always dressed me in girls' clothes. I don't know why. Nobody can help me."

"You poor kid," my girl said.

' Maybe I could help you," Dooley's girl said.

Dooley tried to push her away. "It's no good. Believe me. Let me go home. I'm so ashamed."

Dooley's girl said. "Look at me. Just look at me. Do you find me pretty?"

"Yes, you're beautiful."

"Do you find me sexually attractive?"

"I don't know. Oh, why are you asking me all these questions?" Dooley cried, trying to turn away from her.

She held his face in her hands. "I can help you."

"Nobody can help me," Dooley said.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry as I watched Dooley's Academy Award performance.

' Dooley," his girl said, "Kiss me."

"I can't, I can't."

"Then I'll kiss you." She put her lips on his and held them there.

"How was that?" she asked.

"Ok, I guess," Dooley said.

"All right," she said, "the next thing I want you to do is open your mouth when I kiss you."

"Why?" Dooley asked.

"Don't ask questions. Just do as I tell you."

Dooley opened his mouth and she kissed him, only this time, much longer.

I was getting pretty excited and I put my hand on my girl's thigh. She immediately brushed it off and said, "Watch your hands, Marine." I went back to watching Dooley.

Dooley's girl started unbuttoning her blouse.

"Now," she said, "put your hands on my breast."

' No," Dooley said. "No."

"Do as I tell you," his girl whispered. Then she took his hand and put it on her breast and held it there.

"Does that feel nice?" she asked.

"Yes. It does."

"Now I'm going to release my hand and I want you to rub my breast gently. Do you understand?"

"You want me to rub your breast gently?"

"Yes, and kiss me at the same time."

I was going berserk on my couch and I made a grab for my girl, who whispered angrily, ' Stop it. You'll spoil everything."

Dooley's girl had now unbuttoned her blouse and had removed her bra.

"Now," she said softly, ' kiss my breast."

Dooley looked up at her. "Do I have to?"

"Yes, you do." She started shoving Dooley's head down to her breast.

Dooley tried to fight it, but soon he was kissing her breast.

"Now the other one."

"It's nice," Dooley said, "It's different with you. Why is it different with you?"

"You're not queer, Dooley," his girl said. "You're just afraid. Let's go into the bedroom now."

"No," cried Dooley. "I couldn't do that. Not the bedroom."

' I won't hurt you, Dooley. I promise." She lifted him off the couch. "It will be a beautiful experience."

Dooley let her lead him into the bedroom. "I hope you're right.

"I know I'm right," she said. "Believe in me."

They disappeared into the bedroom and shut the door.

My girl had tears in her eyes. "It's the most moving thing I ever saw."

' It sure as hell was," I said, trying to pin her against the couch.

"Get away from me, you animal," she said, shoving both elbows into my face.

"I'm not an animal. Why can't we do it, too?"

'Because," she said, getting up from the couch, ' that's all you want from me."

I could hear moans coming from the bedroom.

"What's that got to do with it? They're doing it."

'Yes, but only because she's trying to make a man out of him. I would have done the same thing."

I put on my jacket and grabbed my hat.

"Aren't you going to wait for Dooley?" she asked.

"No," I said. "Let the queer son of a bitch find his own way home."

Twenty five years have gone by since that excruciating evening, but it still remains vivid in my mind and I can't help thinking every time I drive through Southern California that among those houses and apartments must be at least 200 middle aged housewives, all of whom secretly believe that their ultimate sacrifice made a man out of Dooley.

article By DAVID HALBERSTAM

THE AMERICANIZATION OF VIETNAM

a pulitzer prize–winning foreign correspondent's eyewitness report on the disastrous side effects of our undeclared war

"'Sometimes the Viets have a better success with a megaphone than a bazooka,'" says the narrator of Graham Greene's novel about Vietnam, *The Quiet American*. "'You and your like are trying to make a war with the help of people who just aren't interested.'

"'They don't want communism,'" Pyle, the American, answers.

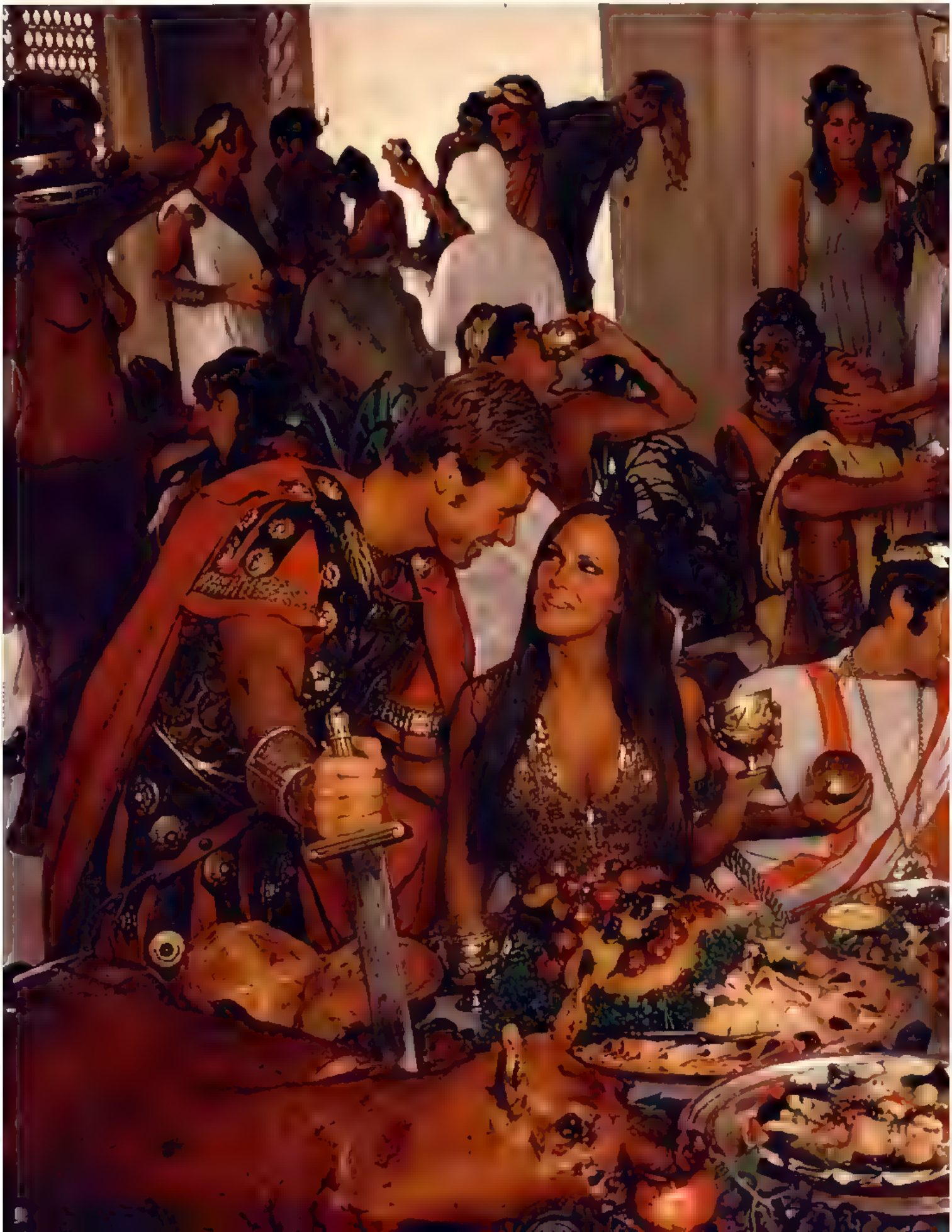
"'They want enough rice,'" the narrator says. "'They don't want to be shot at. They want one day to be much the same as another. They don't want our white skins around telling them what they want.'

"'If Indochina goes——'

"'I know that record. Siam goes. Malaya goes. Indonesia goes. What does go mean? If I believed in your God and another life, I'd bet my future happ against your golden crown that in five hundred *(continued on page 114)*

PAINTING BY ED PASCHKE

hail the new year MCMLXX by turning your pad into a villa replete with provender, potables, costumes and decor



fit for a caesar

ROMAN REVEL

modern living WANT TO NERO IN on a fresh idea for a year-end fling? Then we have just the thing, by Jupiter: an antic take-off on *Roma Antica*, that swinging citadel of the Caesars. Ancient Rome was, of course, the center of Western civilization some 2000 years ago and even its most august citizens were noted for throwing bacchanalian bashes that lasted far into a fortnight. While you'll probably want to limit your fete to one night of uninhibited merrymaking, that's no reason to cramp your Roman-style banquet giving—as the photos on these pages attest.

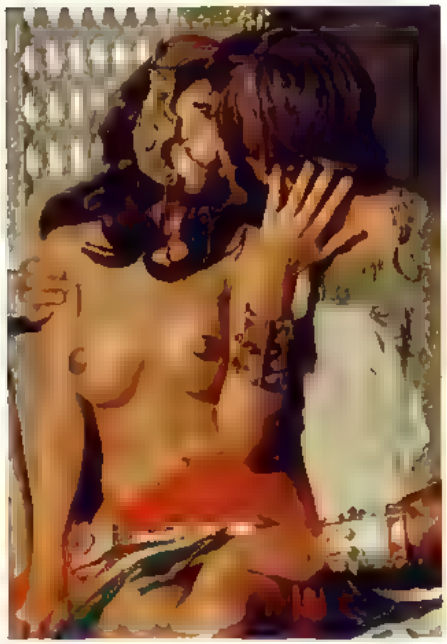
So that your phalanx of fun seekers will show up in appropriately wanton moods—and costumes—begin by sending out scroll-style invitations announcing the date and hour in Roman numerals and stressing that mini- rather than maxi togas and tunics, worn with lace-up sandals, are the order of the evening. (Give a prize for the minest.) Such Augustan accessories as plumed army helmets, gladiator-type broadswords and shields rented from a theatrical supply house will make your party look like a Legion (Roman, that is) convention.

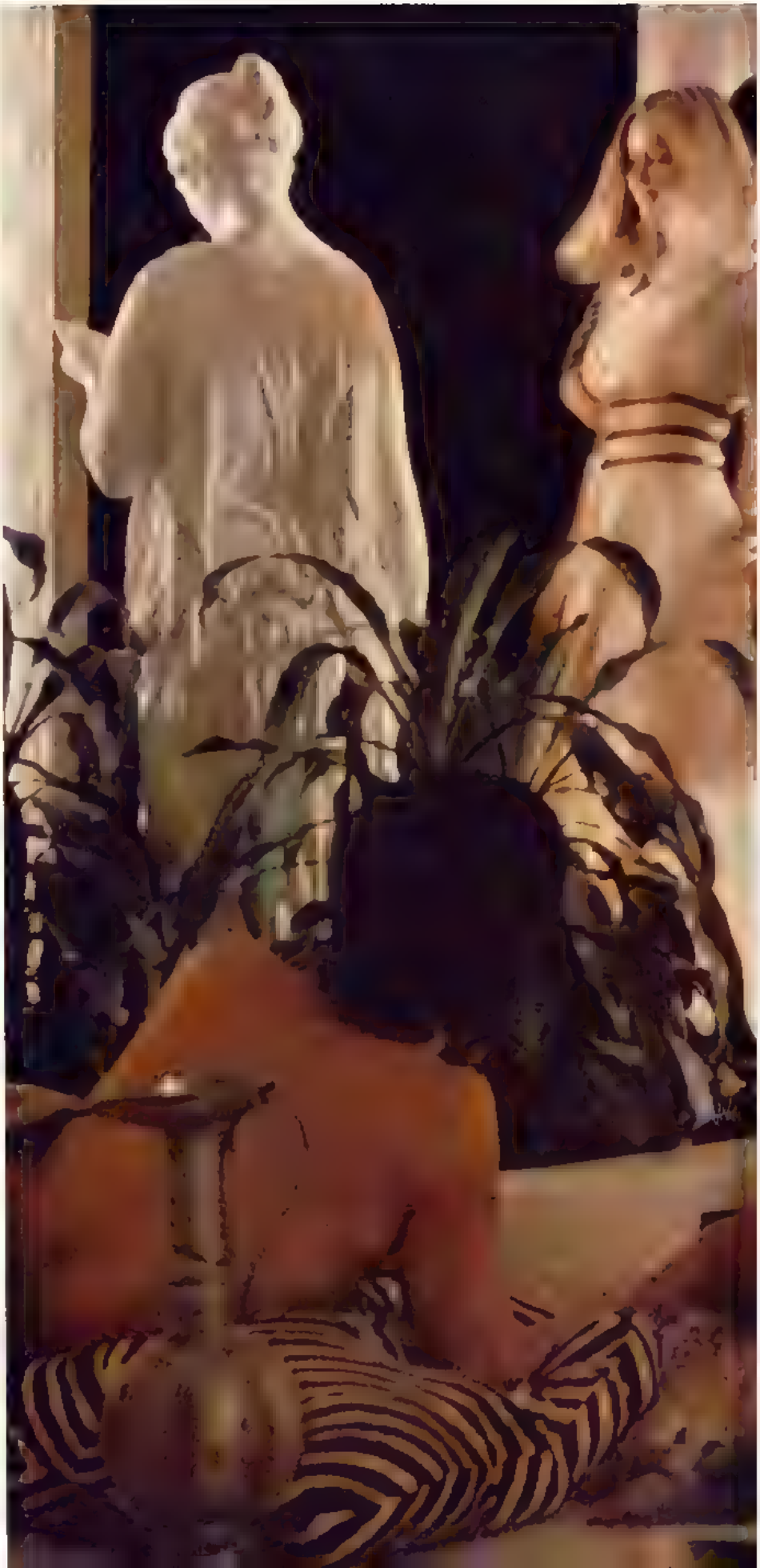
However, if your guests have kinkier tastes when it comes to costumes—or wish to put in an appearance dressed as famous historical twosomes—so much the better. A topless Cleopatra borne aloft in her sedan chair by four muscular bodyguards would be accompanied by

Left: It's conspicuous-consumption time, Roman style, as a gala crowd of revelers gathers round the festive board to sample such delicacies as roast pig and squabs with herb sauce. Top: Two turned-on Neo-Etruscans share their fruitful pickings with aplum.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON ORNITZ

A pair of conquering heroes soon forsake the foodstuffs and partake of more comely wares.



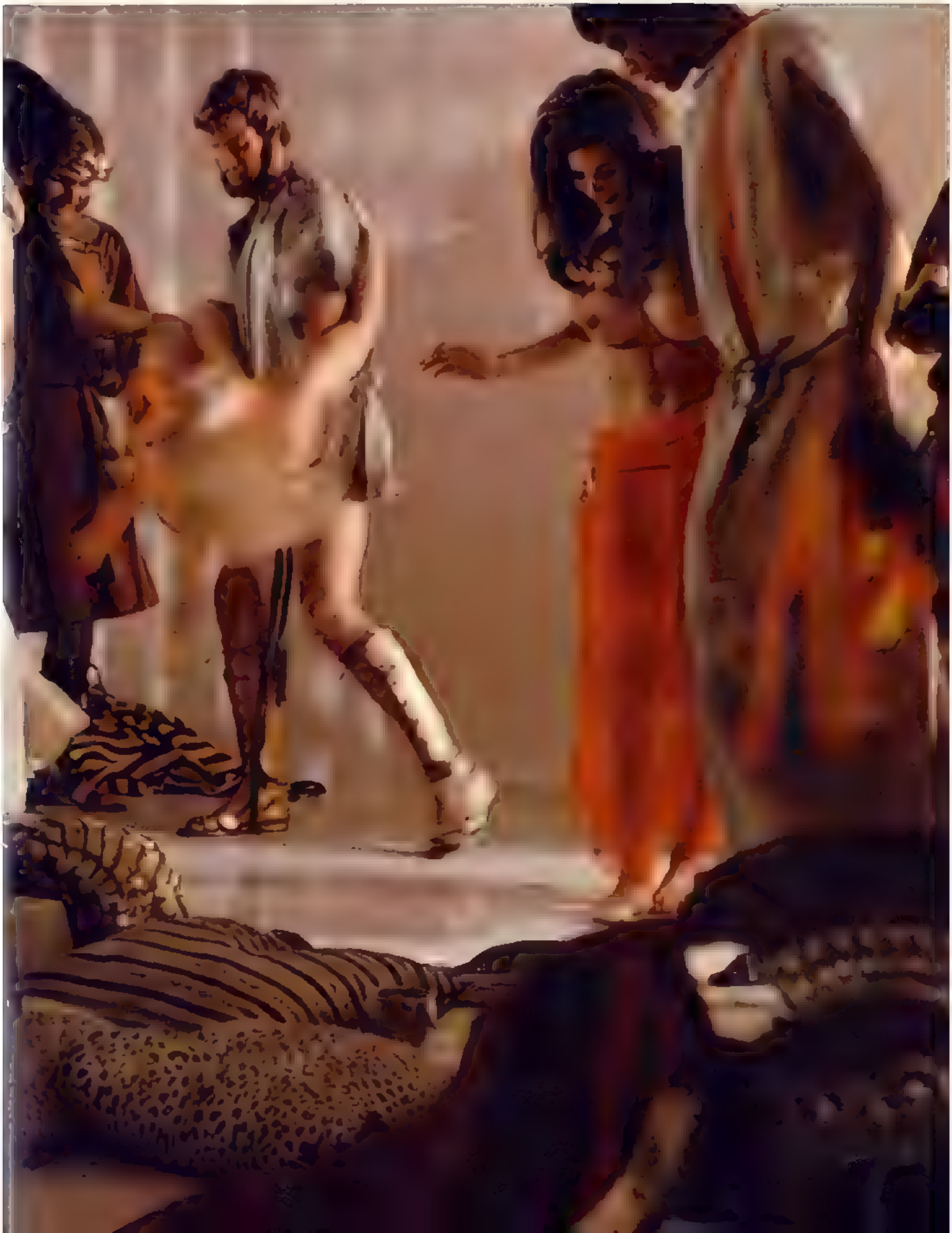


Mark Antony Romulus of course would team up with a girl garbed as Remus (the wolf is an optional accessory). A satyr, sporting fur slacks and carrying pipes of Pan, would undoubtedly insist that his wood-nymph date wear nought but a see-through gown.

Roman gods, too, can be easily summoned up. A bearded, spear-carrying King Neptune could be accompanied by a mermaid; and Mercury, the messenger god of science and commerce (not to mention rogues, vagabonds and thieves), would wear winged shoes and hat (and perhaps make off with someone's date).

In any event, it's doubtful that you'll find it *(text continued on page 240)*

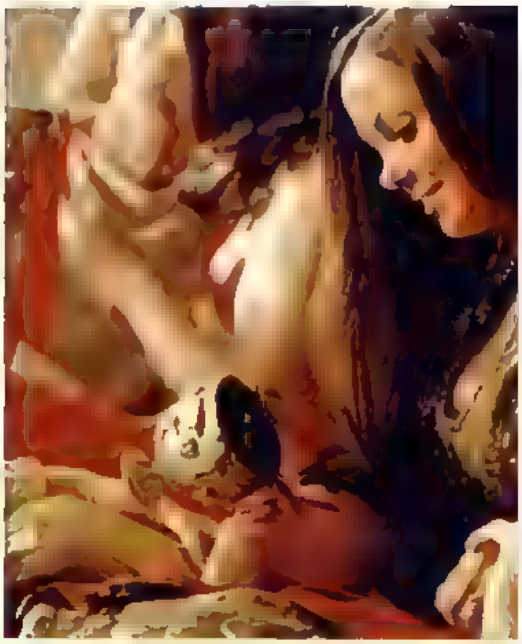
In the middle of a bacchanalian boogaloo, one minitogaed swingstress is swept off her feet. The strong-armed gladiator gladly bears away his prize.



One slave girl uses the perfect ploy to keep her own consul while the cup-bearing lady in waiting is about to render unto Caesar what is Caesar's.

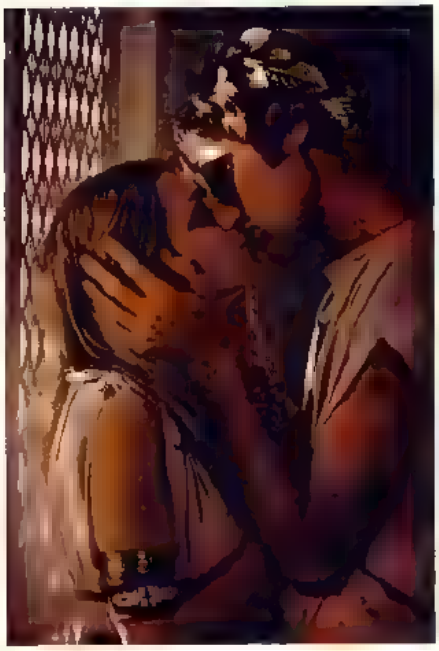
The unfazed loser of a fig-throwing contest makes the best of a ticklish situation.

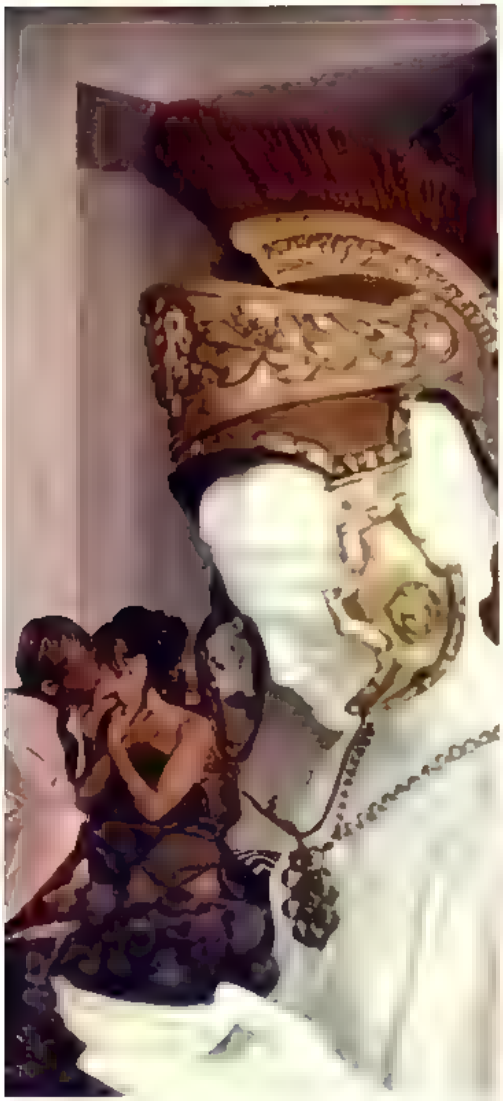
A honzontal hedonist pays homage to Bacchus—with a little help from a friend.

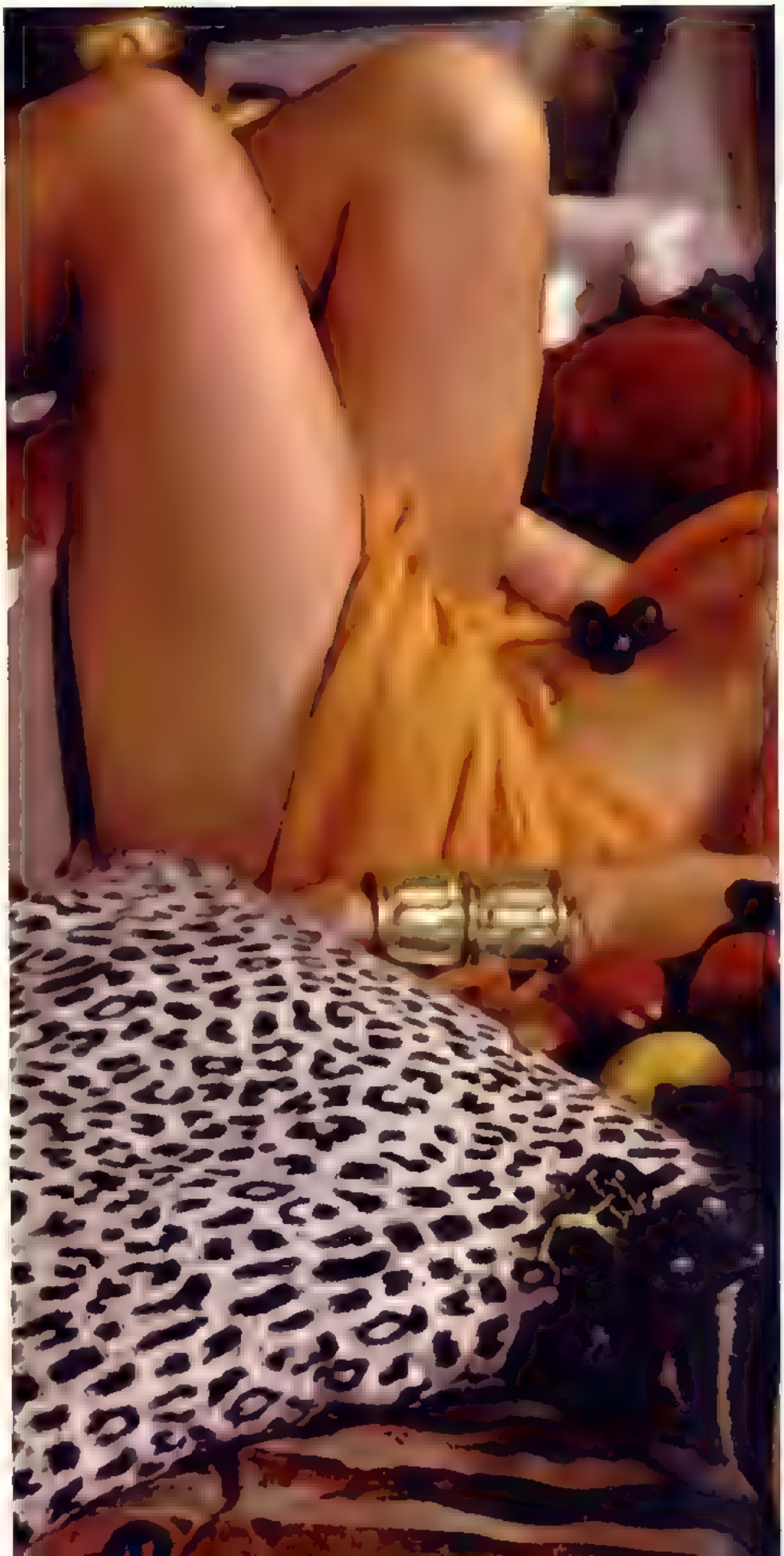


A temporarily tuckered-out warrior is careful not to rest on his laurels as he enjoys some of the fruits of the evening's entertainment. Two high-spirited handmaidens are making sure he gets the massage.

While the celebration continues in the main arena, Nero fiddles in the bedchamber.







Partially obscured by a helmeted Galatea, another twosome relives ancient history.

As the saturnalia reaches its final moments of merrymaking, one pooped patrician chooses to bed down amid the curvaceous spoils of empire.

AMERICANIZATION *(continued from page 105)*

years there may be no New York or London, but they'll be growing paddy in these fields, they'll be carrying produce to market on long poles, wearing their pointed hats. The small boys will be sitting on the buffaloes. I like the buffaloes, they don't like our smell, the smell of Europeans. And remember—from a buffalo's point of view you are a European too.'

" 'They'll be forced to believe what they are told; they won't be allowed to think for themselves.'

" 'Thoughts are a luxury. Do you think the peasant sits and thinks of God and democracy when he gets inside his mud hut at night?

" 'You talk as if the whole country were peasant. What about the educated? Are they going to be happy?'

" 'Oh no, we've brought them up in *our* ideas. We've taught them dangerous games, and that's why we are waiting here, hoping we don't get our throats cut. We deserve to have them cut. I wish your friend York was here too. I wonder how he'd relish it.' "

• • •

There were not many reporters there in the late summer of 1962, still just a handful of us (a few years later, there would be 500, in true battalion strength), we used to sit in the small French cafes and talk about Greene's book. It seemed at that time, and now more than ever, the best novel about Vietnam. There was little disagreement about his fine sense of the tropics, his knowledge of the war, his intuition of the Vietnamese toughness and resilience, particularly of the peasant and the enemy. Greene seemed then to possess a far greater sense than any French or American general. It was only his portrait of the sinister innocence of the American that caused some doubt, that made us a little uneasy. Greene inscribed his book with a quotation from Byron: "This is the patent age of new inventions / For killing bodies and saving souls / All propagated with the best intentions." Wasn't it too vulgar a stereotype? Wasn't he too harsh? The American Embassy public affairs officer was particularly bitter about Greene's American: He called it an evil book, made worse, he said, because it was so effective, so slick. We were not like the French, he said. We were there to *help* the Vietnamese: we would talk to them, respect their decisions and their judgment.

That was not very long ago, but it seems like light-years. It was the early Sixties, and we had a handsome young President and a Peace Corps; we were proud of ourselves and our egalitarian tradition and we were ready to inflict that tradition on the entire world. Truly, the eagle held both the olive branch and the arrows: we were a great superpower turning out good intentions and our virtue toward the world. British power was slipping, French power already had been eroded by a decade of dishonorable colonial adventures. This was the American century. The old order, white master and colored servant, would be replaced by a new one, Americanized, a partnership led by a great power, at once sensitive to indigenous drives and anti-Communist. Some of us had worked in other areas of the underdeveloped world and we had not liked what we had seen. The Belgians had raped the Congo and then, after independence, had fled, leaving their dogs behind. (Later, when the Belgians had slowly begun to straggle back, one of us had said, "This is the first time I remember the rats coming back to the sinking ship.") We knew the French had fought two senseless wars with their colonies, and we had seen Guinea, where in anger they had torn out all the telephones, let the prisoners out of the jails and destroyed all jail records. The British, of course, measured up better by our standards. They had behaved better, had not fled from any country, had left the natives better institutions, armies, police forces and telephone systems that almost worked. But they had left behind no love for the British or things British. We Americans were different; we were not colonialist, we came not to stay but to go. The Vietnamese would see this and recognize it, and, indeed, they did. They told us we were different from the French ("Never believe anything any Vietnamese tells you, including me," Nguyen Cao Ky, in one of his more candid moments, once told American reporters). There were only 15,000 American Servicemen in Vietnam in those days and we identified with them, admired their bravery and their idealism, their courage and dedication in the face of endless problems. We believed that they represented the best of American society. They were intelligent, tough, idealistic. Of course, we did not realize where it was all heading, how short a trip it would be from the jokes of those days—"Don't knock the war, it may not be much, but it's the only one we've got"—to, a few years later, a stunned American major looking at Bentre after the Tet offensive and saying, "We had to destroy the town to save it." The French were our particular target in those days. We mocked them constantly, saying they had managed to give the Vietnamese the worst of two cultures, laughing at how they had taught the Vietnamese corruption and bureaucracy, joking about the noon siesta, when everything stopped, the shops closed, the war came to a halt. Who had taught whom? we laughed. We were pleased when the Vietnamese whores began to learn English instead of French. We took the best girls in town, explaining that this was happening because American men were nicer than the French (and also had access to the PX and the hair sprays). No wonder we sensed in the local French a certain distaste for us; indeed, a certain unexpressed sympathy for the enemy. After all, the Frenchmen who remained had ties to the land; they had learned to respect the enemy and his right to the soil. But at the time, we mocked the French, demeaned their military mistakes, their outpost system, the Maginot line mentality, while every day repeating their mistakes ourselves. Several years later, it would come as no surprise when the American military commitment had bogged down and an American correspondent in Paris, asking a French foreign official the unofficial view of the war, received the reply, "It is very much like the divorced man who hears that his former wife and her second husband are about to get a divorce." Yet, if we knew all the political failings of Saigon, all the frustrations and official mendacity, if we admired the tenacity and the courage of the enemy, we still held out the hope, sometimes a slim one, that we had something to offer, that somehow a viable and decent non-Communist Vietnam could be built, that the Vietnamese in the South could be spared the gray uniforms and the rigidity of living in the totalitarian North. We held to a basic belief in American society, that the problems could be solved, that our good intentions could overcome Vietnamese duplicity. French failures.

• • •

Now we are both the initiator and the victim of a hopeless, bitter war that has ripped aside so many of our more comfortable illusions about ourselves. We are shorter of slogans now. Less quick, I think, to mock the French or even the Belgians. Where once we had few doubts about American capacity, American intentions, American achievement, now we have more doubts about that capacity to deal with social problems, not just in Southeast Asia or Latin America but even at home. "Would you," asks one counterinsurgency expert who spent five years in Vietnam, "want to hire the United States as a consulting firm in counterinsurgency anywhere else?" Graham Greene's book, now almost 15 years old, no longer looks like a caricature of ourselves. We have become the caricature, not the book; rather, the book abounds with a prophetic sense. Who would guess that Pyle (the quiet American), in the book unable to eat Vietnamese food and preferring an American sandwich spread called Vit Health (" 'the meat you have to eat carefully in this heat' "), would be followed one day to

(continued overleaf)

"Then one cold winter's night I said to myself,
'What the hell am I doing up here at the North Pole with a bunch
of dumb-looking elves?'"

Vietnam by an American general named Westmoreland, whose relationship with Vietnamese troops, according to his staff, would be somewhat limited in part because his stomach was weak and he had trouble eating their food? And who was Pyle, the bad American, with his dreams of decency? We all tried to guess his identity. Was he young Colonel Ed Lansdale, the CIA man who had starred in *The Ugly American* by saving the Philippines? No, Lansdale was too minor a figure. How about Dean Rusk, no, McGeorge Bundy; no, Walt Whitman Rostow; not even close. But here we have it —Robert S. McNamara, symbolizing at once the decency, arrogance and naiveté of the Americans. What could be more arrogant, after all, than to commit thousands upon thousands of Americans to a country whose name you can't even pronounce? For McNamara is, above all, decent, what more natural job for him after the Pentagon than the World Bank? Greene wrote of Pyle: "He didn't even hear what I said: he was absorbed already in the dilemmas of democracy and the responsibilities of the West; he was determined—I learned that very soon—to do good not to any individual person, but to a country, a continent, a world. Well he was in his element now, with the whole universe to improve."

That was a very long time ago. Now we have blanketed the country with our men, our ideas, our institutions and our failures. We have learned, I think, more about ourselves than about the Vietnamese; it has been a dark journey, indeed. Failing to offer viable political ideas and alternatives, we have continued to talk of political possibilities, pacification, nation building, winning hearts and minds. But we have responded in our political bankruptcy with the most awesome firepower in the history of war: not just the bombing of the North but, more horrible, the regular bombing of the South, the destruction of villages and hamlets, the chasing of Vietnamese peasants from their beloved land to detested urban relocation centers (an encouraging sign noted one American political scientist, for perhaps we can handle the political problem, after all, we Americans are an urban society and we know something about cities). We have talked about nation building, but we have torn the fabric of this society apart, created a new class of the newly corrupt: "The moral degeneration caused by the GI culture that has mushroomed in the cities and the towns is another malady," wrote Neil Sheehan of *The New York Times* late in 1966. "Bars and bordellos, thousands of young Vietnamese women degrading themselves as bar girls and prostitutes, gangs of beggars and hoodlums and children selling their older sisters and picking pockets have become ubiquitous features of urban life. I have sometimes thought when a street urchin with sores covering his legs stopped me and begged for a few cents' worth of Vietnamese piasters, that he might be better off growing up as a political commissar. He would then, at least, have some self respect." The few genuine patriots on our side watch the destruction of the city, the escalation of corruption, with horror and, numbed by what is taking place before their eyes, they slowly withdraw from the country. "We are," in the words of Professor Stanley Hoffmann of Harvard, "creating desolation and calling it pacification." Now we have replaced the French, created a new Americanized Vietnam in our image. Who was the political figure we created and wanted to win the election, who had served as our head of state in Vietnam? Nguyen Cao Ky, whose wife went to Japan for an operation so she would look less Asian, who would meet with the elders of Vietnam and gain their distrust by wearing a Westerner's dark glasses—what, they wondered, was he hiding? And how did he come to power in Vietnam? Astride a water buffalo? By ties to the peasants? By some great mass base in the countryside? No: because he was the head of the air force and was jaunty, young and proud and spoke good English. We have remade Saigon in our image: it even has its own little Pentagon (with its own heliport so that embassy officials and military officials can get back and forth as quickly as possible, seeing as few of the Vietnamese as possible). We have our own currency, our own corruption, our own race problem, our own drug problem, even our own new technocratic scholarship, linked half to the Pentagon and half to the campuses (one of the new scholars, in a study made for the Air Force, found that, yes, the Vietnamese peasants *liked* being bombed, didn't blame us at all, blamed the Viet Cong for it). We escalated the prostitution in Vietnam, too. And what did the Vietnamese call the little roadside whorehouses? *Car Washes*. Come, wash your car, GI. A generation of Vietnamese airborne and marine officers bursting out of their tight uniforms, speaking good English, verily good American. "No sweat," they would say, "we kill Viet Cong bastards good." A friend of mine, a very tough-minded American who had been in Vietnam for five years and spoke fluent Vietnamese, caught the local district chief stealing thousands of dollars a month and had him transferred, much to the annoyance of the newer American brigade commander. The brigade commander complained. The conversation went like this.

"How could you do this; how could you criticize Captain Thung?"

"Because he's a crook and we proved it."

"But he spoke such good English . . ."

• • •

Over all these long years, we talked in our speeches not just of killing the enemy but of reclaiming the nation. But our massive infusion of goods and products clogging the ports did not create a new clan of patriots, not in Vietnamese terms, but created, instead, a generation of cynical Vietnamese who smelled where the money was—in the ports, in the construction business, in the selling of draft deferments. Nation building? In 1967, everything in Vietnam was for sale: a province chief's job, 3,000,000 piasters; a driver's license, 5000. It was not just small graft, small corruption, it was institutionalized, a system that worked from the top down: if not from the generals themselves, then from their wives for them. It was hopeless to punish the small offender; he was a very small operator, a petty product of the system. One did not punish the corps commanders; indeed one honored them—corps commanders controlled the opium trade and collected from the bars in their area and sold the division commanders their jobs; division commanders shared the profits on tax collections with the landlords, trucked beer and supplies in and, of course, sold the province chiefs their jobs and the district chiefs their jobs, each of them taking a rake-off from the bars. The Americans talked about corruption but could do nothing. Their presence, after all, had created it; their goods, their incompetence, their presentation of false values had made it virtually mandatory for Vietnamese to steal. If the Americans either had so much money or were foolish enough to seem like they had so much, then why not oblige them and take it? It was, after all, preferable to be rich and alive than to be poor and dead. In late 1967, I asked one old friend how the war was going, particularly for the young Vietnamese. How are they, what are they like? This was basic to the American hopes—the old Vietnamese were French tainted, colonial tainted, tired and corrupt; but the new Vietnamese would be Americanized, more egalitarian, modern and talented. "The sons," he said, "are more corrupt than their fathers." And the Americans, in a different sense, were corrupt, too. It was a mutuality of corruption. For the Vietnamese, it was a simpler and cleaner kind of corruption, stealing a few goods here and there, lying to the Americans, abusing the countryman one notch lower down. For the Americans it was a more subtle and insidious corruption. They sat around and watched and tolerated it; more often, they tried not to see it, as if what they did not see did not exist. They did not resign, that happened only at the very lowest levels. A few young people in the International Voluntary Services who knew too much and could bear no more would resign, but at the higher levels, the levels where they should have known more, where

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FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

renouncing the image of jesus as a melancholy ascetic, a progressive theologian calls out for his resurrection as a joyous revolutionary

opinion **By HARVEY COX** A yuletide toast! Lift the brimming beaker to that much maligned and badly misunderstood figure in Christmas lore, Ebenezer Scrooge. A heavy too long in hearthside morality tales, Ebenezer deserves an immediate rehabilitation, if only for one reason. His classic two-word description of Christmas is so elegant, so succinct and so true that saying anything more seems almost redundant. "Christmas? Bah, humbug!" As another Santa season closes, my deepest impulse is to echo his eloquent sentiment, adding only a W. C. Fieldsian cane swat at the nearest beaming Tiny Tim.

Christmas is humbug in the precise dictionary sense, i.e., a fraud or imposition, sham, mockery, deception or swindle. Christmas is all these things and more. Oh, I'm not denying there are some good things about it. The whole season exudes a funny magic that gets to almost everyone in some way. But this happens *despite* what we've *(continued on page 122)*

EUROPEAN FASHION DATELINE

attire **By ROBERT L. GREEN** *playboy's fashion director scouts paris, st.-tropez, london and rome to report on new trends from the old world*

PARIS: Near the Arc de Triomphe, two stylish boulevardiers make the balcony scene with a chic Parisienne. The elegantly clad fellow at left wears a sueded-pigskin suit that features a four button tunic jacket with shirt type collar, $315, worn over a wool turtleneck, $24, both by Pierre Cardin. Our debonair strong-arm guy at right comes on in a ribbed wool knit zip front jump suit with convertible zip turtleneck and wide leg bottoms, $195, plus polished metal belt, $65, both by Christian Dior

EARLY IN THE SIXTIES, a coterie of European designers—led by France's Pierre Cardin fashioned the explosive styles that eventually jolted American males out of their sartorial slumber. Today, of course, Stateside clothing trends are still strongly influenced by what's being showcased in European *boutiques* and designers' salons. In order to ascertain what prevailing fashion winds are blowing across the Atlantic toward our shores, we recently took off for a fact-finding tour of the Continent and England that included extensive stopovers in Paris, St.-Tropez, London and Rome.

Checking out ateliers in the French capital, we discovered there hasn't been so much emphasis on knitting since Madame Delage Christian Dior, for example, has got down to the real knitty gritty with a knit jump suit that can be worn with a polished metal belt. Yves Saint Laurent, on the other hand, has taken a styling cue from the armed forces

ST.-TROPEZ: On the French Riviera, fashion informality is the order of the day—and evening—for both sportive sun worshipers and dedicated night people. The lucky lad above enjoying a position of eye-catching importance previews next summer's resort look; he's sporting an embroidered cotton tunic shirt with eyelet neck, $35, worn loose over crushed cotton velvet flared-leg slacks, $30, and morocco-leather wide belt with brass eyelets, $14, all by Mayfair of Paris and St.-Tropez.

with a cotton duck belted bush jacket suit à la the French Foreign Legion. France's emperor of elegance, Pierre Cardin, continues to create attention-getting attire that ranges from zippered and belted outer-space tunics to conservative single-breasted flannels and tweeds in both suits and sports jackets.

Next summer, at St. Tropez and other strands in the south of France, expect casualwear to reflect an increased air of snubbed insouciance. Indian silk tunics, crushed velvet slacks and tight body shirts open to the waist will be the coming sun season's fashion fillips—and expect that similar gear will show up on *au courant* sons of beaches over here.

In London, the best single style to catch our eye was the fresh use of madras—a material that garnered collegiate kudos in our country a decade ago and then gradually faded away. We predict that an increasing number of colorful and contemporary madras suits will be worn

LONDON: Close by Grosvenor Square, a brace of unsquare bird fanciers boast a far-from-pedestrian look. The man at left has on a two-button double-breasted twill suit with peaked lapels, $100, worn over satin-striped cotton voile shirt with double cuffs, $17, and woven-patterned wide silk tie, $10, all by Mr. Fish. His friend favors a madras two-button suit with high-waisted trousers, $55, and dotted cotton voile shirt with pointed collar and button cuffs, $10, both by Peter Golding

throughout the United Kingdom as well as in the colonies; England, it seems, lost India but has regained madras.

Three Italian designers—Massimo Dutti, Bruno Piatelli and Carlo Palazzi—have taken off in a totally different direction and arrived at a coordinated look that either couples the shirt color with the shade of a suit or combines matching shirt and slacks with a different-hued jacket. Fellow countryman Valentino chooses to create suits, tuxes and overcoats (some of the last trimmed with fur) tailored along slim uncluttered lines. All Italian designers, incidentally, have been influenced by the "tube" silhouette—a flattering long, narrow look that imparts a sense of increased height.

Now that you've got the word on what U.S. *boutiques* will soon be stocking, take an additional preview look at some of the specific patterns, tones and tailoring details by perusing the on-location photos on this and the preceding pages.

ROME: Just a lion's throw from the Colosseum, two fashionable men go to bold new lengths as a means of weathering the chilly Italian winter. The noble Roman at left prefers a dark-colored wool double breasted maxicoat that features a great coat collar and sleeve cuffs of seal, patch pockets and deep center vent, by Valentino, $150. His compare digs a wool gabardine fly-front maxicoat with shirt-style collar, slanted flap pockets and deep inverted center pleat, by Carlo Palazzi, $200.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARVIN KONER

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

(continued from page 117)

done to Christmas, not because of it. Who is responsible for ruining Christmas?

Religious people, of course, have an instant, pop-up answer to that question. Christmas was ruined by its "commercialization." By now, this argument is very familiar. Once upon a time, Christmas was a pure religious occasion, undefiled by hucksters, almen and sales campaigns. Then came the spoilers. Like King Herod's villainous soldiers, the scions of commerce debauched everything. Driving the Christ child out of his manger, the greedy money-changers warped Christmas into a superheated buying orgy. They dragooned people into stores, bludgeoned them into buying things they didn't need, drowned out the angel songs with shrill sales pitches and completely took over a day intended solely for prayer and thanksgiving.

This account is also humbug. In the first place, as James Forman has so rightly and dramatically reminded us, the churches themselves are among the biggest hucksters in the land. Ecclesiastical assets run into the tens of billions of dollars—in buildings, land, business and gilt-edged stocks. For churches to accuse someone else of commercialism presents a classic example of the mote in the beam remover's eye. Second, the stale yarn of the Christian goodies and the pagan baddies bears so little resemblance to the real history of Christmas it is surprising it has lasted as long as it has. The truth is that the last week in December, the winter solstice, was a pagan festival time before Christ was born, long before Christians decided to use it to celebrate Christ's birth. For most of Christian history, Christmas was a minor holiday and, for a while, after the Reformation, it was not celebrated at all in Scotland and the New England Colonies. The Plymouth Pilgrims sternly trudged to work on December 25 to demonstrate their freedom from popish superstition. Ever since it really achieved popularity, in medieval Europe and 19th Century America, Christmas has been a mishmash of disparate ingredients: raucous feasting, churchgoing, wassailing, revelry, hymn singing and saturnalia. It has never been the pristine religious holy day the preachers claim it was. True, many people feel more religious on Christmas Day than they usually do. But it is also the day on which there occur more murders, suicides, personal assaults and psychotic breakdowns than on any other. Christmas has always been a glorious admixture of religion, paganism, hucksterism and conviviality. That is not what's wrong with it. If it were *purely* a religious occasion, it would probably be worse.

No. The blame for despoiling Christmas lies not with the hucksters, however boorish they may be. Christmas was messed up before they ever got hold of it. It was ruined not by the cannibals but by the Christians. It is the churches that must accept the main responsibility for the truth of Scrooge's apt epithet: The churches are the main culprits in the ruination of Christmas. By the churches, I do not mean the ordinary churchgoers. I mean the people who have led, or misled, organized Christianity during its two-millennium-long career. The very fact that Christianity has even survived is something of a miracle, in view of the way ecclesiastics have abused, distorted, twisted and diluted the story of Jesus for 2000 years. Only the persistent power of his personality, which still has a strange attraction for us after all these years of obfuscation, has prevented Christianity from following Zoroastrianism and Shinto into the oblivion reserved for religions that have nothing to say to their cultures.

The fraud, sham and swindle the prelates have made out of Christmas is, I submit, only a symptom of the mockery they have made out of Christianity as a whole. I'm not saying every religious leader in the nearly 2000 years since Christ's birth is culpable. Nor am I claiming that the churches alone are to blame for reducing the birthday of Jesus to its present miserable state. What I am saying is that Christians bear the main brunt of the responsibility and, since I am a son of Christian myself, I think we should be honest about it and not put the finger on someone else.

How have the churches mutilated Christianity and, in the process, reduced Christmas to humbug? In a number of ways.

1. They have tried to make the story of Jesus over into a legend about an eviscerated, bloodless ascetic and Christianity itself into a dreary life-denying philosophy of flesh-despising abstemiousness. Admittedly, this has often been a little hard to manage, in view of the Biblical portrait of Jesus. On at least two occasions, the Gospels report that his enemies rejected Jesus because he had no interest in fasting and was "a glutton and a winebibber." He frequented parties, kept company with notoriously shady characters and supplied some booze when an embarrassed wedding reception host found he was running low. I wonder who drew those countless pictures distributed by churches and Sunday schools of a pale, effete Jesus? Those pictures have done more to destroy Jesus than 100 of Herod's legions.

Someday, theologians may even have the courage to speculate openly on an aspect of Jesus' life that, until now, has remained strictly *sub rosa*: his relationship to women. If Jesus was fully man as well as fully God (which is orthodox Christian doctrine), then how did Jesus the man relate to women? As far as I know, only one contemporary theologian, Tom Driver of Union Theological Seminary, has ever risked writing an article on this delicate, if not taboo, subject. The speculation has been left to writers such as D. H. Lawrence and playwrights such as the contemporary Belgian dramatist Michel de Ghelderode. Lawrence in his story *The Man Who Died* equates the Resurrection with the awakening in Jesus of sensual desire. This loads entirely too much symbolic significance on sex, but it does help somewhat by taking Jesus out of the eunuchs' union. Ghelderode, in his play *The Women at the Tomb*, has all the women Jesus met during his lifetime—Mary Magdalene, the woman taken in adultery, the woman at the well, Mary and Martha and others—gather in a shack near the site of the Crucifixion and jealously rail at one another about what he had meant to each of them. The sensual aspect of many of these relationships is made quite clear and, furthermore, seems very natural.

Of course, Lawrence and Ghelderode are merely guessing. The Bible itself says nothing about the sexual aspects of Jesus' relationships. But it also says nothing at all about what Jesus did between the ages of 12 and 30. So storytellers rush in where theologians fear to tread. And the spirit of what they say may be closer to the truth than the embarrassed evasions of the theologians. In any case, Jesus explicitly rejected the way of the anchorite or the fakir. He did not flee to the desert with John the Baptist (though he apparently toyed with the idea at one time) nor did he join the puritanical Essenes on the shores of the Dead Sea. Jesus was *not* an ascetic. And the centuries-old effort of clerics, especially celibate ones, to geld Jesus into a prissy androgyne is one of the reasons Christmas today is a bamboozle. Who wants to celebrate the birthday of a First Century teetotaling Myra Breckinridge?

2. The churches have also helped destroy Christmas by turning Christianity into a petty-rule system and picturing Jesus as a finicky moralizer who spent his life telling people what *not* to do. This clerical casting of Jesus as a harried taskmaster is an even worse violation of the record than dressing him in the hair shirt of an ascetic. Jesus came into a world in some ways like ours, where, for most people, religion had been reduced to a set of rigid rules to worry about and a bag of ritual flip-flops to break open when you transgressed them. Jesus himself spent his life breaking most of those taboos—violating the Sabbath, tipping with "impure" men and women, wandering around with no visible means of support, sharply ridiculing the righteous prudes of the day. When people did come to him with moral dilemmas, he invariably tossed the questions back at them at

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THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry news makers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '69

By JUDITH WAX

Though docs said Buzz and Neil and Mike
The moon trip made with ease,
There's been one long-range side effect:
They hate the sight of cheese!

When it comes to showmanship,
That Streisand's an uncanny girl.
Her Oscar outfit was so sheer
She could have won for *Fanny Girl*.

John and Yoko's famous pose
Should faze no music lover,
For, naked though the Lennons are,
The record's got a cover.

Said Prez to Secretary Finch:
"Look North, East, West and South, Bob,
And find a plastic surgeon who
Will take on Spiro's mouth job."

Jumping bail's a big no-no.
Eldridge Cleaver, where'd you go?
North Africa or Cuba? Nice!
(Since China'd put your soul on rice.)

Mrs. Meir's at the ready
When her country calls;
She's working on some homemade bombs
(They're Golda's matzoh balls).

How 'bout this for mind expansion:
Hearth-bound Hef has left his mansion.
What could make him face old Sol?
Would you believe a Barbi doll?

Strom Thurmond wed a sweet young thing,
Now life's not cold and hugless
He says, "Why not December-May?"
(Except for Justice Douglas.)

Tom and Dickie's TV scripts
The censor's nerves did shatter;
Which goes to prove, beyond a doubt,
A joke's no laughing matter!

She gave us *Valley of the Dolls*
And though her fans salute her,
The Love Machine proved Miss Susann
Is really a computer.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

O. J. Simpson got an offer,
Then the deal was sealed.
Now his pockets are so stuffed
He can't run down the field.

The queen, she loves her first-born prince,
Just like in fairy tales.
So when young Charles turned 21,
Mum up and gave him Wales.

Cesar Chavez led the strike,
And, though some called him brazen,
So bitter were the groping gripes,
We wouldn't buy a raisin.

Norman Mailer, gifted scribe,
Ran for mayor, and then,
Procaccino proved the pol
Is mightier than the pen.

De Gaulle insisted on a vote
And pulled his well-known rank,
But when the ballots all were tolled,
He was a fallen Frank.

When Hayakawa faced the rebs
Fresh from his ivory tower,
He added some karate chops
To tam-o'-shanter power.

They couldn't lock up Dr. Spock
For practicing his craft,
Since doctors everywhere agree
It's wise to shun a draft.

A mighty Fortas, that was Abe,
In better days, before,
Like Riding Hood, he did misjudge
The Wolfson at his door.

Michael Butler, born to wealth,
Through *Hair* got rich-quick solo.
Some say his next hirsute pursuit
Is staging naked polo.

First Namath quit, then sold, then played
(And shed a tear or two)
It really makes you wonder,
What's a working boy to do!

A RECLUSE *(continued from page 102)*

his name was Klaus. He was with his elderly dog, which he led on a piece of rope. They entered the tavern, where the recluse had two glasses of mulled cherry wine and the elderly dog sat by him, looking astonished.

"It's the woman," said the tavern keeper, and no one disagreed with him.

How old was the woman?

She was not really so old, but years of wandering through northern countries had aged her face. This look of age in her face began to disappear now that she had settled comfortably into a place.

Every morning she said to the recluse: "May I stay here, or must I continue my travels?"

He would say: "Stay awhile longer."

She washed his dog, which was 12 years old and had never been washed.

She persuaded the recluse to buy a lively young hen that would soon give them eggs.

Not long after, she persuaded the recluse to buy a she-goat that gave them milk.

She knew the fear that the recluse had of change, but gradually, she began to liven and brighten things up.

It was a great day for the woman when the hen laid its first egg. She brought it into the living room, where the recluse was sitting.

"Look, Klaus! The hen is laying!"

* * *

After a month or so, eight furious dogs, hardly visible through the frost of their breath, hauled into town a sledge-load of merchandise and mail from the capital, and a letter was delivered to the house of the recluse.

"I have happened to hear that the woman Nevrika is staying at your house. Tell her that I am willing to let her come back to mine."

To this invitation of limited cordiality, the woman shook her head.

"I know the man who wrote this. He was not kind as you are and certainly not so handsome. Besides, in my travels, I never return to a place I have been before."

"Well, then, under the circumstances, I would say it's better for you to stay here awhile."

She said simply: "Thank you," but her voice was very definitely the voice of a woman and, she went directly into the kitchen and brought him out several thick slices of blood sausage.

The next day, she persuaded the recluse to have his stove repaired, since it smoked nearly enough to suffocate them.

A few days later, she persuaded the recluse to buy checkered curtains, red and white, for the unboarded windows.

"Appearances are important to drive a depression away."

He began to call her Nevrika, instead of woman, and when he did that first, her face turned almost young. In her throat, there was a quiet sound, almost like weeping.

A few days later, she went out onto the streets with him and she walked with her arm through his, nodding pleasantly to strangers but making it clear that she was the woman of Klaus, who was no longer a recluse.

Some days later, when she opened the back door to call the goat in for milking, a goose with its feathers glittering with ice flew into the house. Klaus killed it. She plucked and stuffed and cooked it, and the meal was delicious and they smiled at each other, shyly.

A few days later a yearly festival to welcome the spring season was given at the city hall.

Nevrika urged Klaus to attend it.

He said to Nevrika: "You would have to go, too, and you haven't the proper clothes for it, since all the clothes you have are strips of cloth and leather that you wind about yourself."

"It doesn't matter," she said, "they will understand."

And it seemed that they did.

At the festival, he drank several glasses of fuming dark wine and when they went home, she had to hold him straight and dissuade him from shouting.

On the way back to the house, a loose tile fell from the projecting roof of a two-story building and struck Klaus on the head.

"This is my end," he shouted, but she held him upright until his terror of the injury, which wasn't at all important, had passed away and they could go on to the house.

Still every morning, she would ask him, "May I stay here, or must I continue my travels?"

He never said "I need you," but still said, "Stay awhile longer."

Now, by this time, it was spring, and the solid, thick ice in the harbor, great slabs of it, gray as nightfall, began to move out to sea.

Klaus said to the woman one morning: "I want to continue my life as it was before you came here."

Her face turned old again. She was silent for a while and then she asked, in a whisper: "Have I done something wrong?"

He said: "You persuaded me to go out to the festival and on the way back, I was hit on the head by a tile from the roof of a building."

"Oh," she cried out, "how I wish the tile had struck my head, not yours. I would rather it had struck my head than yours, even if it had broken my skull like the shell of an egg."

The recluse interpreted this outcry as a trick.

"Be that as it may," he said to the woman, "it was my head that it struck."

"Klaus, don't you remember it only gave you a little cut, like a scratch, and I rubbed it with ointment that took the sting out of it?"

"When accidents start to happen," said the recluse, "there is no end to them. One comes after another, till the beams of your roof fall on you."

"Klaus, it would take me a day to tell you the accidents I have had in my travels."

"I don't want to hear about them; they're no concern of mine."

She got up from her chair with her mouth open, as if to speak.

The recluse said: "Close your mouth. There's nothing to discuss."

She didn't sit back down. She put his coffee cup back in the kitchen, and when she returned to the living room she circled about it, wringing her large knuckled hands, now and then stopping a moment to look at his face, which showed no alteration.

She staggered against the furniture and once fell to the floor, but the look of his face remained as it was.

"You'll think this over, won't you?"

"I have thought it over," said the recluse, "and I am determined to continue my life as it was before you came here."

"Won't you have some more coffee?"

"I want nothing that you've prepared in my kitchen; I want you to stay out of my kitchen today and I want you out of my house by this evening."

The room was dim. She leaned toward the recluse to peer at his face with her great bluish gray eyes.

No change in the set look of his face, the face of a recluse.

She went on circling about the room, her mouth open.

"If your mouth is open to speak, I advise you to close it, and you would also oblige me if you wouldn't stalk about the room, staring at things with your unnatural eyes."

"Klaus, let me— "

"Let you what?"

"Let me bake you a mandarin nut cake with sugar and cinnamon sprinkled on it."

"I want you to stay out of my kitchen with your poisonous spices."

She sat down slowly in a chair near his.

"Move your chair away."

"Away where?"

"Farther from mine."

She moved her chair twice before he was satisfied with its position.

Now and then, she would turn her head a little to look at the face of the recluse.

"Will you please stop looking at me with your unnatural eyes?"

"What shall I look at?"

"Turn your chair around, and look at the wall."

"Oh, I wish that— "

She didn't complete the sentence and

(concluded on page 244)

BRING US TOGETHER

four concerned americans propose presidential initiatives to heal the polar divisions between young and old, rich and poor, left and right, white and nonwhite

ON NOVEMBER 7, 1968, the then President-elect paused in his victory statement to recall a campaign vignette that he said had touched him. At the end of a long day of whistle stopping in Ohio, Richard Nixon said he had seen a teenager holding up a sign bearing the legend BRING US TOGETHER. "That will be the great objective of this Administration at the outset," he announced, "to bring the American people together." Reporters subsequently discovered that the girl with the sign had picked it up more or less to have something to carry. And now, one year after his inauguration, many thoughtful Americans are wondering if the President didn't do much the same with his slogan. In the four essays that follow, three dynamic leaders and one of the country's most respected opinion makers assess the small progress Nixon has made toward the accomplishment of what he said would be his first goal—healing the profound divisions of the American people—and suggest bold ways in which he still might do so. Senator George McGovern, in *Reconciling the Generations*, outlines the steps that the establishment must take if it is to recapture the respect of the young and calls for a renewed dedication on the part of young idealists to the possibility of meaningful change within the democratic system. In *Sharing the Wealth* Cesar Chavez, the head of the United Farmworkers Union, maintains that any government will exploit its poor until they assert their humanity by developing economic and political independence. In *Uniting the Races*, Julian Bond—the charismatic young Georgia legislator and civil rights leader—focuses on the same concept: He insists that our varied minority groups must amass some of the power that white America has monopolized for so long, and that the Federal Government must begin enforcing existing egalitarian legislation if there is to be racial peace in this country. Finally *New York Times* political analyst Tom Wicker, in *Forging a Left-Right Coalition*, examines the social ideals that this country's conservatives and progressives hold in common and suggests that Presidential initiatives might swell this rivulet of shared beliefs into a libertarian political mainstream. Together, the four articles comprise a blueprint for reconciliation. Translated into action by the Administration and the Congress, their recommendations would enable the President, however belatedly, to make good on his pious victory promise to the American people.

RECONCILING THE GENERATIONS

By U.S. SENATOR GEORGE McGOVERN

WHEN I WAS TEACHING at Dakota Wesleyan University 15 years ago the country was disturbed by "the silent generation" of college students. Young Americans seemed to be fitting too easily into lives of personal gain while ignoring the deprivations suffered by their fellow man abroad and at home. In the early Sixties, these misgivings turned to enthusiasm for the new activism of the young. Inspired, perhaps, by an appealing young President, youthful idealists seemed more moved by causes than by careers, more interested in the Peace Corps than in the stock market, more attracted to adventure than to self-aggrandizement.

Now the country is again in anguish over the conduct of its youth. The leaders of our Government have branded some of the young as "new barbarians," "tyrants" and "ideological criminals." Those university officials who lay down a tough line on student disorder have emerged as minor political heroes. And many Congressmen, especially those once concerned that Government would be too heavily involved in education, now support legislation that would make university discipline a function of the Federal Government.

Explanations for the disenchantment of the young are sought everywhere. Psychiatrists and sociologists are summoned regularly to Washington to explain the depredations of the more demonstrative college students. We hear variously that the young are engaged in a subconscious search for authority or that they are

rioting because they hate themselves or their parents. I believe that the causes and complaints of most of our younger citizens are neither so complicated nor incomprehensible. The majority of those young Americans who are seriously at odds with our politics and our policies are moved by the same idealism that we hailed at the beginning of the past decade. There is, of course, a small percentage who seem bent only upon an irresponsible rejection of all authority and discipline, including the discipline of personal effort. This group includes those who have been spoiled by affluence and permissiveness, who lack the strength to cope creatively with the frustration that is inevitable in a pluralistic society. It also includes those so bitterly angered by the outrages of our national life that they can no longer muster the patience to work within an ofttimes slow political and social process.

Most importantly, however, there is a large group of young people who protest our present values because they earnestly seek an improved world. They call not for the destruction of America but for its redemption. They reject violence as a tool of national policy abroad or as a means of bringing about change in our own society. They seek to square the practices of the nation with its ideals. Consider these words from a young man facing jail for draft resistance: "Freedom is a heavy responsibility, which says to me that I must actively oppose that which is destructive around me and at the same time build that which I feel is needed. I couldn't live with myself if I didn't live my beliefs." Those are hardly the words of a barbarian or an ideological criminal.

The new generation scorns hypocrisy and sham. Freed from many of the demands and trials endured by their parents, the youth of this generation insist that the promise of America be fulfilled for all citizens, that we worry less about the gross national product and more about the quality of our society. These young Americans do not accept a scale of values that permits millions of Americans to *(continued on page 132)*

SHARING THE WEALTH

By CESAR CHAVEZ

HOW CAN WE NARROW the gap between the wealthy and the poor in this country? What concrete steps can be taken *now* to abolish poverty in America? There are a number of things that President Nixon could do immediately if he wanted to. In terms of our own grape pickers' strike, he could tell the Pentagon to stop shipping extraordinary amounts of grapes to Vietnam—the Government's most obvious tool in its attempt to break our strike. And he could improve the lot of *all* the farmworkers in the Southwest—easily, under existing legislation—by putting an end to the importing and exploitation of cheap foreign labor. The Immigration Service has allowed almost 500,000 poor Mexicans to flood across the border since 1965. Absorbing this number of resident aliens would not be detrimental if they actually became residents, but most of these workers return to Mexico after each harvest season, since their American wages go much farther there than they would in this country. They have no stake in either economic or political advances here, it is the domestic farmworker who wants our union, who wants better schools, who wants to participate in the political system. Our poor Mexican brothers who are allowed to come across the border for the harvest are tools in the Government's and the growers' attempts to break our strike.

In the still larger framework of all the country's poor, President Nixon should acknowledge that the

War on Poverty programs of the Sixties have failed. The Office of Economic Opportunity pumped out propaganda about "community action programs" through which the poor were supposedly going to have a say in the solution of their own problems. Then, just as the communities were organizing for meaningful change through these programs, the money was suddenly yanked away. Washington seemed to realize that if it lived up to its rhetoric, it would actually be encouraging real political participation and building real economic power among the poor, and got cold feet. The Government and the power class will never allow their money to be used to build another power class—especially if they are convinced, however wrongly, that their own economic security and self interest would be jeopardized.

It might be expected for me to propose that the anti-poverty programs be continued—but with better financing and with complete control over them given to representatives of the communities and the people involved. I could also plead for the money that has been spent in the past few years on anti-poverty programs to be simply distributed among the poor. But neither of these sensible alternatives is going to come to pass under an Administration that made it perfectly clear last fall that it intended to channel all Federal funds through local governments, no matter how corrupt.

Nothing is going to happen until we, the poor, can generate our own political and economic power. Such a statement sounds radical to many middle-class Americans, but it should not. Though many of the poor have come to see the affluent middle class as its enemy, that class actually stands between the poor and the real powers in this society—the administrative octopus with its head in Washington, the conglomerates, the military complex. It's like a camel train: The herder, way up in front, leads one camel and all the other camels follow. We happen to be the last camel, trudging along through the leavings of the whole train. We see only the camel in front of us and make him the target of our anger, but that solves *(continued on page 252)*

UNITING THE RACES

By JULIAN BOND

THIS COUNTRY, which was "discovered" by white men over 400 years ago and "founded" by them in 1776, always was and still is in the eyes of most of its citizens and rulers, a white man's heaven. In *The Federalist* papers, John Jay wrote, "Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people . . . a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs." Under Jay's philosophy, black men were designed by Providence to work for white men; Indians, who were unsuited by Providence to be slaves, had to be exterminated, and Mexicans, being neither Indian nor black, became cultural enemies holding territory that the expansionist white man coveted. America gave birth to the rhetoric of democracy while it breathed life into what became institutionalized racism. European immigrants came here to escape oppression and their young became oppressors.

The record of domestic imperialism waged by white America is matched by a history of varied response from its nonwhite victims—a history of militant resistance, of separatist movements and of quiet heroic struggle—all aimed at getting the white man's foot off the nonwhite's neck, the white man's noose off the red or black or brown throat. That rebellion has been bloody, as were the uprisings of Denmark Vesey and Nat

Turner, and it has been nonviolent—employing oratory, petition, marches, the ballot, the courts and civil disobedience. Now, as we enter the Seventies, it has returned to violence and to blood.

The history of that rebellion is not exclusively black. "Are we not being stripped, day by day, of the little that remains of our ancient liberty?" challenged Tecumseh, a Shawnee Indian. "Do they not even now kick and strike us as they do their blackfaces? How long will it be before they tie us to a post and whip us and make us work in a cornfield as they do them? Shall we wait for that moment or shall we die fighting before we submit to such?" As usual, a moderate in the crowd answered Tecumseh by saying, "Let us submit our grievances, whatever they may be, to the Congress of the United States." This debate took place in 1812. Whichever side prevailed in that particular dispute, the cause of justice did not—as the present condition of American Indians is an indication.

Today, those same rebels—blacks, Spanish-speaking people, Indians—still fight against white providence. Tecumseh's call to violence still rings out in modern ghettos, barrios and reservations. It is heard because nearly 200 years after the "founding fathers" proposed to dissolve Americans' differences in a melting pot, the only thing that remains unabsorbed is *us*—and our skins. So we no longer wish to melt, to be absorbed, to fit in, to join up, to swim in the mainstream. What black people—and Spanish Americans and the original Americans—*do* want is a share of the goodies they see so abundantly spread around them. We want to have the opportunity to live a decent life. That means a life supported by a family income that is more than barely at the poverty level. It means a life in which education and jobs are guaranteed. It means a life in which police are compassionate public servants, in which storekeepers are not avaricious, in which politicians at least approach honesty.

We have won some small victories. We now have free access to restaurants *(concluded on page 154)*

FORGING A LEFT-RIGHT COALITION

By TOM WICKER

IT ISN'T EASY TO KNOW, these days, just what is happening in American politics. This dawned on me as early as 1966, when I covered the campaign of Robert Scheer, the New Leftish *Ramparts* magazine editor, who was then running for Congress—in the Democratic primary—from the Oakland-Berkeley district of California. Scheer, an outspoken anti war candidate was not running against some right winger nor even against a Republican Babbitt but against Representative Jeffery Cohelan, a liberal New Dealer who had had a 95 per cent voting record in the ratings of the Americans for Democratic Action.

In those days, like almost everyone else, I thought left was left and right was right, and the center got elected. So I was surprised, the first time I heard Scheer speak, to hear him deride Hubert Humphrey and, when I talked to him privately, to find him express admiration for Barry Goldwater—who, as he put it, was "at least an activist." But as I became more accustomed to the New Left, I found that it had a strong rhetorical resemblance to that radical right with which the nation had become acquainted in 1964. Both flaunted moral appeals, denounced liberalism, constantly alluded to patriots and traitors and held the passionate conviction that they, and not the parties in power, were the true guardians of "the American dream."

Goldwater and the right-wingers, everybody used to say, "oversimplified the issues." But here was the

New Left with such slogans as "Withdraw troops—end poverty." Goldwater set off a national spasm when he declared that "extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice and moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue." But six years and a lot of riots and demonstrations later, it is perfectly obvious that the New Left, the militant blacks, the SDS and thousands of unaffiliated but "radical" youngsters all over the country agree with Barry, no doubt to his dismay.

What links the New Left and the radical right more than rhetorically is the genuine revulsion of each, on differing grounds, against the post Depression, post War order of things in America against what each calls, with unlimited contempt, "the liberal establishment." And since the Federal Government is both the heart and the good right arm of the liberal establishment, in all its works from civil rights to "world responsibility," it is more nearly the Government than any other single force that unites—in opposition—the extremes of American politics. Whether, on the one hand, it is the war in Vietnam, the military industrial complex and J Edgar Hoover, or, on the other, high taxes, Government spending and a no win policy abroad, it is the Devil's doing, and the Devil lives in Washington.

What is most interesting about this is that it is beginning visibly to affect the center, which really does live in Washington. Analyze, for instance, the substance and origins of the Nixon Administration: It's obvious, isn't it, that the instrument that returned the Republican Party to power after eight years of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, the New Frontier and the Great Society, is bound to be the darling of the Republican establishment, the creature of Wall Street and "the interests"? But the Nixon Administration is by no means establishmentarian, in the sense that an Administration headed by Nelson Rockefeller or even Humphrey would have been. It has little truck with Ivy League businessmen the big Wall Street law firms (other than Mr. Nixon's own), the New York Council on Foreign Relations, Philadelphia's main line or even

the kind of respectable civil rights organizations that used to have white presidents. Mr. Nixon's Administration is more nearly a product of the new revulsion against that kind of establishment: it is an Administration of Midwestern bankers and manufacturers, West Coast advertising executives, new-rich Southern construction magnates, managerial types and ex-gubernatorial politicians. The major object of its concern is the middle-class, middle income suburbanite. Mr. Nixon himself—nondescript college, Western origins, sports jargon, middle-class manner, earned wealth of recent origin—is its perfect symbol. Yet this Administration, product though it may partially be of the new politics of revulsion, is also staunchly and traditionally Republican in its defense of free enterprise and the value of the dollar, and it maintains tenaciously the basic post-War liberal-establishment doctrine of a powerful military stance and a hard line against communism. All the lines seem to be crossed nowadays.

Nor is it only the Nixon Administration that exhibits a split—or at least uncertain—personality in the new political atmosphere. Eugene McCarthy ran for President with the avid support of thousands of young people like those who turned out for Bob Scheer in 1966. Yet in recoiling from any low attempt to woo particular groups of voters—blacks, for example—with tailored appeals to their interests and passions, and in disdaining the clichés of mainstream politics, McCarthy resembled Goldwater in style more closely than any other recent Presidential candidate, despite their substantive differences on issues and even though Goldwater fulminated against intellectuals while McCarthy, in Oregon, claimed that the better-educated people were voting for him. There is some evidence to suggest that McCarthy's romantic appeal as an individualist unafraid to challenge big institutions such as the Democratic Party and the Kennedy family brought him some support from those who had previously found such qualities only in Goldwater. And where Goldwater openly attacked the Government, save the Pentagon, from stem to stern, McCarthy's subtler criticisms of the Government, *including* the Pentagon, brought from Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., the ultimate indictment that he was running against that establishment-liberal icon, the powers of the Presidency.

Robert Kennedy, on the other hand, took the establishment-liberal line on Presidential activism, wooed the ghetto madly and, in his own inimitable style, sought the support of illiterates and intellectuals alike. But he, too, was revulsionist in his attacks on the welfare system, in his calls for greater community responsibility and local self government, in his recognition that the big labor unions are no longer engines of reform, in his apparently growing mistrust of overbureaucratized and underfunded Federal programs, no matter how worthy of purpose. Mr. Nixon's campaign exhibited about the same proportion of revulsion and tradition that his Administration now displays. George Wallace was, of course, the most outspoken revulsionist of the campaign, although his focus was far narrower than McCarthy's or Kennedy's, or even Nixon's. Of all the major 1968 contenders, Rockefeller and Humphrey seemed most nearly tied to the liberal establishment line, which suggests its essentially bipartisan nature.

To some extent, the new revulsionism has been complicated by the semantic confusion of American political history. In the post-Roosevelt period, a "liberal" came to mean one who was in favor of strong Federal action to achieve desirable ends—say, the minimum wage—that didn't seem attainable by any other means. But over the years, this once-pragmatic attitude hardened into dogma; Federal action became the accepted—almost the only acceptable—means of proceeding, a development that was sped along in an ascending spiral by the consequent atrophy of state and local government and by Washington's swift preemption of the major sources of revenue. Liberals of this breed became, all too often, dictionary conservatives with a philosophy actually based on a new kind of traditional and social stability, stressing established institutions and preferring gradual development to abrupt change. The New Deal, in short, became orthodox, and the New Dealers became the dominant center of American politics, reaching their peak of power in the Johnson landslide of 1964.

On the other hand, those who came to political activity long after the Depression-ridden Thirties and World War Two, and who found in the liberal establishment not only an outdated political ethic for automated and affluent post War America, not only a smothering intellectual orthodoxy but also a dangerously autonomous and unresponsive bureaucracy, were often textbook liberals. That is, they were open-minded in the observance of traditional forms and concerned about the autonomy of the individual. But many people who had, for largely selfish economic reasons, opposed those erroneously known as liberals had pre-empted the term "conservatives," so that *(continued on page 140)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT

"Well, I, for one, like to think that Christmas still has some redeeming social importance."

RECONCILING GENERATIONS

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suffer malnutrition while we spend billions of dollars on an ill-conceived new anti-ballistic-missile system. They find it understandably irrational to offer their lives to save a political regime in Saigon that does not have the respect of its own people.

In the best sense, the values of our young people are still the values of their parents. They have, however, the freedom of the young to press for those values without diluting or compromising them. The constraints of age, of job, of family do not weigh so heavily upon them. Recognizing that an age of rapid change is even more painful for parents than for their children, we "adults" desperately need to hear the frank, sometimes harsh but usually honest idealism of our young people.

Unfortunately, adult America seems increasingly baffled by its young—by their hair styles, their loud music, their willingness to take grievances into the streets, their refusal to be wedged into social roles they don't believe in. Frankly, I am not yet prepared to accept all of the youth rebellion, nor am I sure that its end product will be totally constructive, that its final influence on our national policies will be entirely beneficial. But I believe I understand some of the things that are bothering young Americans today—because they are bothering me. The causes and complaints of most young dissidents are just. We would do well to heed their pleas, to listen to what they are saying and to remedy the injustices they are pointing out so vehemently. We can hardly profit from the idealism of the young if we systematically exclude their views from our political life and our national policies. And we must avoid at all costs what one writer has called "a war against the young." For, as Fred Dutton of the California Board of Regents has correctly observed, "A society that hates its young people has no future."

In the developing discontent of the young, no factor has been more important than the war in Vietnam. It is no coincidence that the age group most strongly resisting the war—an estimated 25,000 young men are now actively refusing induction and some 5000 have virtually renounced citizenship to seek sanctuary abroad—is the same age group that is sustaining the heaviest casualties in the war. More than 40,000 have died, over 200,000 have been wounded, millions of others are racked by doubts and fears about the validity of our war policy and about what it holds for them.

The draft is a further focus of discontent. As now structured, it excuses those who can afford higher education, usually for a period long enough to allow that group to opt out of a particular conflict. The students themselves recognize the inequitable burden this places upon the poor and the less academically able. And they recognize that local boards administer the draft according to their own whims; the Selective Service regulations are too often used as a means of punishing dissent.

The arms race is another cause of student unrest. This generation has been reared through the years of the Cold War. They have seen the splitting of the Communist world; they have endured the "balance of terror" and they now wish to turn away from an international situation in which stability is maintained by threats of mutual annihilation. They understand that we have reached a point at which the simple addition of arms and bombs no longer guarantees security; that such mindless escalation of the arms race means only the *loss* of security. The young people of this country feel that the time has come for public dollars to be spent on crying domestic needs, rather than on foreign intervention and on new methods of destruction. They understand that only by strengthening the fabric of our own society will we increase our ultimate national security.

These perceptions are, of course, not limited to the young. But the young, especially during the national elections of 1968, provided much of the energy necessary to spread these ideas throughout the national electorate. It has become obvious to nearly everyone by now that political and social reforms are necessary. But the longer needed reform is delayed, the longer we turn away from our young people and their concerns, the greater the chance that their idealism and activism will turn to cynicism and hate.

Students themselves, however, must bear a share of the blame for the growing alienation of the older generation. It is the naïve assumption of some young radicals that a flamboyant, if not violent, confrontation with authority will somehow destroy that authority. But as the news pictures of confrontation at Cornell and elsewhere have gone across the nation, the fear and anger of adults have served only to harden the insensitive authoritarianism that student radicals hoped to destroy. As the public's hostile reaction to student take-overs spreads, the willingness to reform diminishes. The use of violence by either side in a confrontation is seized upon by the other as the justification for counterviolence. Together, they divert national attention to violence rather than to its causes. Most tragically, the university, which should be a dynamic community of scholars and a testing place for ideas, becomes paralyzed.

Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish social scientist whose early diagnosis of America's racial problems is still among the most incisive, has warned: "The danger in violence is that after it, comes a demand for law and order. And throughout history, law and order has been a pretext for not making the fundamental reforms needed." In the early stages of urban ghetto rioting, it was thought by some that such disorders, despite their ugliness and destruction, would awaken America to the needs of the cities. While the riots did produce a commission that recommended a massive national commitment to eradicate urban blight and racism, the country's answer to Watts, Harlem, Detroit and Newark has been continued procrastination. The swiftest response to urban riots has come from the Pentagon, which, without public debate and virtually without public notice, is spending more than $300,000 to monitor urban trouble spots. Army counterintelligence personnel collect information in our cities to support contingency plans aimed at handling simultaneous riots in as many as 25 cities. Intelligence surveys have already been made on college campuses. Congressional committees have conducted strenuous investigations of student organizations they suspect of being subversive.

The lesson of the nation's response to urban disorder should not be ignored by students who believe that force will bring an end to the ailments of our society. Young Americans should recognize that it makes little sense to condemn violence in Asia while precipitating it on campus. It makes no sense to challenge the political demonology of American leaders who believe in a monolithic Communist conspiracy while constructing an equally simplistic demonology of American politics. It is simply untrue that all our institutions are evil, that all adults are unsympathetic, that all politicians are mere opportunists, that all aspects of university life are corrupt. Having discovered an illness, it's not terribly useful to prescribe death as a cure.

Unfortunately, students and young activists have learned a good deal from the example of their elders. What are we to say about the importance of restraint and the peaceful resolution of differences when we have unleashed unspeakable violence and horror on the people of Vietnam? Or, again, we condemn campus disorder, but what of the authorities who have retaliated in fear and violence? We saw this in Chicago in the summer of 1968 and we have seen it at the University of California. Over the innocent issue of a park, a young man died in Berkeley, and others were injured by shotguns, beaten in the streets, sprayed with toxic gas from military helicopters. The rampage of official violence demonstrates that many of our leaders do not believe in the peaceful democratic process; rather, they see the resolution of dispute turning on who has the most troops and guns and is most ready to use them.

The question we must all face is not whether there will be a revolution among

(continued on page 266)

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE GARLIC

STARRING TONY RANDALL

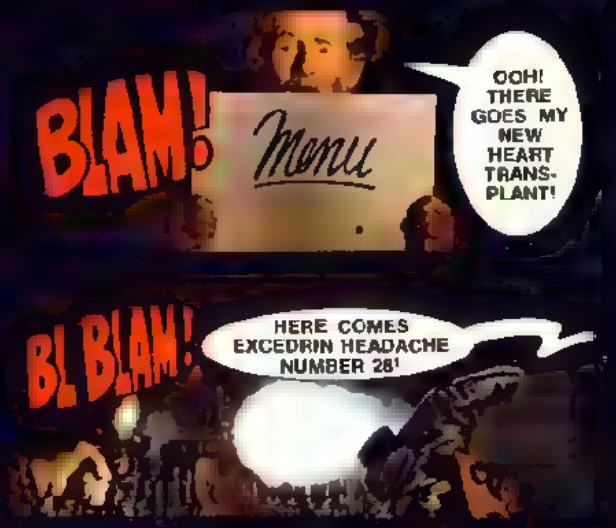
AN ITALIAN WESTERN FILMED IN SPAIN WITH AN OUT-OF-PAWN JAPANESE CAMERA USING SUBSTANDARD EXPOSED POLISH FILM, PROCESSED AND EDITED COURTESY OF A REXALL DRUGSTORE IN POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, BASED ON A LUKE SHORT SHORT STORY FROM THE ANNUAL LUKE SHORT SHORT STORY ANNUAL AND PRODUCED BY THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT AS A TAX LOSS.

PEPPERONI, NEW MEXICO, A TYPICAL LITTLE WESTERN FRONTIER TOWN THAT HAS ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ANY TYPICAL WESTERN FRONTIER TOWN . . . THE BLACKSMITH SHOP, THE LIVERY STABLE, THE WELLS FARGO OFFICE AND THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

DIRECTED BY HARVEY KURTZMAN • PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO CASILLI • SCREENPLAY BY SOL WEINSTEIN AND DICK MATHEWS

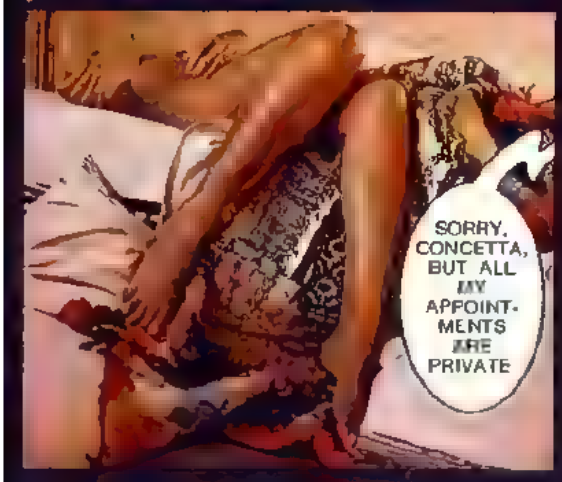
GENOCIDE AIN'T MY BAG, BUT NEVERTHELESS, IT BEHOOVES ME, AS A MORALISTICALLY MOTIVATED ANTI-HERO TO BLAST ALL OF YOU GARLIC JUNKIES TO THAT BIG PIZZERIA IN THE SKY
BLAM! BLAM! BL BLAM!
HMMMM, 'PEARS TO BE A GOOD TOWN . . . BAD PEOPLE, BUT BASICALLY A GOOD TOWN
POPULATION
38 DECENT FOLK
62 INDECENT FOLK
8 REFORMED AMBUSHERS
6 REFORMED BUSHWACKERS
4 REFORMED CATTLE RUSTLERS
ALL RIGHT, STRANGER IN THE LICE-RIDDEN PONCHO, NOW THAT YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST TO STOP THE POPULATION EXPLOSION, TURN AROUND SLOW AND REACH FOR THE STARS.
SORRY, SHERIFF, MA'AM I'D LIKE TO OBLIGE, BUT NOT ONLY AM I ANTI-HERO, I'M ALSO ANTI SEXUAL. ON BAD DAYS, I'M EVEN ANTI-PASTO.
ANTI-SEXUAL? IN AN ITALIAN WESTERN? GALLOPING GNOCCHI, FOLLOW ME INTO THE BARN, YOU BOTCHED UP BOCCIE BALL IT'S TIME THE LAW WAS LAID DOWN FOR YOU.
—SO THEY MADE YOU SHERIFF BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT WHO CAN KEEP THE EVIL BRUTES OF PEPPERONI IN LINE, EH?
CUT THE PALAVER AND DO YOUR THING, YOU MANGY MANICOTTI! LIFT ME TO THE PEAK OF VESUVIAN VOLUPTUOUSNESS! IN OTHER WORDS, LET'S MAKE LAVA!
BUT FIRST, LET ME RIP AWAY THAT PONCHO FROM YOUR FREAKY FRAME.
DON'T TOUCH MY PONCH—
BANG!

POOR GAL. SHE DIED O' CURIOSITY. WELL... THAT'S THE WAY THE STELLA-D'ORO CRUMBLES.
AFTER BURYING THE SHERIFF ON CAPEZIO BOOT HILL, THE NAMELESS MAN SPURS HIS FAITHFUL HORSE, MARCELLO (HE HAS AN UNFAITHFUL HORSE AS WELL... BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY), OVER TO THE TOWN'S TOPLESS HOT SPOT... THE COPA CANTINA, WHERE HE HOPES TO SNIFF OUT THE GARLIC THIEVES, AVENGE HIS LONG-STANDING GRUDGE AGAINST ROTTEN RIGATONI, RID A BASICALLY GOOD TOWN OF ITS BAD PEOPLE AND, WITH ANY KIND OF LUCK, CATCH JERRY VALE IN PERSON.
WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, JOE DIMAGGIO?
WHAT YOU MEANUM, FIREWATER? ME WANTUM A ROB ROY, STRAIGHT UP, WITH A TWIST OF LEMON.
A BUCKET OF WATER FOR MY HORSE, A BOTTLE OF CELLA LAMBRUSCO FOR ME AND A DOZEN LICE FOR MY PONCHO
YOU'RE NEW HERE, STRANGER. IF I WERE YOU, I'D HIGH-TAIL IT OUT OF TOWN
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL CARIBI[illegible] FARI
SO IF THEY DON'T GIVE US 15 PERCENT, WE PULL THE JUKE-BOX AND THE CELLA [illegible] MACHINE.
WHAT'S AN HOMBRE LIKE YOU DOING IN A WESTERN LIKE THIS?
—WESTERN? HEAVENS! I THOUGHT THIS WAS WHERE THEY WERE FILMING MY LATEST FLICK—HERCULES GOES HOMO. BY THE WAY, CAN I BUY YOU A PINK LADY?
THIS JOINT IS CRAWLING WITH ROTTEN RIGATONI'S MEN AND THEY KILL AT THE DROP OF A HAT
LET'S JUST SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
LOOK, SANTOS. SOME STRANGER DROPPED HIS HAT. I RECKON WE'D BETTER START SHOOTIN'!
KER-BLAM!
BLAM!



HAVING WITNESSED THE CANTINA SHOOT-OUT, AND UNNERVED BY THE NAMELESS MAN'S LETHAL EFFICIENCY WITH HIS .44-CALIBER LAMBRETTA BERETTAS, GARAGIOLA, A HENCHMAN OF ROTTEN RIGATONI, RUSHES TO WARN HIS BOSS.

LURING THE NAMELESS MAN TO HER QUARTERS, UNDER THE PRETEXT OF DIVULGING THE WHEREABOUTS OF ROTTEN RIGATONI, CONCETTA SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO WORK HER WICKED WILES . . . DEFTLY POURING A TIN OF TOMATO PASTE INTO THE NAMELESS ONE'S TWO GUN HOLSTERS.



AFTER ANOTHER TRIP TO CAPEZIO BOOT HILL TO BURY THE LUCKLESS CONCETTA, THE NAMELESS MAN PAUSES IN HIS ODYSSEY OF REVENGE TO REPLENISH HIS STRENGTH WITH A TYPICAL FRONTIER DELICACY.

MAYONNAISE? THAT'S SO . . . SO . GOYISH! RECKON IF THIS TOWN'S GONNA HAVE LAW AND ORDER AND GARLIC AGAIN, IT'S TIME FOR MY SHOWDOWN WITH ROTTEN RIGATONI
ON MAIN STREET, THE NAMELESS MAN STALKS RIGATONI—
LUIGI'S
HABERDASHERY
SPIROS HEROS
GREEK ITALIAN SAND-WICHES
EXCITING
FOR GAY CABALLEROS
"DO NOT FORSAKE ME, OH, MY DARLIN'—"
MÉ-NAGE! THE NAME-LESS MAN IS STALK-ING RIGA-TONI!
YOU CAN BET YOUR COJONES THERE'LL BE A KILLING BEFORE HIGH NOON.
ALL RIGHT, YOU DIRTY GARLIC PUSHER, MY 20-YEAR ODYSSEY OF REVENGE IS OVER. NOW I'M GOING TO SETTLE ALL OF SOCIETY'S SCORES AGAINST YOU . . . THE INCREASED INCIDENCE OF CRIME IN THE URBAN GHETTO, THE GENERATION GAP, THE POLLUTION OF OUR SKIES AND STREAMS, THE LABOR DEFECTION TO WALLACE, THE LIBERALIZATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN REGARD TO BIRTH CONTROL—
HA, HA, HA, NOT TO MENTION THE MINDLESS ANARCHISM OF THE NEW LEFT, THE *REVANCHIST* TENDENCY OF THE NEO-NAZIS IN GERMANY, THE POOR GROSSES FROM DORIS DAY'S LAST THREE PICTURES AND, LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE DEFEAT OF BOB GIBSON IN THE SEVENTH GAME OF THE '68 SERIES!! NOW—**SLAP LEATHER!**
TARNATION, MIA! MY GUNS ARE STUCK!
OUR PROS HAVE 20% MORE PROTEIN
HA, HA! YES, THEY ARE, THANKS TO EXTRA THICK CONTADINA TOMATO PASTE, WHICH MY DOXY, DORCETTA, POURED INTO YOUR HOLSTERS. NOW, PARDS UP! I'VE GOT A SPECIAL DEATH PLANNED FOR YOU, BOUNTY HUNTER! YOU SEE, EVERY BULLET IN MY GUN HAS BEEN RUBBED WITH GARLIC YOU ARE GOING TO DIE AN EXCRUCIATING-LY SMELLY DEATH.
BUT ONE FINAL HUMILIATION YOU SEEM TO HAVE A SECRET, AND NOW WE'RE ALL GOING TO SEE WHAT YOU'RE HIDING UNDER THAT FILTHY, LICE-RIDDEN PONCHO! STOP!
YEAH!
TAKE IT OFF!

ALL RIGHT, RIGATONI! YOU ASKED FOR IT!
BANG!
WHY, YOU SNEAKY SCALOPPINE A GUN UNDER YOUR PONCHO! SO THAT'S WHY YOU NEVER SHOWERED AT THE Y . . .ARGH!
YOU MAY THINK IT A BIT WEIRD OF ME TO HAVE INSTALLED THIS MECHANISM IN THIS PARTICULAR ANATOMICAL LOCATION. FOR A FULLER CLINICAL EXPLANATION, MAY I REFER YOU TO CHAPTER SIX OF FREUD'S MONUMENTAL WORK PHALLIC SYMBOLS AND OTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
YOU SAVED US, NAMELESS MAN IN THE PONCHO!
THE GARLIC MINE IS FREE!
PEPPERONI HAS GARLIC AGAIN!
I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD BYE.
CIAO, SHAMELESS HUSSIES!
VALE, CROOKED LAWYER!
ADIOS, VENAL MAYOR!
AU REVOIR, HYPOCRITICAL CLERGY!
BEST REGARDS, NOISY NEWSBOY!
GOODBYE, ONE AND ALL!
BLAM! BLAMMY BLAM!
LIKE I BEEN SAYING ALL ALONG, PEPPERONI IS BASICALLY A GOOD TOWN. IT JUST HAD BAD PEOPLE
BUT NOW THAT ALL THE PEOPLE ARE DEAD, IT'S A GOOD TOWN AGAIN
GOOD TOWN!
GOOD TREES!
NICE ROCKS!
NIFTY SILO
KEEN BARN
SWELL TRAIL
FINE

LEFT-RIGHT COALITION *(continued from page 130)*

by the Sixties, the degradation of American political nomenclature left nothing for the new revulsionists but imprecisions such as "radical," "militant," "activist" – or "revulsionist."

This confusion aside, root causes have been at work, the most basic of which is simply the passage of time, the coming on of a new generation. The Cold War, the Communist menace, the lesson of Munich—it all had a faintly historical ring, suddenly, and what did it have to do with the world of jet excursions abroad, John XXIII and astronauts to the moon? Was not communism Evtushenko as well as Brezhnev—Tito, Mao and Ho as well as Stalin? Missiles, nuclear bombs, napalm, aircraft carriers, the draft, huge military appropriations, starving American children, the Strategic Air Command and decaying American cities—none of this could make as much sense in 1966 as it had in 1956, if for no other reason than that the experience of many of those who thought about it in 1966 included little of the historical origins of the Cold War. The world had turned.

As for domestic affairs, somewhere in the post-War era, it now seems clear, the basic substance of American politics changed almost imperceptibly. In the rising and spreading affluence, when factory workers moved to the middle-class suburbs, played golf on weekends and sent their kids to college, the New Deal's gut issue—the old reliable pocketbook appeal, the question of the standard of living—slipped down the scale of values. Poverty had become, Kennedy and Johnson were forced to recognize, merely an interest-group problem, like farm income or textile quotas. At the heart of American politics, suddenly, there was something else, something not quite definable but having to do with the *quality* of American life. For some, it involved the kids' schools and who attended them, "law and order," job security, taxes for welfare programs and all sorts of tricky, alarming questions such as sex education, prayer in the schools, hard drugs and pot, student unrest, long hair on boys and short skirts on girls. For others, the new gut issue of life quality meant the military-industrial complex, racism, liberating new styles in music, attire, sex, occupation. "Relevance" in education, "participation" in politics, the right to "do your own thing"—all became part of the larger issue of the quality of life. And if the one group concerned about this issue was frequently at odds with the other—call it the generation gap, the education gap, square vs. hip—the one thing that most nearly united them was the apprehensive and angry conviction that the individual citizen could not make his voice heard, his presence felt, his views heeded, in 20th Century America.

For, above all, the massive era had arrived, borne on the twin carriers of affluence and technology. Now each of us—left, right and center—feels threatened by gigantic, faceless institutions that rise like the Rockies from American soil: the Government, first and most visible of all, but also the cities, the universities, the corporations, the unions. These tangible entities are powerful and real to virtually all of us: to Americans stacked high in their beehive apartment buildings or scattered for aimless miles in their endless suburbs; to housewives pushing through the impersonal aisles of the supermarket, to husbands driving anonymously to work on vast, eight-lane, roaring rivers of concrete; to students sitting in the 50th row of a 1000-seat amphitheater while a graduate assistant reads the lecture notes of a well-known professor, who is in Washington advising the Government or in New York consulting with Chase Manhattan or the Ford Foundation, both of which—along with the professor—are part of the new interlocking directorate of the liberal establishment. But how much *more* menacing are those intangible, even legendary, forces that have acquired institutional status: the liberal establishment itself, the Eastern internationalists, the military-industrial complex, the white backlash, the sensationalist press, the ghetto—or just "the system." Who can reach or influence *them*?

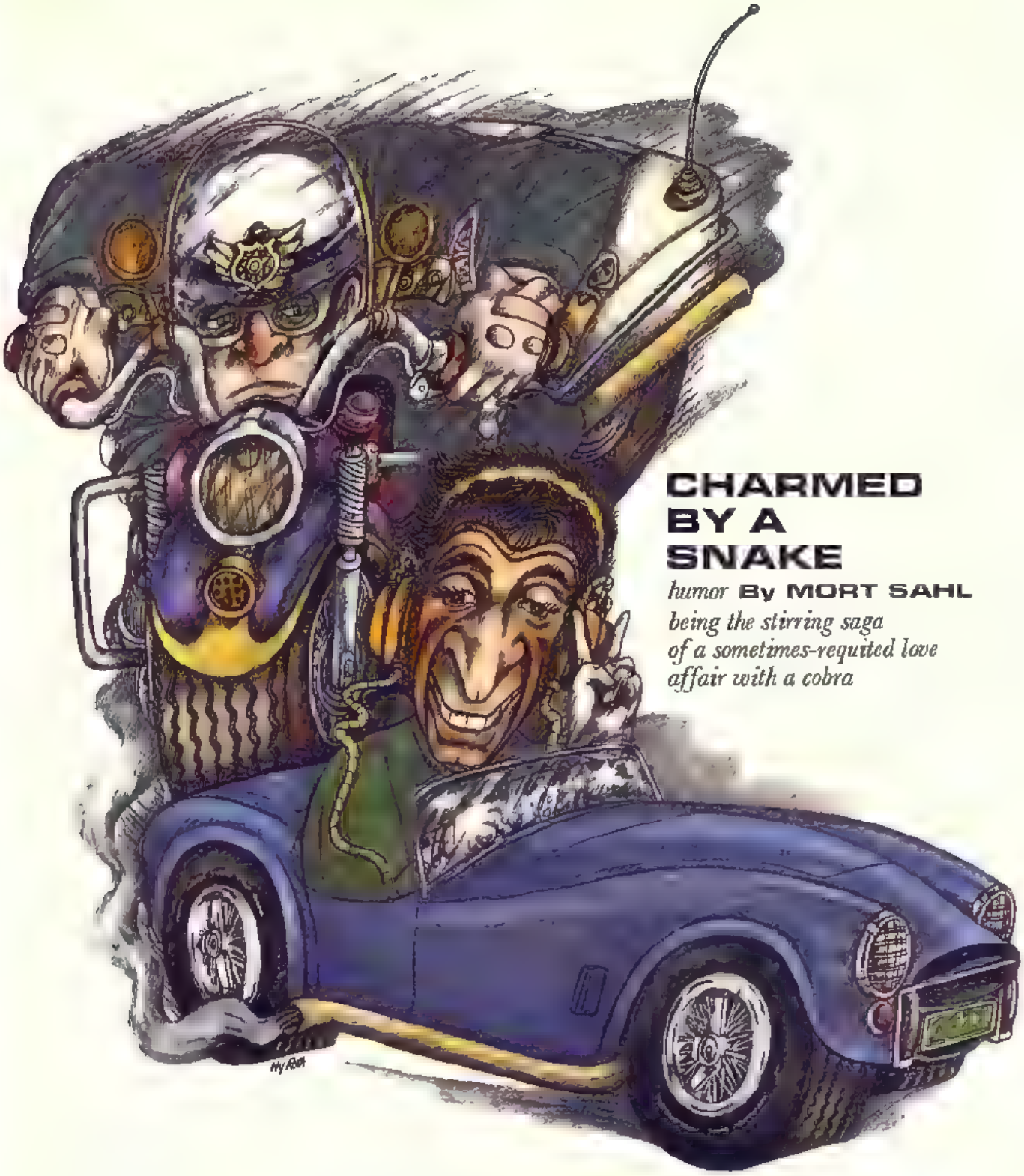
Add to these the continuing nightmare of Vietnam—the first American war so widely believed to be unjust and unwarranted, so strenuously opposed at so many levels and for so many reasons, generally considered lost, yet so single-mindedly pursued by a Government so apparently beyond control. Coming almost simultaneously with the revelation, in Watts and Newark and Detroit, of the desperate and terrifying underside of American life, the war has shaken lifelong assumptions, cast the nation and the world in which it exists in a new and unsparing light and raised questions about all kinds of institutional functions—Selective Service, the President's foreign-policy powers, the setting of priorities, the elections system—that were once thought beyond criticism. The war has shaken Presidents, universities, churches, the dollar, even the United States Senate. Is it any wonder that it has shaken Americans in general? Moreover, since the Vietnam enterprise failed, as most saw it, the question "How did it happen?" inevitably arose. The search for an answer to that question led unerringly to a re-examination of political procedures and beliefs taken as gospel since the dawn of the Cold War; it led unerringly, that is, to a new and skeptical way of looking at and challenging the Government, state power, the established order of things—again, the liberal establishment.

So, amid changing generations, rising affluence and the resulting new political concerns, shocked by Vietnam from their old passivity, Americans of all political persuasions—notably, radical right and New Left, as the sensitive extremes—are in revulsion. If the most visible evidence of that feeling is the student revolt against the university, the most widespread sentiment, coming from all directions, is against the gigantic Governmental engine created by and sustaining the liberal establishment. As Karl Hess, once Barry Goldwater's speechwriter and now a practicing New Leftist, wrote his former boss in an open letter printed in *Ramparts*, what has come about is a "basic crisis, the sort of broken faith in state power that you have urged, the sharp awareness of the meaning of political power as the power of people against the power of overriding institutions."

Hess was urging Goldwater to follow him into the New Left, which is politically unlikely but does have a certain logic; after all, Hess reminded the Arizonan, "In a historical sense, you were a prominent leftist when you attacked established power, as you used to attack it." But few Americans, including Barry Goldwater, have that kind of historical sense, not many recognize or accept the idea of militant left and radical right allied, even in revulsion against state and institutional dominance of the individual, let alone in constructive political action. This is why it is so difficult to predict what might come of the new revulsionism, whether it is anything more than a momentary upsurge against ultimately irresistible pressures. The American center appears now to be doing what it usually does under well-founded challenge. It is accommodating itself to the bumptious trend of revulsionism—accommodating no more than it has to in order to shape the trend, accommodating probably not so much as it ultimately may have to in order to contain it. The Nixon Administration, half revulsionist, half traditionalist, is the primary result of the accommodation, as its two principal domestic programs suggest.

The first of these, a plan for sharing Federal revenues with smaller units of government, if carried out successfully and on a large scale, could make the Federal Government a giant tax collector, the purpose of which would be to finance state and local governments as they develop into the major social and

(continued on page 282)



CHARMED BY A SNAKE

humor By MORT SAHL

being the stirring saga of a sometimes-requited love affair with a cobra

IF SOMEONE WERE TO ASK ME for a short cut to sensuality, I would suggest he go shopping for a used 427 Shelby-Cobra. But it is only fair to warn you that out of the 300 guys who switched to them in 1966, only two went back to women. The 427 is probably the fastest production car in the world and it will always keep you interested, because unless you own real estate near the Bonneville salt flats, you'll never see the top end. In 1951, when Tom McCahill broke 100 miles per hour in a Jaguar XK-120, motor-racing fans were so excited they were running up and down the Venetian blinds. But the Cobra is an honest 180-mph production car. It's not even production—it's immaculate conception.

Today, sports cars are plentiful. One of the unnoticed highlights of *The Graduate* (a picture about a Jewish kid with gentile parents) was an Alfa Romeo Duetto. In fact, the only way you can attract attention nowadays is to drive a London taxicab or a double-decker bus. It was not ever thus. In the early Fifties, a chosen few drove sports cars—mostly MGs or Austin Healeys. These cars were about as successful as everybody's marriage, but you could pedal real hard and try to balance the wire wheels—and at least you were in the field. You could compound this fantasy by reading PLAYBOY, which was embryonic in its efforts but much overdue in community *(continued on page 254)*

ILLUSTRATION BY HY ROTH

shortly after the orient express deposited us in istanbul, the turkish police came to call—causing a sudden change in plans

crook's tour

Concluding a new suspense comedy

By Graham Greene

SYNOPSIS: Retired London bank manager Henry Pulling, attending the cremation of his mother, was surprised to encounter his aunt Augusta, whom he hadn't seen in over half a century. When she took him back to her flat to share some sherry, they were greeted by Wordsworth, his aunt's very large black "valet," who, it soon became obvious, took care of more than the housekeeping. On leaving the flat, Henry discovered that he had left behind a package containing the urn holding his mother's ashes. When Wordsworth returned it to him, Pulling noted it had been tampered with. The next day, Henry discovered why: the police called on him and he learned that over half the urn's contents had been replaced by pot. Later, his aunt informed him that Wordsworth had disappeared and she was enlisting Henry to accompany her to Istanbul, first stop Paris. She did not reveal her reasons for going, but he was led to believe they involved a certain Mr Visconti, who seemed to have figured prominently in his aunt's past. On the way to Paris, Aunt

According to Aunt Augusta, Mr Visconti, disguised as a cleric to escape the Nazis occupying Rome, found himself in the Excelsior bar, being asked to hear a whore's confession

Augusta exhibited an amazing knowledge of sex practices in every corner of the globe and an uncommon concern over getting through customs, arranging for Henry to take her red suitcase through customs for her. When someone whom Aunt Augusta called her banker showed up at their Paris hotel rooms, she had Henry fetch her red case and then leave the room—but not before he noticed that the bag was crammed with ten-pound notes. Henry, pondering the situation as he strolled along the Boulevard des Capucines, was taken aback to come upon Wordsworth. It was a most unsatisfactory meeting, with accusations being hurled. Henry was glad to get away and more than astonished to have Wordsworth pop up again at the Gare de Lyon, just as he was boarding the Orient Express to join his aunt and continue their mysterious journey. To Henry's relief, Wordsworth did not accompany them. As the train pulled out, Pulling discovered that his aunt had a new friend —a very young lady with the improbable name of Tooley, who was also on her way to Istanbul. It was while they were passing from Switzerland into Italy that Tooley told Henry what amounted to a short life story—a father in the CIA, a boyfriend she hoped was waiting for her in Istanbul, a feeling that she was pregnant and the fact that the strange-smelling, strange-looking cigarettes she was sharing with him were pot and had been sold to her in Paris by a fellow who could have been none other than Wordsworth. On arriving in Milan, Aunt Augusta was met by one Mario, a white-haired chap who called her Mother and proved to be Mr Visconti's son; he gave her a parcel in a plain brown wrapper just before the train pulled out. Reminiscing about her life in Rome and Milan with Mr. Visconti, Henry's aunt made it perfectly clear (although Henry had an extraordinarily difficult time getting the message) that she had once been a part-time prostitute. When Henry remonstrated with her about her "sordid" past, Aunt Augusta took the offensive and denigrated him for leading a mean, purposeless life. Pulling left his aunt's compartment in a daze.

I FELT GLAD that I had not lost my temper, but nonetheless, I was shocked and needed a little time for reflection, so I climbed down onto the platform and began to look around me for food. It was the last chance before Belgrade next morning. I bought six ham rolls off a trolley and a bottle of chianti and some sweet cakes—it was not so good a meal as a restaurant would have provided, I thought sadly, and what a dreary station it was. Travel could be a great waste of time. This was the hour of the early evening when the sun had lost its heat and the shadows fell across my small lawn, the hour when I would take my yellow watering can and fill it from the garden tap.

Tooley's voice said, "Would you mind getting me some more Coke?"

"There's nowhere on the train to keep it cold."

"I don't mind warm Coke."

Oh, the absurdity of it all. I could have cried aloud, for now the man with the trolley wouldn't take a pound note and I had to give him two of the dollars that I was carrying in my pocketbook against emergencies, and he refused any change, though I knew the exact rate and told him the lire required.

We sat and talked as Tooley drank her warm Coke. At Venice, the train waited nearly an hour, and dark was falling when we pulled out. I saw nothing at all—we might have been leaving Clapham for Victoria.

It was nearly 9.30 in the evening when we arrived at Sezana. A surly passport man looked at us as though we were imperialist spies. Old women heavily laden with small parcels came down the unplatformed track making for the third class. They emerged from everywhere, like a migration, even from between the goods trucks that stood uncoupled all along the line, looking as though they would never be linked together. No one else joined the train, no one got off. There were no lights, no waiting room in sight; it was cold and the heating had not been turned on. On the road beyond—if there was a road—no cars passed. No railway hotel offered a welcome.

"I'm cold," Tooley said. "I'm going to bed." She offered to leave me a cigarette but I refused. I didn't want to be compromised on this cold frontier. Another uniformed man looked in and regarded my new suitcase on the rack with hatred.

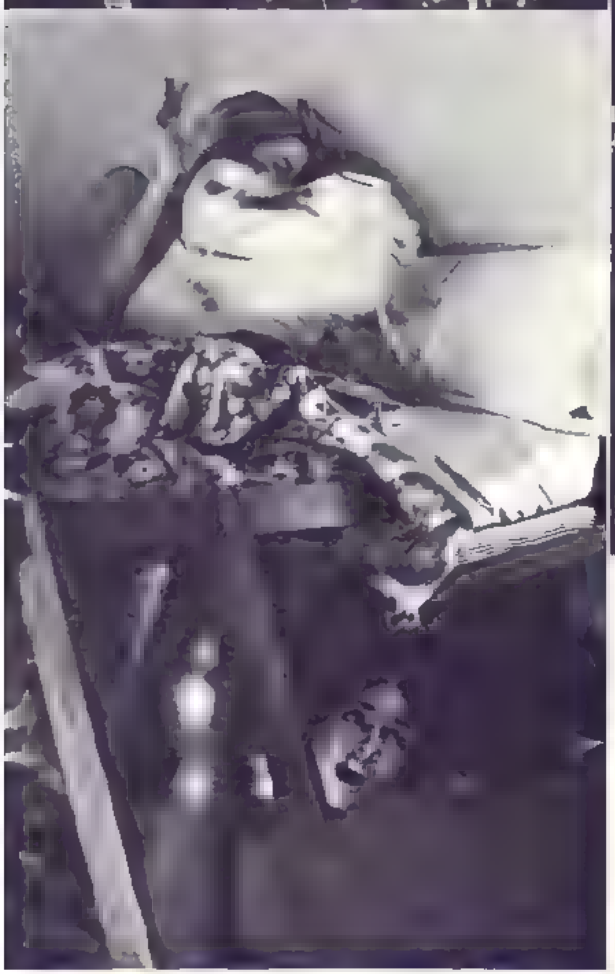
At moments during the night, I woke—in Ljubljana, in Zagreb—but there was nothing to be seen except the lines of stationary rolling stock that looked abandoned, as though nothing was left anywhere to put in the trucks, no one had the energy anymore to roll them and it was only our train that steamed on, impelled by a foolish driver who hadn't realized that the world had stopped and there was nowhere for us to go.

At Belgrade, Tooley and I had breakfast in the station hotel—dry bread and jam and bad coffee—and we bought a bottle of sweet white wine for lunch, but they had no sandwiches. I let my aunt sleep on; it was not a meal worth waking her to share.

In the fields, horses moved slowly along dragging harrows. We were back in the preindustrial age. Tooley and I were both depressed, yet it wasn't the lowest point of our journey, that came as evening fell in Sofia and we tried to buy something to eat, but no one would take any money but Bulgarian except at an exorbitant rate, and even when I agreed to that, there were only tepid sausages on sale made of *(continued on page 162)*

not one to take her cue from
the past or to worry about the future,
blithe-spirited jill taylor
digs living in the now

SUNNY GRL



SINCE "ROWAN AND MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN" took firm hold of the Nielsen ratings, "beautiful downtown Burbank" as that California metropolis is sarcastically referred to on the show—has become the butt of countless quips by people who have never even approached the city's limits. Indeed, Burbank was strictly a laughing matter for us (conditioned reflex) until we met honey-haired Jill Taylor, at which point our respect for the place increased a hundredfold. For Jill, however,

It's Saturday morning and Jill awakens (top left) in an unfamiliar place: the luxurious Palm Springs home of a family friend, where she and four other girls have been invited to spend the weekend. Jill wastes no time rousing the occupant of the bunk opposite her own—and her roommate responds by tossing the pillow that gets the day officially, and riotously, started.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL FIGGE AND ED DEJONG

life itself is but an extended laugh-in, and she couldn't care less what Dan Rowan, Dick Martin and their viewers have to say of her home town. A recent graduate of Burbank High School, where she was chosen senior-class queen, 18-year-old Jill is proof that not all of America's young people

Midmorning finds the girls at poolside. A collapsed rubber raft proves more difficult to inflate than Jill had expected (top), but the effort seems worth while later.

are clawing at the social structure or trying to find their own bag—and then crawl into it. She's in no hurry to commit herself to a course of action, be it employment or further schooling, she's convinced that our present nation in flux will straighten itself out in due time. And, while she admits the possibility is ever-present, she doesn't believe that California is about to tumble into the ocean. However, Jill would never claim to be an authority on politics—nor geology. Her thing is having fun in the sun with her friends and, in moments of solitude, amusing herself by sketching fanciful outfits. "If I ever do settle on a career, it'll have to be designing or modeling fashions—or maybe both. But for now, I'm more interested in having a good time." One

Top: Time passes quickly—to the accompaniment of splashes and giggles—as the mermaids indulge in a variety of improvised water sports, such as racing across the pool and tussling for possession of the raft. Above. Having soted their oppetites for aquatic horseplay, the girls move indoors for a hearthside marshmallow roast and Jill gets her hair braided, then digs into the sticky delicacies as hunger overrules finesse.

MISS JANUARY

reason that Jill isn't in a hurry to become a professional designer is that the current unisex craze turns her off. "I'm old-fashioned about things like that—I appreciate the difference." So do we, and we were glad, indeed, that Jill didn't prove to be old-fashioned when we asked her to grace our January gatefold

In the evening, having ingested all the marshmallows they could handle, Jill and the gang appropriate a piano, a drum set and assorted rhythm instruments that belong to the absent hosts. Jill sees to it that the beat goes on as the girls, in an admittedly amateurish jam session, sing a mixed-up medley of Top 40 favorites. "I'm sure glad there's no tape recorder here," says Jill.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Noticing that her husband's relationship with the alluring miss across the street was becoming more intimate, the suspicious wife awoke one morning to find herself alone in bed. Angered, she dialed her attractive neighbor and bellowed into the phone, "Tell my husband to get his ass across the street."

"Ma'am," a soft, sexy voice replied, "that's where he's been getting it for some time now."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marijuana* as the only kind of grass capable of mowing down the gardener.

As the end of the day drew near, the handsome executive summoned the newly hired secretary to his office. "Do you know what time we quit around here?" he asked, glancing at the clock on the wall.

"Sure," the girl nervously giggled. "When ever somebody knocks on the door."

Then there was the aging alumnus who lamented that when he went to college, it was only a lot of fun, but now it's a riot.

The recently married gentleman came home after a day at the office to find his young wife stretched languorously on the sofa, dressed in a revealing negligee. "Guess what I've got planned for dinner?" she cooed seductively. "And don't tell me you had it for lunch!"

We know an octogenarian who married a woman in her late 70s—they spent their honeymoon trying to get out of the car.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *parlay* as one that is just average.

On a southbound train a few months after the Civil War, a young belle suddenly moved from her seat next to a businessman and sat beside a Confederate veteran who was on his way home from the battle lines. "That carpetbagger offered me ten dollars to spend the night with him," the offended girl indignantly told the soldier.

The Southerner immediately drew his gun and shot the man. "Let that be a lesson to any other damn Yankees," he proclaimed in a loud voice. "Don't come down here and try to double the price of everything."

Upon finishing examining his cute new patient quite thoroughly, the obstetrician smiled and said, "I've got good news for you, Mrs. Smith——"

"Pardon me," interrupted the young lady, "but it's Miss Smith."

"Oh, I see," gulped the physician. "Well, Miss Smith, I've got bad news for you. . . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Navaho erection* as a scrotum pole.

Then there was the amorous actor who tried out for a part in the latest nude play only to find that the position he wanted had already been taken.

Seeing her brother undressed for the first time, the little girl questioned her mother: "Why haven't I got one of those?"

"Be patient, dear," the mother answered knowingly. "If you're good, you'll get one when you grow up. And if you're *very* good, you'll get quite a few."

The highway patrolman stopped a speeding car and, noticing the motorist's inebriated condition, delivered a stern lecture on the dangers of drunken driving. "Do you realize that you were going over seventy miles an hour?" the officer demanded.

"I know," the driver explained. "I want to get home before I have an accident."

After trying to fix a flat tire during a raging blizzard, the young man jumped back into the car with his date and began rubbing his nearly frozen hands. "Let me warm them for you," she offered, placing his hands between her thighs.

When his fingers had thawed out, the chap rushed back to continue working on the tire, but he quickly returned again, complaining that his hands were numb with cold. As he reached under her skirt, she slid forward and whispered ecstatically, "Darling, aren't your ears cold, too?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Nothing like chestnuts roasting on an open fire, eh, Miss Blythdale?"

UNITING THE RACES *(continued from page 128)*

—which is fine, except that most of us can still afford to eat only at the five-and ten-cent-store lunch counters where we originally made our stand; and some of us are literally starving. The system conceded to black people the right to sit in the front of the bus—a hollow victory when one's longest trip is likely to be from the feudal South to the mechanized poverty of the North. It has legislated the right to vote for people who seldom see candidates in whom they can put their trust. And this system in 1968 selected as President of the United States a man who, clearly, was not our choice.

Although unemployment and underemployment are among our most crucial problems, this man's Government gives nearly $10,000,000 in Federal contracts to three textile firms in the Carolinas with proven records of discrimination—on the oral promise that they will "do better"; even Nixon's equal-opportunity bureaucrats couldn't stomach that one. Here is a man who cannot help but know that capitalism has yet to solve the problems of white poverty, yet he offers a pitifully underfinanced public-relations gimmick called black capitalism as an answer to our needs. And while black, brown and red Americans suffer more than whites from the war in Vietnam—in terms of both inductions and deaths—this man has yet to reveal any viable plan for ending the war, the secret plan he said he had more than a year ago. But the war does more, of course, than kill our young men. The 30-billion-dollar annual drain on the Treasury for this conflict and the entire inflated military budget are testimonies to us that America is more interested in killing than in exalting life.

To discuss what could or should be done by any American President or American Congress to include nonwhite Americans as recipients of the supposed benefits of the American way of life is to discuss an endless list of existing but unenforced Executive orders and Presidential promises. It has been over 15 years, for instance, since the United States Supreme Court, in *Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka*, declared that segregation in public schools was illegal. The next year, Southern schools were ordered to desegregate with "all deliberate speed." Yet, a decade and a half later, every American city—North, South, East and West—still maintains a racially segregated school system.

Time has demonstrated that cutting off Federal funds has been the single most effective method of enforcing the Court's ruling; yet a combination of racist Southern Federal judges, a policy of appeasement practiced by Democratic and Republican administrations and a lack of national interest in this crucial question have conspired to hold the percentage of integrated black schoolchildren in the South to 40 percent. Indeed—until they were stopped in October 1969 by a Supreme Court headed by his own appointee—the Nixon Administration was committing the most bestial sort of political fornication with its political bedfellows, the new Republicans of the South. Together, they instituted court action when other available methods promised to be too speedy. They relaxed Federal pressure at the 11th hour, giving aid and comfort to every segregation-minded school board and superintendent in the South.

The only just course of action for the Government is to insist that "all deliberate speed" has run its course; to immediately cut off *all* Federal funds to any school district that practices discrimination, whether that district is in Chatham County, Georgia, or Cook County, Illinois, to insist that existing black principals and schoolteachers in integrated settings retain their seniority and job level; to resist the use of culturally biased tests to assign pupils to honors programs or grade levels.

But education alone does not solve problems of poverty and unemployment for a people with high social visibility. Something more revolutionary is required. The Congress should declare that those farmers in the South and Southwest who have built fortunes by collecting Federal monies for not growing crops have forfeited the right to possess that land. The land, in turn, should be redistributed to the landless and frequently jobless people who work it for starvation wages while its owners get rich by harnessing their plows to the Federal wagon. In the South, this type of land reform would mean important progress in property ownership for poor black—and many white—sharecroppers. In the Southwest, it would mean the *chicanos* would have a chance to control the land whose soil their sweat has made fertile over so many years.

President Nixon has begun what no other President in recent years has dared to do—tamper with the outmoded and dependence-fostering welfare system. His proposed reforms, however, would actually work to penalize the large industrial states and would subsidize cheap black labor in the South. And his proposed national floor of $1600 a year for a family of four would be amusing if there were not real people involved with real mouths to feed. The nation ought to establish a workable welfare floor for a family of four at $5500 a year. The Congress ought to insist on retaining the food-stamp and commodities-distribution programs and should abandon the notion of indiscriminately forcing welfare recipients to work. Since no one remains poor by choice in this country, no one should be required to take an unacceptable job simply because he is poor.

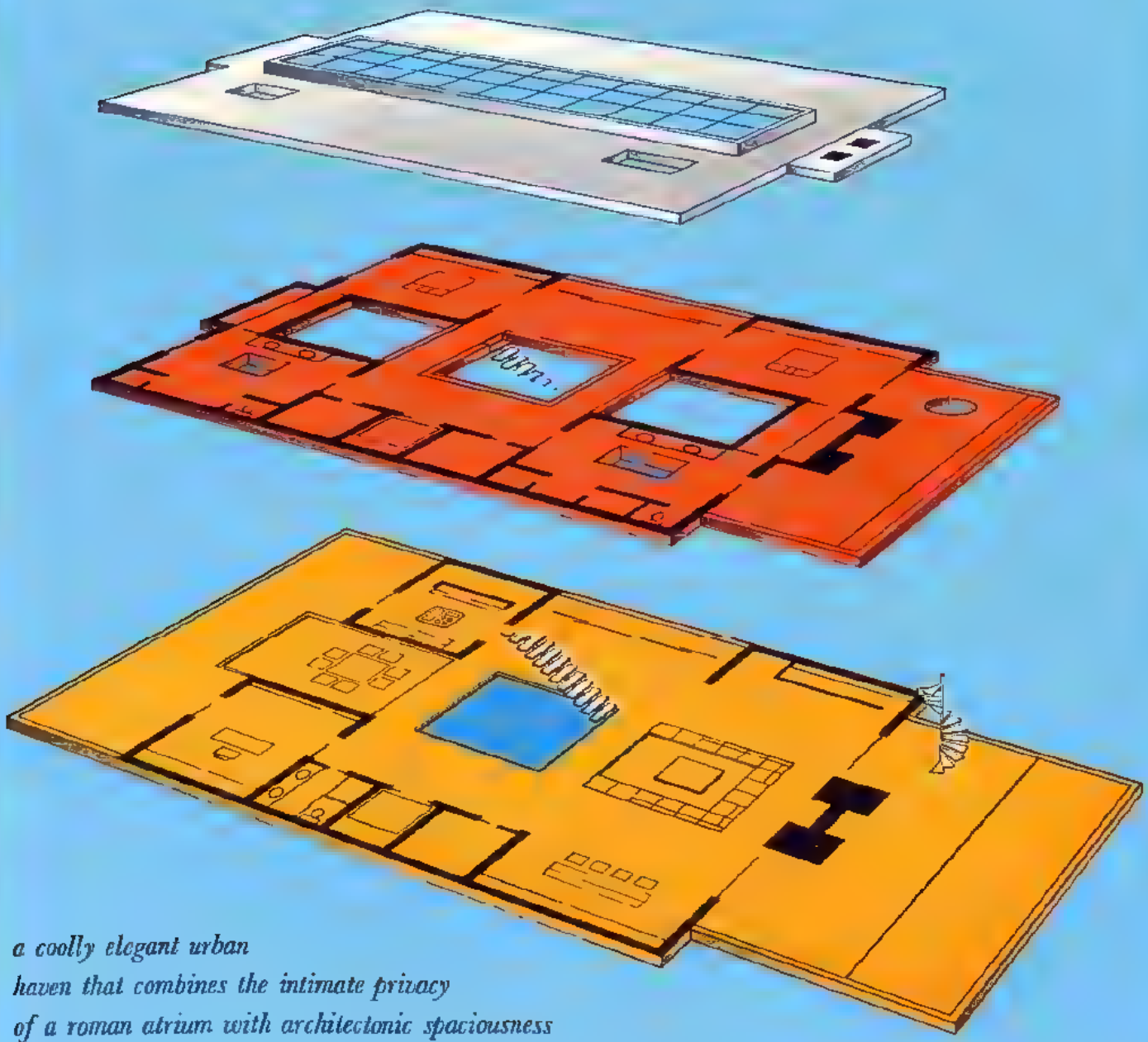
A national program enabling land ownership and establishing sustaining welfare standards, if implemented by every state in the union, would begin to halt the flow of poor, unskilled Americans from farm to city. Such a program, if capably administered, would begin to ease, if only temporarily and belatedly, the problems of America's overburdened cities. Federal and state governments, meanwhile, should become the employers of last resort by providing jobs for low-skilled Americans, particularly men, while these same men participate in training programs designed to fit them for today's job market.

If the American minorities—the Mexican, Puerto Rican, Indian and black Americans, and the slowly vanishing poor-white Americans—have the guaranteed opportunity for income, then the pathologies that distort their lives will begin to disappear. At the same time, the "colored" minorities in America must recognize the desperate need for the cultivation, singly and collectively, of the kind of power whites have monopolized since the American experiment began. Each group of us must recognize that evil men and an evil system now crush our every aspiration, that no question of education or job training or integration of jobs and housing can be implemented without a correlated grasp of power by the powerless. One simple way that the Government—if it wanted to—could facilitate this bid for legitimate power would be by dispatching Federal registrars to the numerous Southern counties where voting figures demonstrate that intimidation and fear still prevent black people from voting.

Finally, white America is going to have to accept the judgment of the Kerner Commission report that the fragmentation of the races in this country is *its* problem, and an explosive one. If programs and cures are not advanced and enforced, then no one can hope that life in America will grow less violent or tense, or that other Watts and Detroits and Newarks will not occur again, with greater intensity and greater sophistication. Neither white nor black capitalism is guaranteed by our Constitution, but the 13th, 15th and 16th amendments do guarantee the right of all men to eat, breathe and live. White providence should want it no other way. The nonwhites of America will *struggle* to have it no other way. As an old black abolitionist, Frederick Douglass, said over 100 years ago, "We can be remolded, changed, assimilated, but never extinguished. . . . This is our country. . . . We shall neither die out nor be driven out, but shall go with [white] people, either as a testimony against them or as evidence in their favor, throughout generations."

PLAYBOY PLANS A DUPLEX PENTHOUSE

modern living



a coolly elegant urban haven that combines the intimate privacy of a roman atrium with architectonic spaciousness

WAY BACK IN THE FALL of 1956, we presented *Playboy's Penthouse Apartment*, by far the most successful and mail-garnering modern-living feature we had ever published, and the first in a series of Playboy Pads—actual and projected. Although we have featured a great variety of dwellings, they all have had the same specific design purpose: to appeal to the urban bachelor who believes a man's home is not only his castle but also an outward reflection of his inner self, a place where he can live, love and be merry, entertain his friends with parties big and small, play poker with cronies from the office or relax alone with a fond companion. Now, 13 years after our first penthouse design appeared, and with a new decade dawning, we are again projecting our concept of the pinnacle of urban living, this time a duplex penthouse that combines the latest technological and architectural advances with an idea that's as old as the hills—the Roman hills, that is. Houses in ancient Rome were often built around an atrium, a central courtyard, that provided air and sun, and could yet be enjoyed in privacy. Our duplex penthouse uses the atrium concept but is otherwise a model of modernity. Its first level provides for the more gregarious pursuits of the owner, both within its walls and on its garden and patio-terraces. The second level is reserved for his more intimate, private activities, and provides him with unroofed patio-terraces from which he may enjoy the sun and stars, the

Above, left to right: In front of the multipaneled abstract painting are four Italian-designed spun-aluminum enameled Torino chairs upholstered in patent vinyl, $500 each, and a matching Torino table, $800, both from Stendig. A lacquer-finished cocktail table that features a stainless-steel top with built-in magazine rack plus side storage compartments for books, etc., from Knoll, $560, dominates the sunken talk pit.

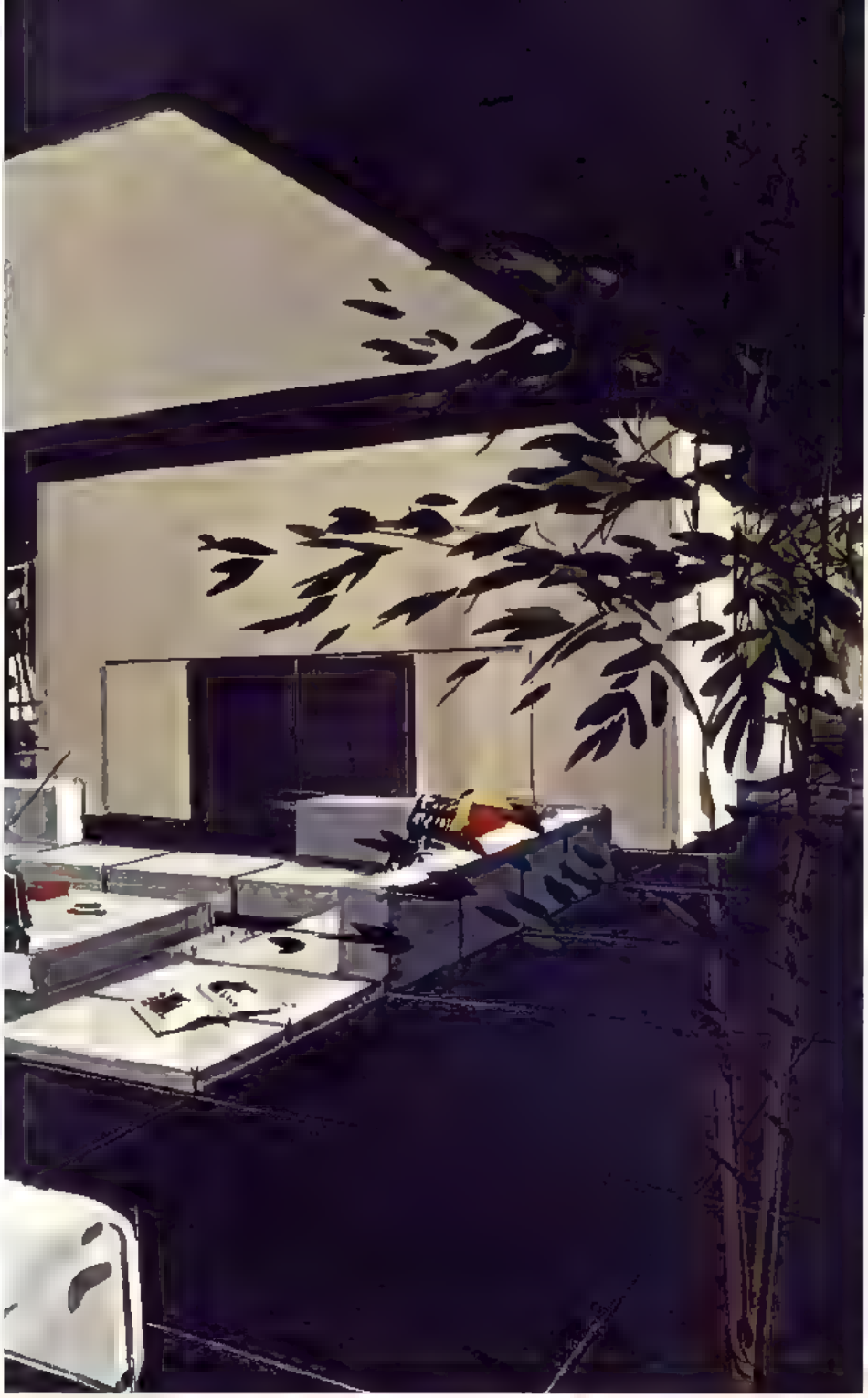
ARCHITECTURAL RENDERINGS BY ROBERT BRAY

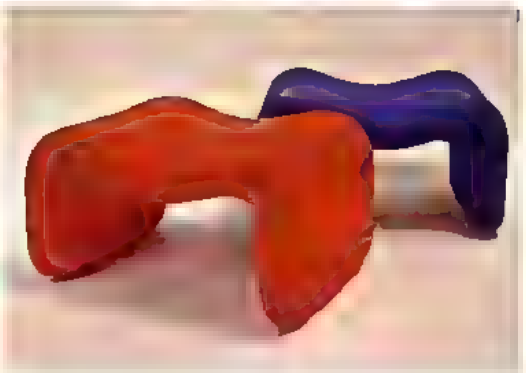
surrounding urban scene and seasons. Both first and second levels are oriented around the two-story atrium.

Our duplex penthouse is, as we said, contemporary—as our first one was in its day. And, like our first penthouse, it is a combination of projected design and actual (that is, purchasable) elements. Now, as then, we have started with a realistic urban premise: There are terraced penthouses for rent. Today, however, more duplexes are available, not only on lease but for co-op ownership and as condominiums, and—at some cost—they may be modified to suit one's personal needs and preferences. This may require remodeling, to be sure, but value is thus enhanced. No alteration is required for most of the available furnishings and appliances, and elements of decor, which we would recommend be considered as suitable to this penthouse and the life style it affords, though some customization—and custom installation—is often desirable.

A large part of this new urban way of life is responsive to architectural serenity and spatial sculpturing, to gain a sense of quite-private interior vistas, rather than focusing on or relying upon the outward view from the penthouse windows, garden and patio-terraces.

The contemporary architect's feel for cleanliness of line and absence of clutter is apparent in this new penthouse, not only in terms of what one sees but in what one does not. Thus, unless it makes no utilitarian sense at all, the mechanical and electronic accouterments are cunningly concealed in cabinetwork and behind motorized panels; few people, after all, drive their cars with the hood open to reveal the engine, and the novelty of electronic, transistorized and semi-automated aids to easy living has sufficiently worn off to make their display rather ostentatious, as well as decoratively obtrusive. You will see that the atrium not only is two levels but is roofed with a motorized skylight and bridged by two balustraded *(text continued on page 161)*

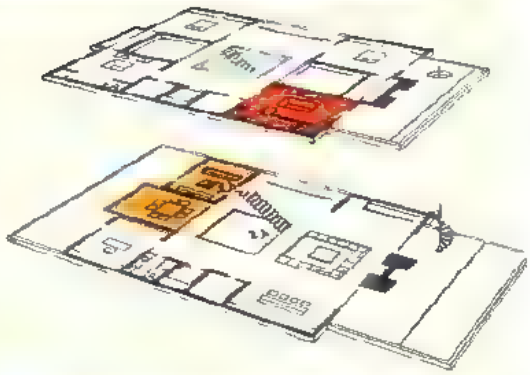




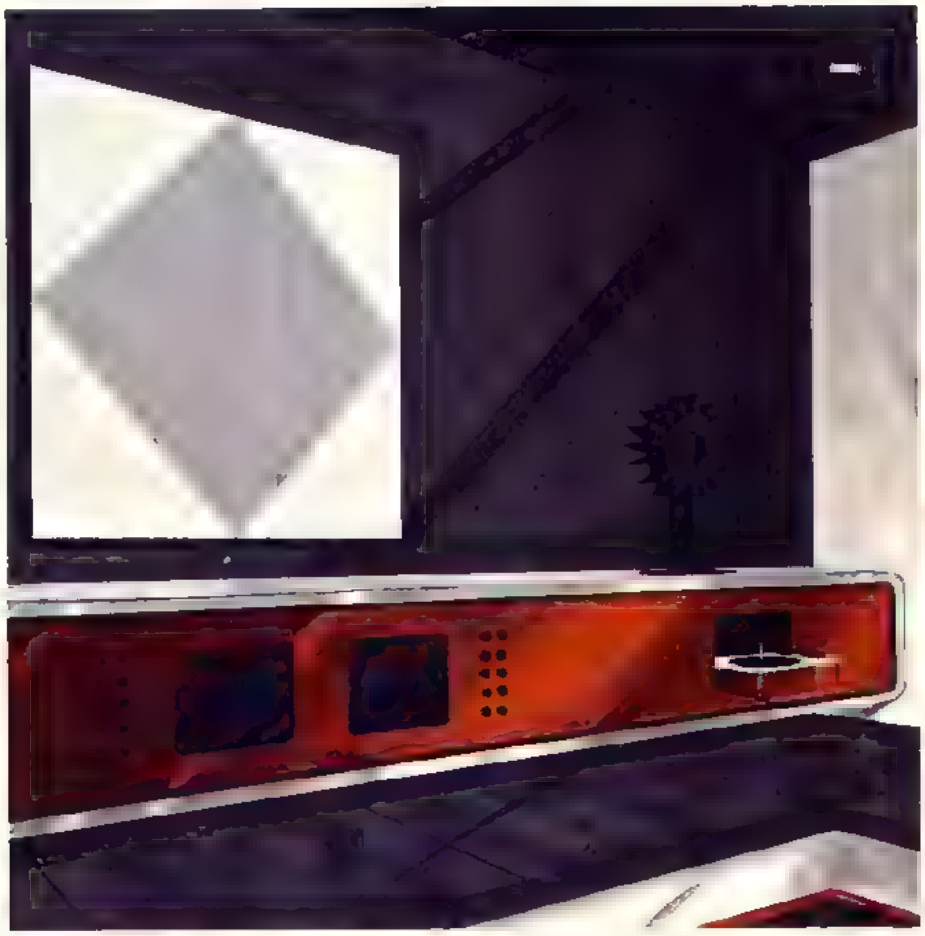
Above, left to right: Around the sunken talk pit are leather-covered Domino Chairs of polyurethane foam, from Stendig, $500 each. Molded foam-rubber and tubular-steel benches, covered with stretch zip-on wool jersey, from Turner-T, $190 each, overlook the reflecting pool.

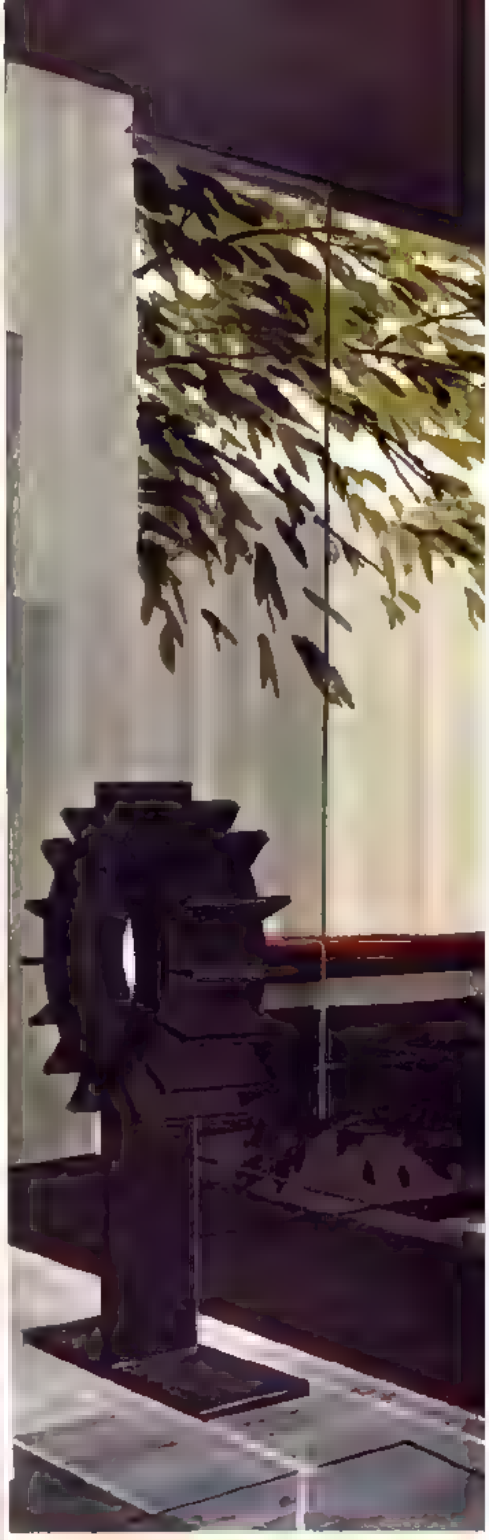
Top left: You're standing in the foyer of our duplex penthouse, looking toward the living-room area—as the floor-plan pointer above indicates. In front of the fireplace wall are leather Domino Chairs; behind them, a multipaneled abrasionproof painting covers an array of audio and video equipage.

FOR DETAILED FLOOR PLANS, SEE PAGE 234

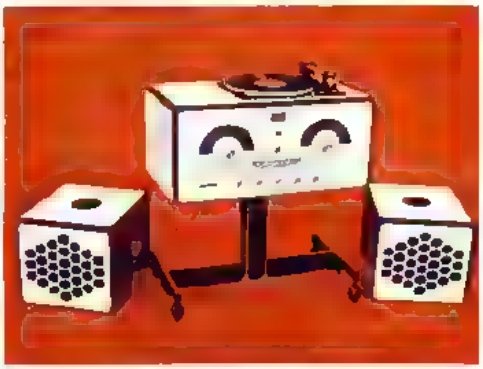


Numbers are keyed to floor plans. **1.** In the Oriental-influenced dining area seen at left, guests may dine Japanese style in complete comfort: The floor cushions feature lift-up back rests and a leg well has been built in below the table. However, should a formal dinner be in the offing, the tabletop can be hydraulically raised to the standard 30-inch height (closing off the leg well), the cushions removed and chairs provided. **2.** The multimirrored master bath, above, located on the second level, features a sunken soak tub set in a radiant-heated black-slate floor. Area beyond is a terrace; others house sauna, shower and lavatory. **3.** The penthouse kitchen, below, features the ultimate in culinary conveniences. Foodstuffs not needing refrigeration are stored in the wall by means of the vertical conveyor belt seen through the open cabinet door. Above the digital clock is the push-button-operated screen onto which recipes can be rear-projected.





1. Above: Built into one wall of the master bedroom are color TV, tape, cassette and LP gear, video-tape recorder and a two-way audio-visual closed-circuit hookup that enables instant communication with anyone, anywhere in the pad. All the bedroom's electronic wizardry can be controlled from a panel located between the bed's adjustable padded headrests. **2.** Below: When our man about town wishes to leave the comfortable confines of his kinetic bedchamber, he can stroll onto his private patio-terrace, kindle a blaze in the fireplace and listen to his choice of sounds on his Italian-designed stereo set.



A castered Brionvega stereo rig that features a four-speed record changer, AM/FM radio and detachable speakers, from Beylerian, $1000, stands on the master patio-terrace.

catwalks that join the private chambers on the second level and provide vaulted vistas for the more gregarious activities for which the first level is reserved.

In both architecture and decor, we have striven to give this penthouse the feel of a proper house—as opposed to an apartment, however luxurious it might be. (For example, the building's elevator opens not on an apartment house hall but directly into the penthouse's entrance foyer; the solid elevator door may be opened by the owner's key or remotely, from within.) The individualization that is ever more important in today's world is most readily achieved, we believe, by working from a validly conceived and pleasingly proportioned architectural matrix for living, to be imprinted with each owner's choice of colors, textures, works of art and personal *bibelots*, be they heirlooms or recent acquisitions. What you see here are our suggestions; each man will have his own preferences, but may find ours to his liking or stimulating to his imagination. Now—in imagination—we invite you to tour the proposed premises, as a prospective owner would do.

You leave your car with the doorman or parking *(continued on page 233)*

1. Above: The focal point of the master bedroom is a sunken king-sized bed with molded fiberglass frame. Behind the abstract pane is a battery of projectors that can turn the room into an electric circus of colors either far out or romantic. Wardrobe needs are stored nearby in dustproof closets. The remote-control sliding glass doors open onto the patio-terrace. A bedside high-intensity lamp provides illumination for reading

crook's tour

(continued from page 143)

some coarse unrecognizable meat and chocolate cake made of a chocolate substitute and pink fizzy wine. I hadn't seen my aunt all day except once, when she looked in on us and refused Tooley's last bar of chocolate and said sadly and unexpectedly, "I loved chocolate once. I am growing old." Eventually, I went down the corridor to find her.

I found her with a Baedeker opened and a map of Istanbul spread over her knee. She looked like a general planning a campaign.

"I'm sorry about yesterday afternoon, Aunt Augusta," I said. "I really didn't mean to say anything against Mr. Visconti. After all, I don't know the circumstances. Tell me more about him."

"He was a quite impossible man," my aunt said, "but I loved him and what he did with my money was the least of his faults. For example, he was what they call a collaborator. During the German occupation, he acted as advisor to the German authorities on questions of art, and he had to get out of Italy very quickly after the death of Mussolini. Göring had been making a big collection of pictures, but even he couldn't easily steal pictures from places like the Uffizi, where the collection was properly registered, but Mr. Visconti knew a lot about the unregistered—all sorts of treasures hidden away in *palazzos* almost as crumbling as your uncle Jo's. Of course, his part got to be known, and there'd be quite a panic in a country place when Mr. Visconti appeared, taking lunch in the local *taverna*. The trouble was he wouldn't play even a crooked game straight or the Germans might have helped him escape. He began to take money from this *marchese* and that not to tip off the Germans—this gave him liquid cash or sometimes a picture he fancied for himself, but it didn't make him friends and the Germans soon suspected what was going on. Poor old devil," she added, "he hadn't a friend he could trust. Mario was still at school with the Jesuits and I had gone back to England when the War began."

"What happened to him in the end?"

"I thought for a long time he'd been liquidated by the partisans. Mr. Visconti, as I told you, was not a man for fighting with knives or fists. A man who fights never survives long, and Mr. Visconti was great at survival. Why, the old sod," she said with tender delight, "he survives to this moment. He must be eighty four, if he's a day. He wrote to Mario and Mario wrote to me, and that's why you and I have taken the train to Istanbul. I couldn't explain all that in London, it was too complicated, and anyway, I hardly knew you. Thank goodness for the gold brick, that's all I can say."

"The gold brick?"

Never mind. That's quite another thing."

"You told me about a gold brick at London Airport, Aunt Augusta; surely . . . ?"

"Of course not. It's not that one. That was quite a little one. Don't interrupt. I'm telling you now about poor Mr. Visconti. It seems he's fallen on very lean times."

"Where is he? In Istanbul?"

"It's better you shouldn't know, for there are people still after him. Oh, dear, he certainly escaped the hard way. Mr. Visconti was a good Catholic, but he was very, very anti-clerical; and yet, in the end, it was the priesthood that saved him. He went to a clerical store in Rome, when the Allies were coming close, and he paid a fortune to be fitted out like a monsignor, even to the purple socks. He said that a friend of his had lost all his clothes in a bombing raid and they pretended to believe him. Then he went with a suitcase to the lavatory in the Excelsior Hotel, where we had given all those cocktail parties for the cardinals, and changed. He kept away from the reception desk, but he was unwise enough to look in at the bar—the barman, he knew, was very old and short-sighted. Well, you know, in those days, a lot of girls used to come to the bar to pick up German officers. One of these girls—I suppose it was the approach of the Allied troops that did it—was having a *crise de conscience*. She wouldn't go to her friend's bedroom, she regretted her lost purity, she would never sin again. The officer plied her with more and more cocktails, but with every drink, she became more religious. Then she spied Mr. Visconti, who was having a quick whiskey in a shady corner. 'Father,' she cried to him, 'hear my confession.' You can imagine the tension in the bar, the noise outside as the evacuation got under way, the crying children, people drinking up what there was in the bar, the Allied planes overhead. . . ."

"How did you hear the story, Aunt Augusta?"

"Mr. Visconti told Mario the essentials when he got to Milan, and I can imagine the rest. Especially, I can picture poor Mr. Visconti in his purple socks. 'My child,' he said, 'this is no fit place for a confession.'

" 'Never mind the place. What does the place matter? We are all about to die and I am in mortal sin. Please, please, Monsignor.' She had noticed his socks by this time. What worried Mr. Visconti most was the attention she was provoking.

" 'My child,' he told her, 'in this state of emergency, a simple act of contrition is enough. But oh, no, she wasn't going to be fobbed off with something cheap like that—'Bargain sale, owing to closing down of premises.' She went and knelt at his knees. 'Your Grace,' she exclaimed. She was used to giving officers a superior rank—it nearly always pleased a captain to be called a major.

" 'I am not a bishop,' Mr. Visconti said. 'I am only a humble monsignor.' Mario questioned his father closely about this episode, and I have really invented nothing. If anyone has invented a detail, it is Mario. You have to remember that he writes verse plays.

" 'Father,' the girl implored, taking the hint, 'help me.'

" 'The secrecy of the confessional,' Mr. Visconti pleaded back—they were now, you see, pleading to each other, and she pawed Mr. Visconti's knee, while he pawed the top of her head in an ecclesiastical way. Perhaps it was the pawings that made the German officer interrupt with impatience.

" 'For God's sake,' he said, 'if she wants to confess, Monsignor, let her. Here's the key to my room, just down the passage, past the lavatory.'

"So off went Mr. Visconti with the hysterical girl—he remembered just in time to put down his whiskey. He had no choice, though he hadn't been to confession himself for thirty years and he had never learned the priest's part. Luckily, there was an air conditioner in the room breathing heavily, and that obscured his whispers, and the girl was too much concerned with her role to pay much attention to his. She began right away; Mr. Visconti had hardly time to sit on the bed, pushing aside a steel helmet and a bottle of schnapps, before she was getting down to details. He had wanted the whole thing finished as quickly as possible, but he told Mario that he couldn't help becoming a little interested, now she had got started, and wanting to know a bit more. After all, he was a novice—though not in the ecclesiastical sense.

" 'How many times, my child?' That was a phrase he remembered very well from his adolescence.

" 'How can you ask that, Father? I've been at it all the time ever since the occupation. After all, they were our allies, Father.'

" 'Yes, yes, my child.' I can just see him enjoying the chance he had of learning a thing or two, even though his life was in danger. Mr. Visconti was a very lecherous man. He said, 'Always the same thing, my child?'

She regarded him with astonishment. 'Of course not, Father. Who on earth do you think I am?'

"He looked at her kneeling in front of him and I am sure he longed to punch her. Mr. Visconti was always a great pincher. 'Anything unnatural, my child?'

" 'What do you mean, unnatural, Father?'

'Mr. Visconti explained.

" 'Surely that's not unnatural, Father?'

(continued on page 224)

POINTS OF REBELLION

article By JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

residual problems of disastrous proportions plague the nation on the threshold of a new decade; it is precisely those who now feel most frustrated who can summon up the cleansing winds of change

A 16-YEAR-OLD BOY in Tokyo is symbolic of the dissent that is sweeping Japan. Japan has become identified with U.S. militarism, and some say Japan is now thoroughly subdued by the U.S. military approach to world problems. Japan is a huge U.S. Air Force base. It is also the only means by which the Seventh Fleet replenishes its supplies and is able to continue its operations in Far Eastern waters.

What worries the 16-year-old from Tokyo? The U.S. fear of Peking is the only major reason for our conversion of Japan into a military base. Yet neither the youth of Japan nor the older generation fears China. "We are blood brothers and have lived side by side for centuries."

Why, then, does Japan tolerate U.S. military bases in her country? The answer is an overwhelming fear of Russia.

That fear of the Japanese is as senseless as our own fear of Peking. Each senseless fear feeds the other. Whatever the Japanese youth may think of Russia, he sees the American military presence in Japan as inexorably involving Japan in a conflict with Peking. Our presence there has already had dire consequences, from the Japanese international viewpoint. They were pressured by us not to recognize Taipeh, a step that many Japanese—young and old—deem morally wrong. For the real China is mainland China, with her 800,000,000 people. Peking, not Taipeh, is the mirror of the 21st Century, with all of its troublesome problems. The Japanese—especially the young—want to get on with those problems, so that they will not fester and worsen.

The youthful dissenter in the U.S. probably does not see the Asian situation as clearly as the Japanese dissenter, unless he gets to Vietnam or nearby. Yet more and more of the youth of America are instinctively horrified at the way Johnson avoided all constitutional procedures and slyly maneuvered us into an Asian war. There was no national debate over a declaration of war. The lies and half-truths they were told and the phony excuses advanced gradually made most Americans dubious of the integrity of our leadership.

Moreover, the lack of any apparent threat to American interests, whether Vietnam was fascist, Communist or governed in the ancient Chinese mandarin tradition (as it was for years), compounded the American doubts concerning our Vietnam venture. And the youth rebelled violently when Johnson used his long arm to try to get colleges to discipline the dissenters and when he turned the Selective Service System into a vindictive weapon for use against the protesters.

Various aspects of militarism have produced kindred protests among the youth both here and in Japan. There is, I believe, a common suspicion among youth around the world that the design for living, fashioned for them by their politically bankrupt elders, destines them either to the nuclear incinerator or to a life filled with a constant fear of it.

The Japanese say that the most dreadful time in history was the period when only one nation (the U.S.) had the atomic bomb. Then that bomb was used, and Hiroshima is not forgotten. To the Japanese, a sense of security came when Russia acquired the same bomb. They reason that that created a deterrent to the use of nuclear force by any of the great powers.

But we know that preparedness and the armament race inevitably lead to war. Thus it ever has been and ever will be. Armaments are no more of a deterrent to war than the death sentence is to murder. We know from our own experience

ILLUSTRATION FOR PLAYBOY BY BILL MAULDIN

that among felonies, the incidence of murder is no higher in Michigan and Minnesota (where the death penalty was abolished years ago) than in California and New York. Moreover, when Delaware restored the death penalty eight years ago, there was an increase, not a decrease, in the rate of homicides.

If the war that comes is a nuclear conflict, the end of planetary life is probable. If it is a war with conventional weapons, bankruptcy is inevitable. Modern technological war is much too expensive to fight. Vietnam has bled our country at the rate of two and a half billion dollars a month.

We still have the Pentagon, with a fantastic budget that enables it to dream of putting down the much-needed revolutions that will arrive in Peru, in the Philippines and in other benighted countries. Where is the force that will restrain the Pentagon? Would a President dare face it down?

The strength of a center of power such as the Pentagon is measured in part by the billions of dollars it commands. Its budget is greater than the total Federal budget in 1957. Beyond that is the self-perpetuating character of the Pentagon. Its officer elite is, of course, subject to some controls, but those controls are mostly formal.

It has a magnetism and an energy of its own. It exercises, moreover, a powerful impact on the public mind. Its public representatives are numerous and a phone call or a personal visit propels the spokesman into action. It has on the Hill one public-relations man for every two or three Congressmen and Senators. The mass media—essentially the voice of the establishment—reflect mostly the mood of the Pentagon and the causes the military-industrial complex espouses. So we, the people, are relentlessly pushed in the direction that the Pentagon desires.

The push in that direction is increased by powerful foreign interests. The China lobby, financed by the millions of dollars extorted and extracted from America by the Kuomintang, uses vast sums to brainwash us about Asia. The Shah of Iran hires Madison Avenue houses to give a democratic luster to his military, repressive dictatorship. And so it goes.

I have, perhaps, put into sophisticated words the worries and concerns of modern youth. Their wisdom is often instructive, or they may acquire a revealing insight from a gross statement made by their elders. But part of their overwhelming fear is the prospect of the military regime that has ruled us since Truman and the ominous threat that the picture holds. Is it our destiny to kill Russians? To kill Chinese? Why can't we work at cooperative schemes and search for the common ground binding all mankind together?

We seem to be going in the other direction. This year, we will spend $891,500,000 for developing the ABM, which is almost as much as we will allocate to community-action and model-cities programs combined; we will spend 1.7 billion dollars on new Navy ships, which is close to what we will spend on education for the poor; we will spend 8 billion dollars on new-weapons research, which is more than the current cost of the Medicare program; and so on and so on.

Race is another source of dissent. Negroes want parity as respects human dignity—parity as respects equal justice and parity in economic opportunities.

Police practices are anti-Negro. Unemployment is anti-Negro. Housing is anti-Negro. Education is anti-Negro.

Almost 50 percent of the Negroes live in a state of poverty. Over half of the 6,500,000 Americans of Mexican descent in the Southwest also live in poverty. Our food program is another cause of dissent. Millions upon millions of dollars go to corporate and other farmers to restrict production and to guarantee profits for the producers. Only meager amounts are made available to the poor.

Thus, in one year, Texas producers (who constitute .02 percent of the Texas population) received $250,000,000 in subsidies, while the Texas poor (who constitute 28.8 percent of the Texas population) received $7,500,000 in food assistance.

Of the 30,000,000 poor at the national level, fewer than 6,000,000 participate in either the food-stamp program or the surplus-commodities program.

Bias in the laws against the poor is another source of dissent. Vagrancy laws are one example. Many cities make being poor a crime. A man who wanders, looking for a job, is suspect, and he and his kind are arrested by the thousands each year. The police use vagrancy as an excuse for arresting people on suspicion—a wholly unconstitutional procedure in our country.

Bias against the poor is present in the usury laws and in the practices of consumer credit. There are some credit transactions where the monthly payment is so restricted and the accumulation of interest so rapid that one who makes time payments for ten years will owe more at the end than at the beginning. For the poor, the interest rates often rise to 1000 percent a year.

We got rid of our debtors' prisons in the last century. But today's garnishment proceedings are as destructive and as vicious as the debtors' dungeons. Employers have commonly discharged workers whose wages are garnisheed, and the total runs over 250,000 a year. In many states, the percentage of wages garnisheed has been so high that a family is often reduced to a starvation level.

Congress in 1968 passed a law requiring full disclosure of all consumer-credit charges. It also banned the discharge of employees whose wages are garnisheed and it reduced the percentage of the weekly wage that may be garnisheed.

But the charges for consumer credit are governed almost entirely by state law; and in 1969, practically all the states (at least 48) were asked to adopt a so-called model code, fashioned by the finance-company lobby, that increases permissible charges and makes the hold of the lender even tighter on the poor. Needless to say, the finance-company lobby did not recommend the introduction of neighborhood credit unions, whose interest is low.

Landlord-tenant laws are also filled with bias against the poor. They have been written by the landlords' lobby, making the tenant's duty to pay rent absolute and the landlord's duty to make repairs practically nonexistent.

Disemployment due to technological advances is becoming endemic. Private industry will not be able to take care of the employment needs of our mounting population. Yet no public sector of consequence is provided. Only the welfare system is offered and in the eyes of the poor, it pays the poor to be poor.

Another main source of disaffection among our youth stems from the reckless way in which the establishment has despoiled the earth. The matter was put recently by a 16-year-old boy, who asked his father, "Why did you let me be born?" His father, taken aback, asked the reason for the silly question. The question turned out to be relevant.

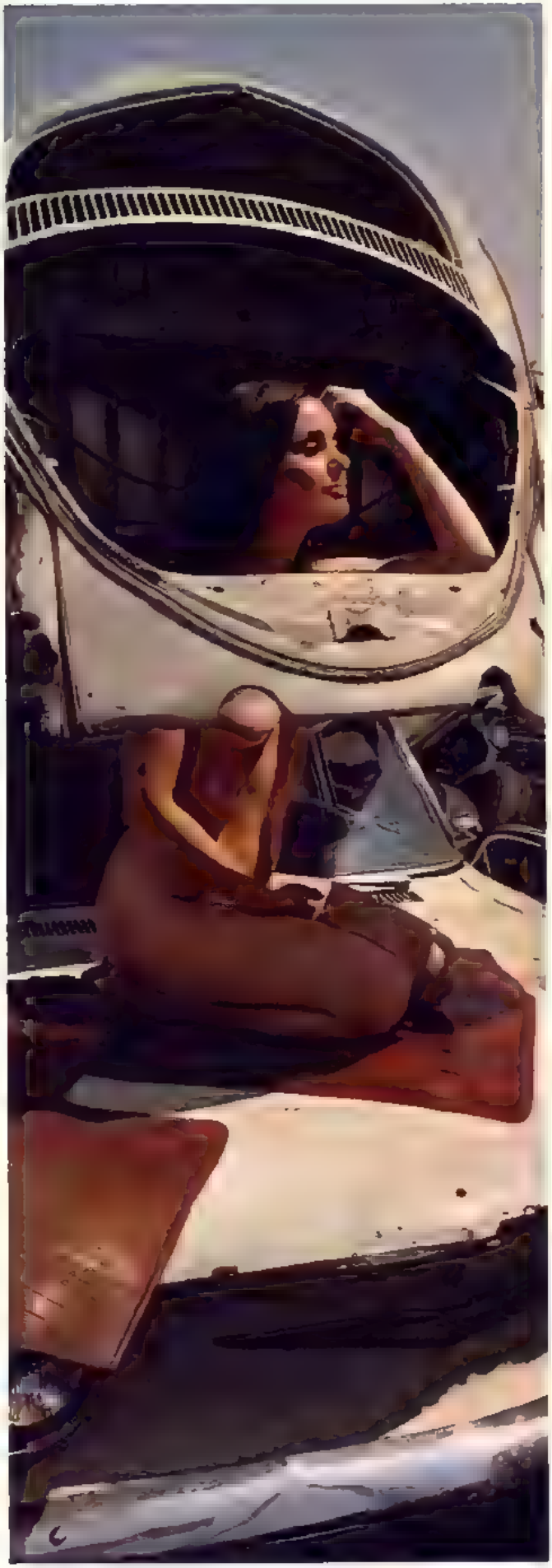
At the present rate of the use of oxygen in the air, it may not be long before there is not enough for people to breathe. The percentage of carbon dioxide in some areas is already dangerously high. Sunshine and green leaves may not be able to make up the growing deficiency of oxygen that exists only in a thin belt around the earth.

Everyone knows—including the youthful dissenters—that Lake Erie is now only a tub filled with stinking sewage and wastes. Many of our rivers are open sewers. Our estuaries—essential breeding grounds for marine life—are fast being either destroyed by construction projects or poisoned by pollution. The virgin stands of timber are virtually gone. Only remnants of the once-immortal redwoods remain. Pesticides have killed millions of birds, putting some of them in line for extinction. Hundreds of trout streams have been destroyed by highway engineers and their faulty plans. The wilderness disappears each year under the ravages of bulldozers, highway builders and men in search of metals that will make them rich. Our coast lines are being ruined by men who look for oil yet have not mastered the technology enough to know how to protect the public interest in the process.

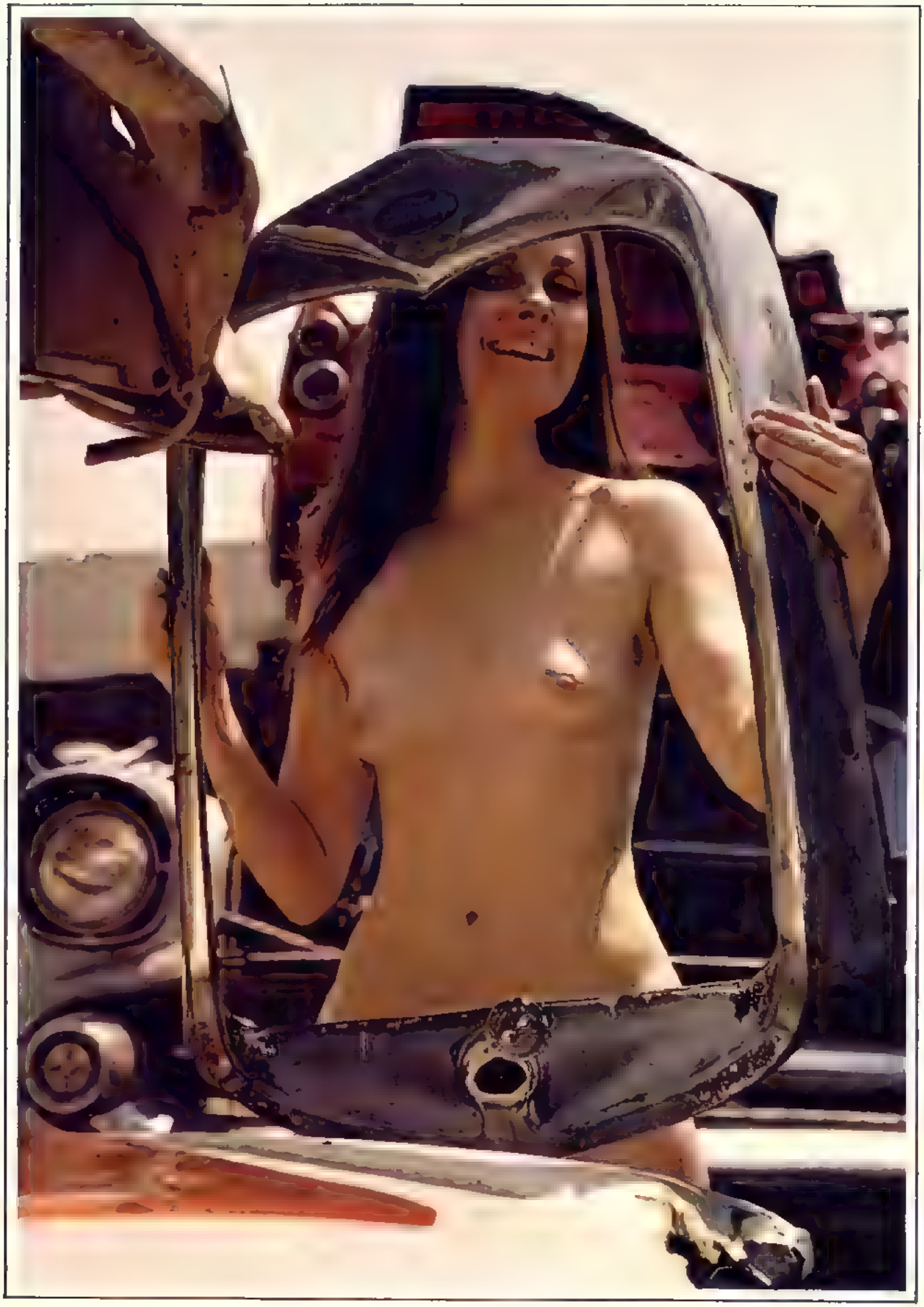
The youthful dissenters are not experts in these matters. But when they see

(concluded on page 257)

"BEAUTY TRAP"
BEAUTY
actress, model and now author, Jeanne Rejaunier
has concocted a sexpourri of life among the mannequins
that's spiked with all the ingredients of a best seller



"BEAUTY IS A COMMODITY that is used and then thrown away when something better comes along," declares lovely Jeanne Rejaunier, who lived through ten years of onecamera commercials before quitting to write *The Beauty Trap*. Broadly based on her modeling experiences, Jeanne's novel both reflects and denounces what she calls "the American dream—a culture which places a premium on beauty, success and status, and which lives by the images Madison Avenue dictates." Jeanne, who refuses to be caught in the trap, has never relied solely on her looks: She mastered three languages as a child, studied piano, violin and voice, and won her share of ribbons in equitation. A Vassar graduate, she also attended the Sorbonne, the University of Pisa and Rome's *Goethe schule*. After leaving the modeling scene, Jeanne moved to Hollywood, landed several movie and television roles and enrolled in a creative-writing workshop at UCLA. Now working on four more books, she has been asked to star in the film version of *The Beauty Trap*, but says, "I haven't made a decision. Anything that takes me away from writing has to be carefully weighed." Her little leisure time is spent with two calico cats, Tabby and Kimmy, and riding her horse, Red Pepper. Regarding the bridal path, she feels that "the conventional type of marriage, for the sake of society, is not for me. All too often, women forfeit their individualism. I won't do that." Whatever her future holds is certain to be founded on more than pulchritude. As Jeanne put it when she posed for us among some auto wrecks, "Beauty becomes tacky if there's nothing behind it but junk, and ends up—like all material things—in the junk yard." Predictably, there's no such fate in store for this beauty.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON ERNITZ

"Happy New Year, Herbie, dear—wherever you are."

THE PAST AS FUTURE: A NONLINEAR PROBE

the torrent of mind-blowing images and events that was the sixties is visualized by an artist in his thirties; the life-style explosion of the generation imprinted in that decade is projected for the seventies and beyond by a writer in his twenties

opinion **By JACOB BRACKMAN**
collage **By HARRY BOURAS**

Looking at the decade that has just passed, even from close range, no one could fail to sense that there was something very special and terrible—about it. The Sixties weren't just another ten years of our lives. Generational continuity vanished; the quality of behavior was radically altered. This alteration showed itself most dramatically, most beautifully and most brutally in the children of the decade, those who were in their teens at its inception and came of age toward its close. They were different, perhaps fundamentally, from all the generations that preceded them; and it is by watching them that their elders are beginning to realize how really different the world is—and will be.

There has always been conflict between generations—more so as the rate of change has accelerated. But those who see the present split as only quantitatively greater than that between the Beats and the pre-Beats, for example, are sorely self-deceived. What we may discern today is not the high point in an evolutionary graph, it is a revolutionary quantum leap. The line graph no longer applies: The growing edge of the new generation that is emerging from the Sixties does not constitute merely a new line; it confronts a geometrically expanding cluster of lines, of myriad options freed from the clutches of the past.

Clearly, there are those of the new generation, perhaps a numerical majority, who are emulative of their elders, whose goal is to find a niche within the establishment, from which some of them may strive to improve it. But early in the Sixties, the direction of emulation was reversed. Not only did Junior stop looking up to Dad, the generation in power began looking down to its children as the sources of ideas and attitudes, and as models for action and participation a world away from the anomie, *disaffiliation and passivity of the Forties and Fifties. In the Sixties, youth became the model for age in everything from fashions in cars and clothing to idiomatic speech: New words in hipster patois were barely coined before being adapted by Madison Avenue. Today, the aim of many parents, consciously or not, is to be chips off the new block.*

Meanwhile, we continue to hear much—mainly from the obsolescent generation—about the "noisy minority" that distracts our attention from the "good" mainstream of young straights. But the magnetism of the avant garde is working its way on the majority. The depth of the resulting schism between the generations may be measured by the fact that the activists of earlier "new" generations castigated their elders for a betrayal of shared ideals, whereas today the ideals, the assumptions concerning desirable goals, are no longer the same. The new life style and world view are not bred of disillusionment; rather, they reflect outright rejection—and the will to totally restructure society.

A year ago, Fortune *magazine published the results of an intensive survey it had conducted with 718 young people between the ages of 18 and 24. Among its key findings was the fact that a full 50 percent of those whom* Fortune *called "the forerunner group"—students, mostly in the humanities, who said that they had gone to college primarily for other than practical reasons—thought that the American society was sick. There is no evidence to suggest that a clear majority of under-30-year-old Americans are radically at odds with adult society; but there is evidence on every hand—the* Fortune *survey, the Woodstock rock festival, the extent of the participation in the October 15, 1969, Vietnam moratorium—to support the assertion that the current generation gap is unique in our history.*

We are speaking of a group that has little past reference beyond the generally bland Fifties—and the youngest don't even have that—with which to compare and put in perspective the incredible input of the Sixties. They have grown up with careening technology, racial tension, ecological suicide, nuclear terror, affluence, assassination, riot—and a war that fills most of them with shame and loathing. And what they didn't see of all this out of their front windows, they watched on television. When the radicals in Chicago shouted at police, "The whole world is watching," they might just as well have added, "And we have been watching everything."

Not only TV but all of the media proliferated explosively. Even ten years ago, intelligent fathers and sons—no matter how violently they disagreed—could enter into a dialog from an overlapping corpus of books read, movies seen, music

listened to. Today's youth has its own books, movies, music—a music that is privately, fiercely regarded as its own.

Further, the young people find themselves with a power their age group never had before: the power of numbers. There are simply more of them than anyone else. Suddenly, they are no longer a subculture; they are emerging as a counterculture —not just nationally but worldwide. Beyond finding new ways to do old things, a large slice of this generation is finding new things to do. They don't argue with or just sneer at their parents, the way most generations before did; they ignore or attack them. They have stopped drinking and started using drugs. They have let their hair grow and they dress in funky clothes—or not at all. They have turned their backs on furtive and guilt-ridden coupling in favor of sexual honesty and freedom. Thousands of them went off to Dad's alma mater not to reform it but to revolutionize it, even at the cost of burning it down. And, finally, when the establishment gave them the biggest gift it could conceive -a moon landing—a lot of them didn't care. Indeed, for many in this generation, especially for the spearhead group, the space program comes not too far after the ABM as a prime symbol of the crazily skewed priorities of a society that they want to transform, not merely to reform, as generations before them had wished to do.

Jacob Brackman is a young writer who grew up with this generation. His writing style—personal, nonlinear, disjunct—is very much a product of what he's seen and the way he's seen it through these years. In "The Past As Future," he plays his impressions of the Sixties against one another in order to project something of what the years ahead may bring. He makes no pretense of speaking for his generation; the very thought of spokesmanship often seems irrelevant to a generation questing for individualism. If anything about Brackman's words may be said to typify his peers, it is that he is speaking for himself, that he is holding an internal dialog wherein he proposes questions and examines possibilities, rather than codifying conclusions. Brackman's probe is complemented visually by artist Harry Bouras' four-page foldout collage, in which a juxtaposition of faces, objects and events from the Sixties predict as much as they recall. Both words and pictures make it clear that only man's knowledge of inner space — his own—will see him through the Seventies and beyond.

AT THE BEGINNING of the decade now ended, I was 16 years old, marginally adjusted. It seemed no sign of precocity then to be just barely making it through my days. I was, after all, adolescent. I believed my condition biological, not historical.

I believed being lost led, in due course, to getting found. Certainly, I never envisioned a *career* of being lost.

In periods of hopefulness, I conceived my confusion as a prelude to some state of "maturity." Seeing no maturity around I could emulate, I'd have to invent that for myself. I'd not choose Richard Nixon for my model, not Ken Kesey—not *anyone* visible. Me and my friends. We would redefine adulthood.

I'd heard terrible tales of the struggle for survival. Meanwhile, freed from that, my own struggle—more awful for its puniness—was to hold myself together. Resist consciousness, not let it overwhelm me. Brush my teeth. Comb my hair.

Now it seems that anyone I meet who is not completely lost is *completely* lost. Conversely, anyone who seems to the least degree found now seems lost. Otherwise, I would test for something peculiar in my chemistry.

I abandoned waiting for the bottom to drop out of my bewilderment, gave myself up to the currents of the decade. I repeated to myself, "Float downstream," at times too frightened to understand the words. I could not believe in any Pilgrim's Prayer. "OM" never succeeded in calming me.

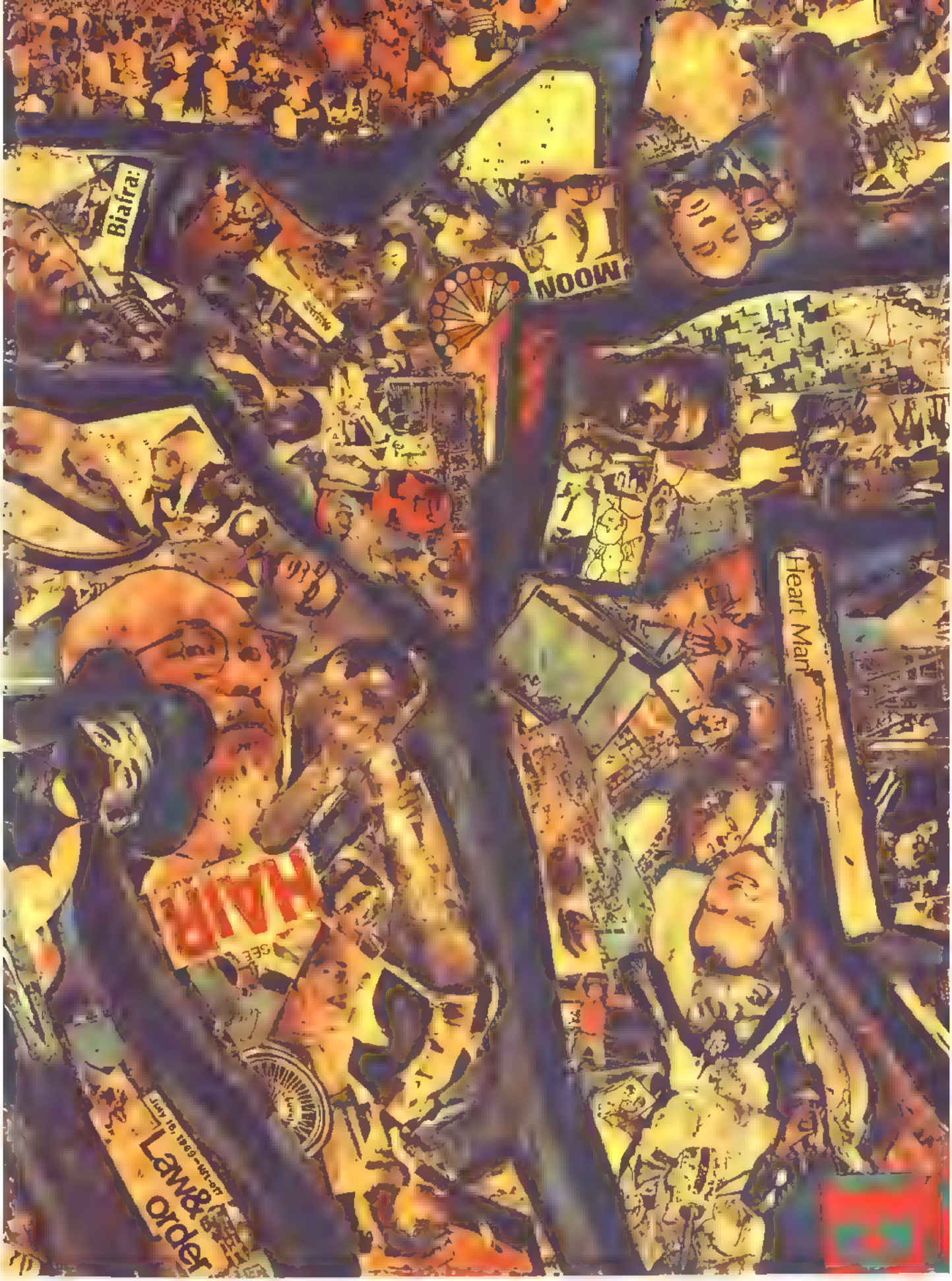
After a rash of senseless multiple murders, I stayed indoors for some days. I lost all empathy with people who felt they could continue walking in the streets, going to the grocery. Most likely, some guy in Food Fair would tell them to lie on the floor, feet together to form an asterisk, and then shoot them to death one by one, with a sawed off shotgun.

Each scene of my mind's movie contained its unmistakable portents of catastrophe. When the telephone rang, my camera zoomed in and framed it in sinister close-up. Knocks on my door came amplified through echo chambers.

Was I merely madder those several days or closer to awareness? Afterward, thinking back on them, I kept changing my mind. One moment's paranoia became the next moment's sure premonition. Sometimes I would realize with ephemeral conviction that the future would be like that. For long periods, one would not venture out of doors. Later, one would be unable to say for certain why one had stayed inside.

What would "inside," then, be like? More comfortable, to reckon euphemistically. Tiny, space-capsule-inspired, supercontrolled environments. Not only the seasons but day and night grown arbitrary. Built-in stimulation for every sense, ingestible mood rectifiers, direct tickings

In this retrospective overview of the Sixties, artist Ha



y Bouras has distilled into a single panoramic collage the input overload

of images and events that traumatized and transformed those who grew

ıbsurd—and idealistic—during that unforgettable decade.

of the brain. Who could say exactly why we'd find ourselves not going out much anymore? Our reach hasn't got longer. It's just that everything's being moved *into* reach.

If you really want to know the truth. All remarks about the future are at best remarks about the present—at worst, about one's own temperament. You can now predict a comparably wide range of futures for an individual, a nation, the planet.

Our dispositions fluctuate. The scenarios of our personal futures metamorphose in an hour's daydreaming.

We see ourselves enlightened, working, grooving, intimate, potent. Laughing at the funny stuff. Actively alive and celebrative—yes, even while hosing down the conflagration that rages around us.

We see ourselves diminished, puttering, dispirited. Lolling anxiously in leisure that seems a calm before the storm. Purchasing potions for bed, potions we would not need if they could help us. Exciting ourselves with spoon-fed fantasies of other places and other, more excessive mates.

We see ourselves destroyed: numbered, computerized, propagandized, spied on, tapped, hounded, busted, lobotomized, big-brothered to smithereens.

Similarly, the grand scenario of our collective future revises itself according to the disposition of the moment. It undulates, soars or plunges.

One uses the future as a metaphor. By pretending to forecast, one responds to the present moment, brings certain of its features into relief. Prediction turns into a stylistic convention.

Generations to come will be no better able to measure the "truth" of our divinations than we. Suppose none of our fantasies come to pass—what could matter less? What counts, and will count whenever they're disproved, is simply that they were our fantasies.

We had hallucinations of Eden at the end of the tunnel and hallucinations of torment, of abyss. But because we could do no more than fumble through our particular lives, each vision produced its own paralysis in us. Each had a way of sapping our most present energies.

The unsettling Sixties. I could not possibly have imagined that magical mystery tour. There was no way to get from Port Huron to the Pentagon, from Birmingham to Memphis, from Tonkin to Khe Sanh, from the West Village to the Haight, from Berkeley to Cornell—no way to get from then and there to now and here, none, anyhow, that I can reconstruct. The Sixties put me through the soak-churn-wash-rinse cycles.

Yes, there were months flecking the decade when I burned with one salvation or another. That happened to many of us.

The uncertainty around us was often so intense that scarcely had we begun to rap out our manic riffs—our answer or attitude—when crowds would gather. By the ring of our conviction, by the fire in our eyes, we would gain disciples.

Before long, we would return to them apologetically. "Back to Go," we would say, with evanescent wisdom. "We must have been crazy back then. We were a little stoned out. It's back to Go for all of us."

What was the decade to the children who knew no other? It sent us (we in our 20s now) into aberrant stratospheric orbits. We'd absorbed ideas of continuity in the late Forties and Fifties. The Sixties played havoc with them. But what were the Sixties as a launching pad?

Can I decipher that from the babble of some 11-year-old amphetamine freaks I know? If I listen as hard as can be?

We have reached that moment in human history when our capacity to alter our environments and selves no longer has any foreseeable limit. Once prediction would concern itself with gadgetry. Now that gadgets are all in the cards, prediction must deal with adaptation, with social stress. With mountainous confusion and overwhelming choice.

Those of us who postponed the irrevocable decisions could never tell for sure, for long, what was coming off. At the end of the decade now beginning, I will be 36. Can I flow with changes around the bend?

Will the Seventies put me through spin-dry? Will they patch up my outlook for the Eighties? Will there be well-oiled institutions to cope with my kind of uncertainty?

I understand. I must let the times massage me. I must lie loose and flabby, etherized. Mustn't think so goddamn much. "Every time the train of history goes around a corner, the thinkers fall off," Marx said.

How can we dwell upon probability, anyhow? Won't a dozen more nuclear capacities arise in the next so-many years? Rocket megatons will be armed from here to there to here, crisscrossing the globe like tourist routes. Each season will bring its cacophony of international crises, threats, counterultimatums, rattled warheads. We citizens will wait dumbly, fingers crossed, never knowing what may arrive out of tomorrow's skies, what contretemps has our number on it.

That situation will not persist indefinitely. Perhaps not for long at all, in the scheme of human time. What smart money will make book on your dying of natural causes?

So shall we march and join? Found impotent

disarmament cells? Draw up imposing documents for world confederation? Work toward a whispery voice within the system? Or shall we simply give a nod devastation's way, exclude her from our talk of what's in store? All prediction rests upon one unspoken absurdity: Let's assume nothing terrible happens.

Light-years more than any previous future, ours remains a future that has to be, and will be, *made*. And we will make it, surely, though we may do so with such paucity of insight that it will seem, like futures past, simply to have happened to us.

We moved the planet so close to the brink that forestalling apocalypse became an hour by hour affair. We were under pressure. No breather for long-range plans. Anyway, for years we'd harbored, half consciously, the suspicion that apocalypse was already upon us.

Waiting for the climactic nuclear attack—under polluted skies, euthanasia to our jammed cities—we would not notice an apocalypse as obvious and acceptable as the traffic lights.

Do we correctly imagine that the planet itself has been extended the chance for conclusive failure within the span of a single human life? That the best we can do is hang on for a bit? We have never felt nearer to hell—or heaven.

The variables—for good, for ill—have grown imponderable. Chances for our degradation mix in each fine option. Catastrophe and utopia locked everywhere in double strangle holds. Can we picture, say, an intolerably controlled, synthetic scene in which everyone feels terrific, "fulfilled"?

The future? A matter of mood. You can now read any future in the present, so tell us first how you've been feeling.

There will be no respite, no deceleration. Forget about the isolated breakthrough. Rather, on all technofronts, collectively facilitating "advances." Their cumulation has become not merely inexorable. It has become ordinary. What obvious capabilities the next decades will usher in!

We've passed utterly out of the era when you got Eli Whitney so you got the cotton gin, you got Tom Edison so you got the light bulb. Revolutionary momentum no longer comes about discretely, by particular leaps and bounds. The very process of progress snowballs.

Dream something up. Mobilize the necessary competencies. Presently have it on the table before you, realized.

Oh, we're talking about revolutionary stuff, all right. But if I listed several score imminent bold-faced breakthroughs, there'd be nothing terribly alarming among my items. If only because they seem, en masse, to follow so inevitably. Even what you've never imagined sounds logical, familiar.

The stars of each breakthrough, heroic figures that we fasten to a feat, will be accidental. They will be elevated arbitrarily, their visibility will satisfy an old need of ours. They will be interchangeable with others. More surprising, we will apprehend their interchangeability.

How, precisely, did the moon shot inspire kids? Perhaps it showed them that even the most spectacular feats will succumb to dull teamwork.

Henceforth, our greatest possible triumphs will be associated with regimented insipidity. Who wants the giant leap when it depends on crewcut aggregates?

We whip through "generations" in a fortnight now. But though we are already half a dozen different species, all of us now alive and young—from parents born as we exploded bombs on Japan to infants born after men romped upon the lunar surface—participate in a single, numbing generation as well. We are the touchstone. By a hairsbreadth, we precede the future.

Taunted our whole lives with promises of wellness to come. In every sense, we will be the age that barely missed the boat. Missed not only its material, medical, informational advantages but its unconsciousness as well.

Are new sorts of humans in the womb, or born already? Our children, who experience such changes, will themselves be different. They will be accommodated to change. Change will define them.

With no capacity to share the nostalgia and regret that we feel in advance, how they will terrify us! How they will fail to appreciate our terror.

What was it we found to resent in our parents? Not their treatment of us. We'd been conscientiously, superbly Vaselined. No, we bristled at their distraction from us, their distraction from *any* trenchant nitty-gritty.

For much of their lives, scrambling, they'd had no time for consciousness. Now, never having cultivated the habit of it—having ruminated insufficiently about what games might be worth the effort—they fill their vacancy with compulsive rituals.

Yet however we ridiculed them, we must have introjected those rituals of expectation for ourselves, their children. How else did we come to expect so unreasonably much of ourselves? And for such slight exertion!

Our parents cautioned us not to look for trouble, not to scrounge too avidly for life's red meat. They told us we would come round in a few years' time. *They* did, though they were once as boneheaded as we.

We imagined we, too, would get to occupy all the usual positions in the immemorial cycle of generations. Wouldn't our children, in turn, half envy, half despise *our* blindness? And yet, by what eternal rules would they be hipper than we?

Suppose we find ourselves, many years after having begrudged our *(continued on page 216)*

THE MOURNER

he told the rabbi to take a good look at the corpse so he'd know who he was talking about

fiction **By BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** ONE DAY, Martin Gans found himself driving out to the Long Island funeral of Norbert Mandel, a total stranger. A habit of his was to take a quick check of the obit section in *The New York Times* each day, concentrating on the important deaths, then scanning the medium-famous ones and some of the also-rans. The listing that caught his eye on this particular day was that of Norbert Mandel, although Gans did not have the faintest idea why he should be interested in the passing of this obscure fellow. The item said that Mandel, of Syosset, Long Island, had died of a heart attack at the age of 73, leaving behind two sisters, Rose and Sylvia, also one son, a Brooklyn optometrist named Phillip. It said, additionally, that Mandel had served on an East Coast real-estate board and many years back had been in the Coast Guard. An ordinary life, God knows, with nothing flashy about it, at least on the surface. Gans read the item in a vacant, mindless way, but suddenly found his interest stirred, a fire breaking out with no apparent source. Was it the sheer innocuousness of the item? Of Mandel's life? He traveled on to other sections of the paper, sports and even maritime, but the Mandel story now began to prick at him in a way that he could not ignore, he turned back to the modest paragraph and read it again and again, until he knew it by heart and felt a sweeping compulsion to take out to Mandel's funeral, which was being held in a memorial chapel on the south shore of Long Island. *(continued on page 190)*

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL GIOVANOPOULOS

humor By JEAN SHEPHERD

ZINSMEISTER and the TREACHEROUS EIGHTER FROM DECATUR

the motley crew of company k gets a weekend pass to town, where it tastes the forbidden fruits of passion, the heady pleasures of the gaming arena and the bitter dregs of human chicanery

"You CATHOLIC?"

"Nope."

The toadlike sergeant behind the desk at the Chicago induction center—where I stood naked in a line of naked men that must have stretched for two miles—hunched over my Yellow Form.

"You Jewish?"

"Nope."

"OK. Yer Protestant." He stamped with a heavy hand on my form

Weakly, I protested. "Nope."

"Whaddaya mean, nope? Y' ain't no Catholic or Jew." His BB-shot eyes tried to focus on me. It wasn't easy. He had

the look of a man who had been sitting at a desk with naked bodies moving past him for maybe a hundred years. It's almost impossible to see *one* body after that.

"Y' *gotta* be Protestant."

Actually, if I was anything in those days, I was closer to a druid.

"Move on, Mack."

I became a Protestant by default.

Several months and countless indignities later, I sat on my footlocker, sucking on one of the two aluminum dog tags that hung from my neck. They were stamped P (for Protestant) and BLOOD TYPE O. Life in Company K was moving at its usual oozing pace.

Stretched out full length on the next bunk, Gasser—wearing only rumpled olive drab socks—lay as though dead, his mouth open, his eyes staring glassily at the rough board ceiling of our leaky barracks. The bunk above me sagged beneath the weight of Pfc. Zussmeister, our ranking noncom, who laboriously pared his toenails with a trench knife. Roswell T. Edwards, across the aisle, bent over a pair of GI shoes and rubbed with manic intensity a job—although we didn't know it at the time—he was to work at unremittingly for four long years. Big Fat Goldberg, squirming heavily on his footlocker, just stared up into space, the rich folds of his belly exuding sweat and profound boredom.

This was a representative cross section of Company K, a hapless band of Signal Corps technicians that formed the very bottom of the immense heap of the Armed Forces. Armed with oscilloscope logarithm tables and soldering iron we poised upon the barricades of democracy, nervous, hungry and nearsighted—nervous because we knew that the Signal Corps had a fantastically high casualty

rate, hungry because of the mess hall and nearsighted because we were born that way. Company K, recently formed, had been shipped by sealed troop train to one of the most infamous hellholes ever created by man and nature. The camp, a vast sprawling plain of red mud and rocks, lay in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains, in country that even the local skunks and rattlesnakes considered Godforsaken.

Gasser heaved himself upright and brushed frantically at his chest, dog tags clanking.

"Your goddamn toenails are flyin' all over me!"

"Gasser," said Zinsmeister with patient condescension, "those will one day be priceless relics and the devout will pilgrimage many miles to observe them when they are enshrined."

"Oh, Christ!" Gasser snorted, flicking a toenail paring toward Goldberg.

"Yes, that is true. They may even say that." Zinsmeister returned to his surgery.

For 13 weeks—13 endless, backbreaking, rain-drenched weeks—we had been confined to the company area, awaiting orders. From time to time, we heard rumors that an outside world existed beyond the borders of the camp. But no one ever actually talked to a GI who had gotten out. One hundred thirty-five thousand enlisted men marched, squatted, crawled, wallowed, cursed, plotted and mildewed in the constant, drizzling Missouri rain.

It was Thursday night, not that it made much difference, except that Thursday was the day before Friday and Friday was the day of the dreaded "GI party," an insane orgy of crawling around on the barracks floor with brushes, soap, sand and hot water that lasted far into the night, getting ready for the Saturday inspection. Men at other camps, we heard, got weekend passes; we got V.D. lectures—a great way to spend a Sunday, especially if the subject is purely academic. There wasn't a man in the entire company who wouldn't have given his eyeteeth for a good case of V.D. Or at least the opportunity to get one.

I lay on my bunk, kicking upward at the bulge that Zinsmeister made in the one above me.

"Give the bastard one for me," muttered Gasser.

It was a half hour or so before lights out, that magic moment in barracks life when all E.M. instinctively contemplate their navels. The rain roared down on the roof. The yellow light from the naked bulbs was just bright enough to keep you awake but not bright enough to read by. At the far end of the barracks, a much older, grayish sort of GI hunched over the endless letter he was always writing. He never spoke to any of us. He just wrote on and on. One day, he disappeared from the barracks and we never saw him again. We never even knew his name.

I reached behind my bunk, took down my M-1 and squeezed off a few dry rounds, carefully sighting at the light bulbs. Goldberg opened his heavy-lidded eyes sleepily.

"Chicken-shit bastard. You buckin' for infantry or somp'n?"

The barracks door swung open. A gust of rain drenched Roswell T. Edwards.

"Close the goddamn door!" he yelled.

Elkins, our company driver, his poncho dripping, slammed the door shut, tin hat pulled low over his red-rimmed eyes. He yanked off one soggy leather driving glove, wadded it up and threw it at Edwards.

"Screw you."

"Ah, Elkins. Our winged courier, our intrepid jeep pilot, you are in a foul mood."

Zinsmeister spoke the truth. Elkins, like the rest of us, really didn't know why he was there. A year before, seduced by a Preston Foster Air Cadet movie, he had rushed down to the recruiting station with visions of silver wings, a 50-mission crush cap and 40 confirmed bogeys. Shortly after the papers were signed and the die was cast, it was discovered that Elkins' depth perception made him about as safe in the air as a half-track with wings. At times, he would sit on his bunk, brooding, trying to touch his extended index fingers together and cursing softly as, time after time, they passed each other three inches apart. He drove as he imagined a fighter pilot would dive into combat.

Tonight, his usual rotten humor was touched with just the suggestion of sadistic gaiety. He clumped over to his bunk and stripped off his poncho, spraying the surrounding sacks with icy Missouri rain water. A few huddled figures stirred and muttered coarse words. Then, with great deliberation, he began unlacing his muddy leggings.

"I don't know whether I ought to tell you guys or not. . . ."

He continued tugging at the laces with exaggerated concentration. After three months of total isolation from the outside world, Company K gobbled up any scrap of rumor or even innuendo like a pack of maddened piranhas. Gasser hit the bait.

"Tell us what?"

Our end of the barracks was suddenly alert. Even Zinsmeister stopped paring. Elkins had something to say.

"The way you guys pile the crap on me, I don't know whether you deserve it." His voice was muffled as he pulled the top half of his long johns over his head.

"C'mon, Elkins. Don't put us through that routine again." Edwards spoke in a low, anxious voice. Our official company worrier, Edwards supplied us with a minimum of two dozen dire prophecies a day. Every company has a soothsayer, one who performs the function of the Greek chorus, always predicting ultimate disaster.

Edwards turned to the rest of us, his eyes blank and fearful. "I told you they were gonna send us to Burma! That guy I know in Headquarters Company was right. They got malaria there that——"

"You know what just come in to the PX?" interrupted Elkins. "In the ass end of one a' them weapons carriers from the motor pool?"

We leaned forward expectantly. Elkins lowered his voice to a hoarse conspiratorial whisper.

"They just got a shipment of four cases of Milky Ways."

The effect was electric. Instantly, the barracks was in an uproar—guys leaping out of bed, others struggling into fatigues, while those still dressed thundered through the barracks toward the door. The sight of Elkins lugging a sack of stolen Milky Ways into his footlocker proved that this was no idle rumor. Our PX, a dreary barnlike building, rarely had anything in it worth buying, a collection of shiny gold-fringed heart-shaped pillows with blinding purple lettering: TO MY DARLING SWEETHEART or TO MY DEAR HEART MOTHER—and the hated crossed flag insignia of the Signal Corps—was about all they regularly sold at the PX. They also had a display case full of noncom stripes all the way up to battalion sergeant major, which, of course, meant nothing to any of us. Sitting in the PX, drinking weak GI beer—when they had it—looking at other GIs and at the two acne-encrusted hillbilly girls who worked the cash register, represented the total social life open to Company K.

Already, a line that ran halfway around the building had formed. We stood in the drenching downpour, inching forward in fits and starts, like some arthritic caterpillar. We were used to lines. We were used to rain. We were used to waiting. Minutes before the big gray bullhorns blew taps for lights out, we began the half-mile walk back to the company area, each of us carrying the legal maximum—two precious Milky Way bars—deep under his poncho, away from the rain. Later, I lay under my GI blanket, listening to the rain and gnawing frugally on a Milky Way. I had stashed the other in a safe place in one of my barracks bags for emergency use. Above me, Zinsmeister shifted position, causing the bunk to creak and groan. I heard him peeling his Milky Way in the dark. Silently, Company K chewed and pondered the rain on the roof. Life was complete.

At chow just before dawn, the unbelievable bomb hit. We filed in just after five A.M., when the rain was at its

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a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

Nancy McNeil **MISS JULY**

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

ASTROLOGERS are in strong disagreement over whether or not we are yet living in the Age of Aquarius. The Playmates of 1969, along with so many of those who graced centerfolds of years past, seem to lend themselves strongly to the camp that believes we are well into Aquarius, with its incumbent freedoms of expression and life style or, in other words, a period of 20 centuries or so in which the thing to do is—your own thing. For many of last year's girls, being a Playmate has opened up fresh vistas. July's Nancy McNeil, who just turned 22 under the sign of Sagittarius (frank, honest and gregarious), was a bridesmaid when she was tagged as a most likely Playmate. Since Nancy appeared in the gatefold, she's discovered that she has a real talent for dealing with people and is now on her way toward a promising career in promotion. Nancy also found that small planes are her bag. She was up in a single-engine job for the first time recently and says, "It was the wildest experience of my life." For a look at last year's other high flying Playmates, let your radar scan the following pages

Lorrie Menconi
MISS FEBRUARY

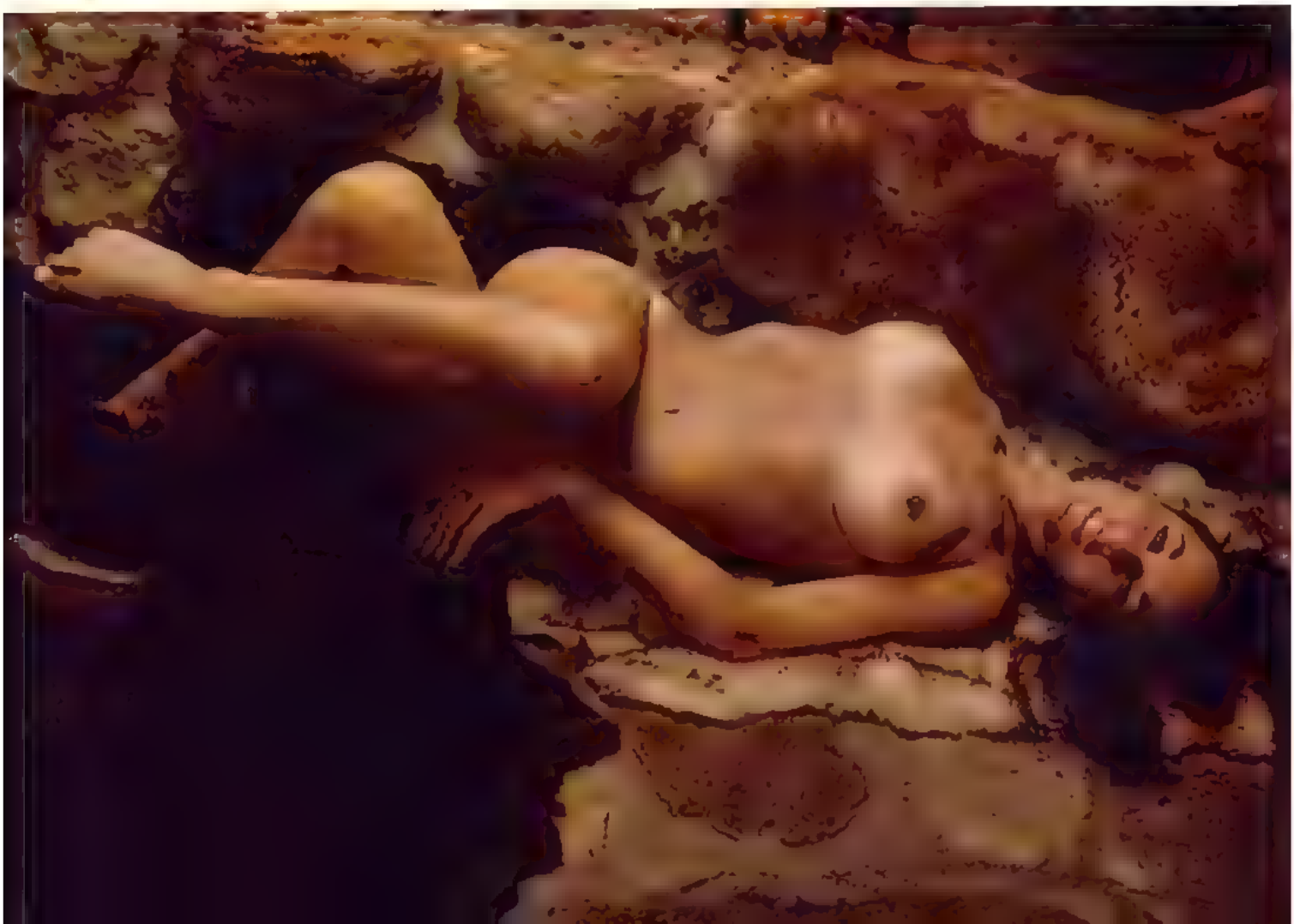
Since she appeared as our Playmate for February, lovely Lorrie has been lured from her home in San Diego to Hollywood, with its end-of-the-rainbow promise of a career in movies and television. Twenty-one-year-old Lorrie already misses her regular visits to the famous San Diego Zoo—she's totally hooked on animals—and the surf scene she made so often around Del Mar and La Jolla. Meanwhile, until she gets a foot in the studio door, Lorrie's working for a Hollywood veterinarian. Even though Miss February's only a receptionist, the job pays a bonus in keeping her near animals—something she used to do for free.

Shay Knuth
MISS SEPTEMBER

This past year, the golden-tressed native of Milwaukee left the city that made beer famous far behind. While a Bunny at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel, Shay took a leave of absence and drove several thousand miles to Mexico City. Enrolled at the University of the Americas, Miss September studied Spanish, philosophy, international relations, and was a one-girl good-will mission. But, at the end of last summer's term, she hopped a jet for a quick visit home and then on to London, where she's a Bunny again. Shay and London are hitting it off famously. She has only one complaint: Mexican food is hard to find.

Lorna Hopper
MISS APRIL

New Orleans, which lays claim to all sorts of attractions—the French Quarter, the birthplace of jazz, Creole cooking—has something new to brag about: PLAYBOY's 19-year-old Miss April, who is currently brightening the scene as a Bunny in the New Orleans Club. The much-traveled Lorna started as a Bunny in Chicago and, after becoming April's Playmate, took a long vacation in Mexico before going to the Crescent City. Her Texas-born folks moved to Los Angeles (which Lorna quickly learned to love) after spending two years in Manchester, England. As for New Orleans, Lorna is emphatic: "Every day is Mardi Gras."



Debbie Hooper

MISS AUGUST

Debbie, our Southern California flower child, has turned into a career woman working both sides of a television camera. Soon after her Playmate bow, she broke in as an assistant in the production of television commercials. Now Debbie's in front of the cameras in a movie being readied for a world television premiere. Although production is her forte, Miss August feels the acting experience can only enhance her chances for success. Debbie escapes her new pressure-filled world in her Laurel Canyon pad high on a Hollywood hill. "In the unlikely event of a clear day," she says, "I can see all the way to Griffith Park."

Claudia Jennings

MISS NOVEMBER

From Milwaukee to Chicago to Hollywood, theater audiences have been seeing Claudia since she was ten. But her acting career took its biggest upturn after she appeared in the gatefold two months ago. Bill Cosby picked her to do a comedy record with comedian Sandy Baron and Susan St. James. Released on the Decca label, the record, what with Cosby having written the material, promised to be a smash and a big boost for Claudia. After a successful engagement as the female lead in *The Tender Trap* in a Little Rock theater, Claudia's back in Hollywood. With her is faithful Samoyed, Latcho. Oh, for a dog's life.

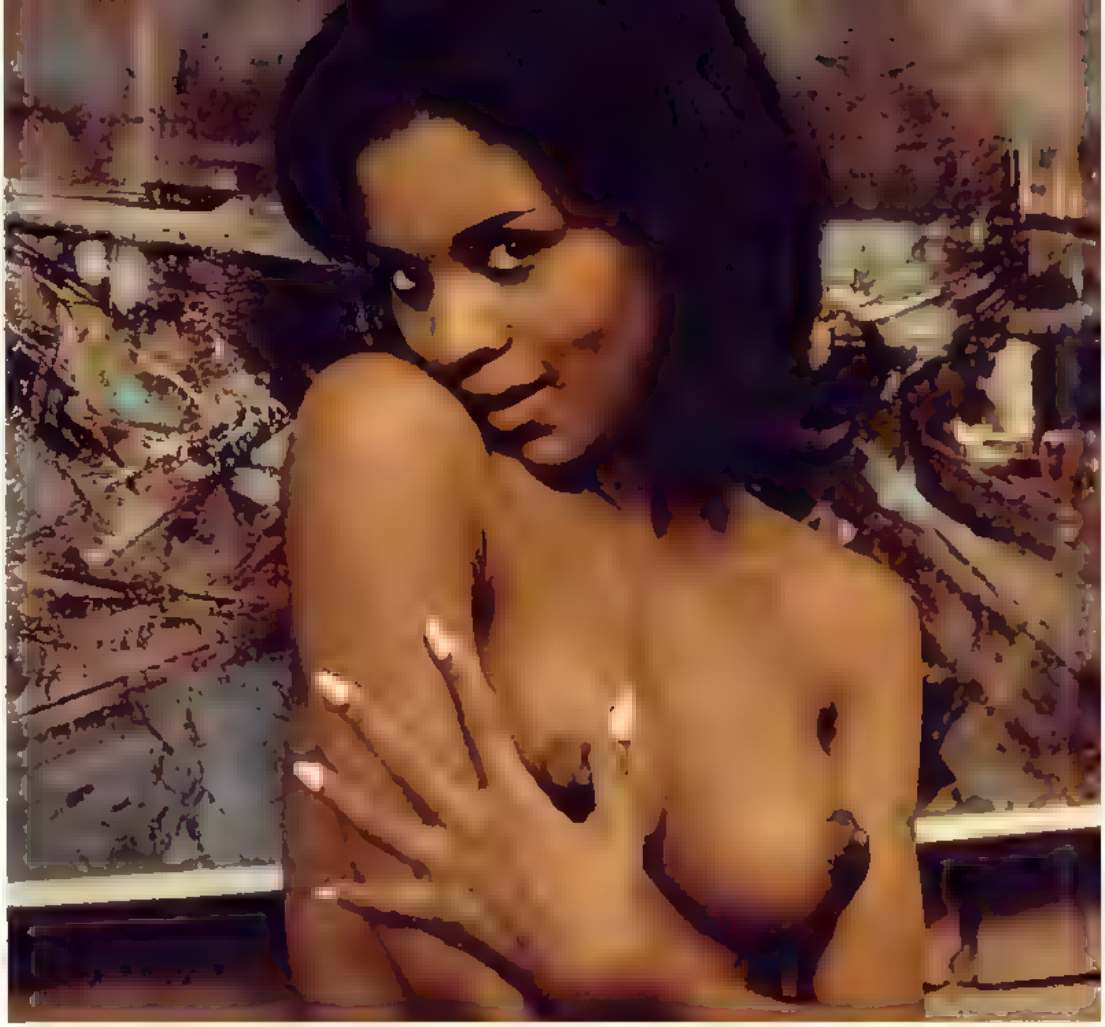
Sally Sheffield

MISS MAY

"To enjoy good health, happiness, a solid marriage and a career to keep me from stagnating." Those are the ambitions of our Miss May who usually gets what she starts after. One of New York's better horsewomen, Sally also is a pianist, actress and guitar-strumming folk singer. An inclination to globe trot led her to spend eight months on an Israeli kibbutz. Always on guard against mental laziness, Miss Sheffield is learning additional languages, although she is already fluent in French and Hebrew. And when there's time, dark-eyed Sally is sure to be out collecting more blue ribbons for equestrian excellence.

Jean Bell
MISS OCTOBER

Are people friendlier in Houston or Los Angeles? Having just moved from her Texas home town to that sprawling coastal metropolis, Jean is far from making up her mind. Her Playmate debut made the black and beautiful Miss Bell an instant celebrity in Houston, where *The Houston Post* ran an interview and her picture on the front page of its women's section. On the other hand, Hollywood has her up for a role in a movie titled *Dial the Wrong Number*. She's also appeared at Chicago's Black Expo trade fair in PLAYBOY's booth and in Gary for Mayor Hatcher Night. Jean finds friendly people everywhere.



Leslie Bunchim
MISS JANUARY

Alas, Leslie, the Bunny by the Bay, has deserted those hilltops of San Francisco—for the cool, crisp air of Denver and its panoramic scenery, where for the moment she's reveling in a familiar rustic life (she grew up on her father's turkey farm in Illinois). Among the bucolic pleasures Miss January is enjoying around Denver is fishing the many secluded trout streams in the surrounding mountains. Although the lithe miss is considering several lucrative model agency assignments in New York—and Manhattan's lofty stone canyons may lure her away yet—it will take a lot to uproot Leslie from her pastoral pursuits.

Helena Antonucci
MISS JUNE

All kinds of ideas are buzzing around in the head of this twinkle-eyed miss from New Jersey. With earnings from her Playmate stint, she bought a yellow Mustang and is planning a trip to Florida. Becoming a stewardess is a possibility, but Helena is pleased about an offer for a speaking part in a movie that will star either Steve McQueen or Marlon Brando. Meanwhile, she is a standout Bunny in the Living Room of New York's Playboy Club and at the same time is studying astrology. Miss June's trying to decide whether she's Pisces or Aries—March 21, her birth date, could go either way. Helena favors fun-seeking Pisces.

Kathy MacDonald
MISS MARCH

Kathy received more than 2000 letters from American servicemen in Vietnam and Thailand after she made her way in to the pages of PLAYBOY. As a result, the blue-eyed blonde was booked for a meet-the-troops tour of the front lines last fall with actor Tom Tully. Now living in Beverly Hills, Kathy is busy breaking into television. Miss March has already appeared in a pilot variety show titled *Meet Me at Martoni's* and on *Playboy After Dark*. In addition, Kathy, who became our Playmate while working in the Monocal Club, finds herself in growing demand for video commercials. The reasons are delightfully obvious.

Gloria Root
MISS DECEMBER

Our Miss December is an activist in the politics of the New Left. "Young people," says Gloria, "aren't pushing any particular life style—just the freedom to choose. The youth revolution bridges all boundaries." She became an activist after fleeing the inactivity of being a telephone operator in Chicago and has been living her convictions ever since. Gloria first crisscrossed the U.S., visiting outposts of the hip political scene. Right after her starring role in last month's centerfold, Gloria took off for a long stay in Europe, where she plans to groove in such Old World headquarters of radical ferment as London and Amsterdam.

THE MOURNER

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If this had happened at some idle point in his life, it might have made some sense. But Gans was busier than ever in the middle of moving his ceramics plant to a new location on Lower Fifth Avenue, after 20 years of being in the same place. It was aggravating work; even after the move, it would take six months before Gans really settled in to the new quarters. Yet you could hardly call Mandel's funeral a diversion. A trip to Puerto Rico would have been that. Nor was Gans the type of fellow who particularly enjoyed funerals. His mother and father were still living. No one terribly close to him had died up to now, just some aunts and uncles and a couple of nice friends whose deaths annoyed rather than grieved him. Gans had probably contributed to one aunt's death, come to think of it. A woman in the hospital bed next to Aunt Edna had attacked a book the visiting Gans held under his arm. Gans struck back, defending the volume, and a debate began over poor Aunt Edna's head, as she fought a tattered intravenous battle for life.

The day of Mandel's funeral, Gans took a slow drive to the memorial chapel, allowing an extra half hour for possible traffic problems and in case he lost his way on the south shore, which had always been tricky going for him. On the way, he thought a little about Mandel. He pictured him in an overcoat, also with a beard, although a totally nonrakish one. Mandel struck him as being a tea drinker and someone who dressed carefully against the cold, owning a good stock of mufflers and galoshes. Gans did not particularly like Mandel's association with the East Coast real-estate board, but at the same time, he saw him as a small property owner, not really that much at home with the big boys and actually a decent fellow who was a good touch particularly where Negroes were concerned, as long as they didn't overdo it. He liked the sound of Mandel's two sisters, Rose and Sylvia, envisioning them as buxom, good-natured, wonderful cooks, enjoying a good pinch on the ass, provided it remained on the hearty and nonerotic side. Phillip, the optometrist, struck Gans as being a momma's boy, into a bit of a ball-breaking marriage, but not too bad a fellow; the Army, Gans felt, had probably toughened him up a bit. There was a chance, of course, that Gans was completely wide of the mark, but these were his speculations as he breezed out to the chapel to get in on the funeral of Norbert Mandel, a fellow he didn't know from Adam.

The chapel was part of an emporium that lay just outside a shopping center and was used as well for *bar mitzvahs* and catered affairs of all kinds. A colored attendant in a chauffeur's uniform took his car, saying, "No sweat, I'll see she don't get wet." Inside the carpeted chapel, a funeral-parlor employee asked him if he were there, perchance, for Benjamin Siegal. "No, Norbert Mandel," said Gans. The attendant said they had Mandel on the second floor. Before climbing the stairs, Gans stopped to relieve himself in the chapel john and realized he always did that before going in to watch funeral services. Did this have some significance, he wondered, a quick expulsion of guilt, a swift return to a pure state? Or was it just the long drives?

There was only a small turnout for Mandel. Those on hand had not even bothered to spread out and make the place seem a little busier. Mandel's friends and relatives were all gathered together in the first half-dozen rows, giving the chapel the look of an off-Broadway show that had opened to generally poor notices. Gans estimated that he was about 15 minutes early, but he had the feeling that few additional mourners were going to turn up and he was right about that. Somehow he had sensed that Mandel was not going to draw much of a crowd. Was that why he had come? To help the box office? Come to think of it, funeral attendance had been on his mind for some time. He had been particularly worried, for example, that his father, once the old man went under, would draw only a meager crowd. His father kept to himself, had only a sprinkling of friends. If Gans had to make up a list of mourners for his dad, he was sure he would not be able to go beyond a dozen the old man could count on to turn up, rain or shine. This was troubling to Gans; in addition, he wondered what there was a rabbi could actually say about his dad. That he was a nice man, kept his nose clean. First of all, he wasn't that nice. People see an old grandmother crossing a street and assume she's a saint. She might have been a triple ax murderer as a young girl in Poland and gotten away with it, thanks to lax Polish law enforcement. Who said old was automatically good and kind? Who said old and short meant gentle and well-meaning? Gans's own funeral was an entirely different story. He wasn't worried much about that one. At least not about the turnout. He had a million friends and they would be sure to pack the place. His mother, too, could be counted on to fill at least three quarters of any house; if you got a good rabbi who knew something about her, who could really get her essence, there wouldn't be much of a problem in coming up with send-off anecdotes. She didn't belong to any organizations but she had handed out plenty of laughs in her time. It would be a tremendous shame if she were handled by some rabbi who didn't know the first thing about her. He had often thought of doing his mother's eulogy himself, but wouldn't that be like a playwright composing his own notices?

Gans felt a little conspicuous, sitting in the back by himself, and didn't relax until three middle-aged ladies came in and took seats a row in front of him. He had them figured for cousins from out of town who had taken a train in from Philadelphia. They did not seem deeply pained by the loss of Mandel and might have been preparing to see a Wednesday matinee on Broadway. Their ombibned mood seemed to range from aloof to bitter, and Gans guessed they were on the outs with the family, probably over some long-standing quarrel involving the disposition of family jewelry and china. Gans had little difficulty picking out Rose and Sylvia, Norbert's sisters, who were seated in the front row, wearing black veils and black fur coats. They wept and blew their noses and seemed deeply troubled by Mandel's death, which had come out of the blue. Phillip, the only son, was a complete surprise to Gans. Gans assumed he was the one who was wedged between Rose and Sylvia in the front row. He was certainly no momma's boy. He was every bit of six, three and you could see beneath his clothes that he was a bodybuilder. His jaw was tight, his features absolutely perfect, and you simply wouldn't want to mess with him. Let a woman get smart with this optometrist and she'd wind up with her head in the next county. What woman would want to get smart with him? Jump through a few hoops is what a girl would prefer doing for this customer.

The rabbi came out at a little trot, a slender fellow with brown disappearing hair and rimless glasses—ideal Gans felt, for a career in crime investigation since he was totally inconspicuous. Gans did not know much about rabbis, but when this fellow began to speak, he could see that his was the "new style" that is, totally unflamboyant low-pressure, very modest, very Nixon Administration in his approach to the pulpit. As he spoke, one of the sisters, either Rose or Sylvia cried in the background, the bursts of tears and pity coming at random, not really coinciding with any particularly poignant sections in the rabbi's address. "I regret to say that I did not know the departed one very well," he began. "However, those close to him assure me that this was, indeed, my great loss. The late Norbert Mandel, whom we are here to send to his well-earned rest this day, was, by all accounts, a decent, fair, kind, generous, charitable man who led a totally exemplary life." He went on to say that death, sorrowful as it must seem to those left behind in the valley of the living, was not a tragedy when one looked upon it as a life-filled baton being passed from one generation to another or, perhaps, as the satisfying final act of a lifetime drama, fully and

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MARCO ROLY-POLY MEETS THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

humor By ROBERT MORLEY *in which our intrepid explorer quenches his thirst for adventure on a one-man tour de farce of mother russia and the inscrutable orient*

I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD when I volunteered to stooge for the local conjurer at a Christmas party. "What a nice little chap," he said, taking me on his knee. "But I think he needs oiling." He produced a mammoth oilcan and threatened me with it. I screamed and screamed and screamed and screamed. Never again have I screamed so loudly or so continuously. The magic show had to be abandoned, then the party. I screamed all the way home. I screamed when they were putting me to bed, and I screamed in my sleep for several nights to come. Was I, I ask myself, a normal child? Certainly I have a natural horror of stooging.

"You will," said the PLAYBOY editor, "try sleeping on the floor in Japan."

Naturally," I replied, "I shall do nothing of the kind. I am not a tourist."

The tourist is the perpetual stooge. There is no activity that offers him more opportunity to make a fool of himself. The assumption is there almost before a man buys a plane ticket. By the time he reaches the airport, the process is in full swing.

Most airports, and certainly all European ones, have been built and are still operated as cattle markets. How long will it be before mankind is actually marshaled to the plane by dogs, each country patriotically displaying its

preference? England will have its bulldogs, slobbering and waddling threateningly behind us: France her poodles, snapping at our heels, Germany Alsatians, crouching menacingly. America—a pack of various breeds. In a successful attempt to break the tourist's spirit long before he is airborne, the terminal authorities have devised their fiendish drill. The loudspeaker systems, adjusted every morning by skilled engineers so that the announcer can just be heard but not understood, croak their instructions. One inquires nervously of one's neighbor whether he has received the message. "Loud," he replies, "but not clear. I think passengers for Moscow on Flight SUR 950 should proceed to gate 12 for immediate embarkation."

Now ensues the customary tug of war with my nerves, already stretched to the breaking point for fear of a last-moment customs raid and the discovery of an illegal seven pounds, 15 shillings in my trouser pocket. I know if I comply, I shall soon find myself tightly wedged on a loading ramp, exits to which are guarded by young women of ferocious mien, whose regulation costumes include an Edwardian motor veil knotted tightly under their assertive chins. They will make no effort to open the gates for at least another ten minutes. There is little point in their so doing. The bus that is to convey us to the plane is still in limbo. The arms of my fellow passengers are beginning to throb painfully under the weight of the personal luggage they have planned to cheat aboard. Shall I humiliate myself by joining the melee? Dare I wait and risk being left behind? I daren't.

Eventually, the bus arrives, the gates open and the passengers surge toward it. If anything could be less attractive than the behavior of the ground staff, it is that of the passengers themselves. Each is determined to secure a favorable place on the plane and just sufficiently cunning to realize that this can be achieved only by being first off the bus. They stand as near the door as possible, refusing to move along and making it impossible for those who follow to enter. Finally, everyone is aboard save the one indispensable, the bus driver himself. When he puts in an appearance and drives us away, the expression on his face mirrors the contempt he rightly feels for so craven a load.

Released from the bus, we push one another up the steps, squeeze ourselves into miniature seats and, if they are long enough, which in my case they seldom seem to be, adjust our seat belts and wait for the stewardess' insincere and improbable welcome. Why do we have to be told the name of the captain? Surely, it is a matter of supreme indifference to us all. In the long history of rail travel, in which far more was achieved in the direction of passenger comfort, it was never thought necessary to acquaint all and sundry with the identity of the engineer.

The credibility gap between airline advertisements and airline performance has a growth rate that must be the envy of all economic experts. It isn't only that the food is of increasingly poor quality and that there is less and less room to eat in, that the stewardesses become more and more ungracious and the lavatories smaller and fewer in relation to the passenger load. It is that we tourists, by being so cowardly and supine, have brought it all on ourselves. Hence, my resolve to defy the PLAYBOY editor when in Japan and sleep soundly on an innerspring mattress.

In point of fact, Japan was not my original destination. I had intended to explore China; but on presenting myself at the Chinese embassy, I was rebuffed, first by being directed to a side entrance, and then, having been cautiously admitted to what must have been, in happier days, the butler's pantry, by having my request for a visa turned down, either by the same embassy official three times or once each by three different embassy officials. In Mao land, they not only look alike, they dress alike. For an Englishman to visit China, it was necessary, apparently, to write to Peking. A letter posted anywhere in England would reach their capital in two days. They shrugged off my disbelief, courteously refused my handshake and showed me to the door. I no longer believe war with China is such a remote possibility. A nation that can be so totally unrealistic about global postage might be equally so about global warfare. In any case, I hate writing letters. I decided that if China wouldn't have me, Russia probably would.

Intourist welcomed me with open arms. There was no problem, they assured me, about visiting the U. S. S. R. I asked their advice on how I was to pay for the journey, in view of the British currency regulations, which allow a citizen to take no more than the British equivalent of $120 out of the country. They laughed uproariously. "You are an artist," they told me. "You will do an artistic wangle." The only things they didn't handle were money and tickets. The travel agent to whom they recommended me had stepped straight from the pages of a Len Deighton novel. There was an indefinable air of guilt about him. He arranged everything, my flight to Moscow and on to Leningrad, the journey to Bukhara, Tashkent, Irkutsk, from where he routed me on the Trans-Siberian Railway to Khabarovsk.

"And then?" I asked him.

"You can either come back or go on to Japan," he told me. "There is a boat from Nakhodka, easy to reach from Khabarovsk, but they don't like you hanging around. You'd better leave it to me." He was a patient, friendly man with a hacking cough. I never saw him again. On subsequent occasions, when I called to pick up the tickets, or my visa, or to make further inquiries, he was unavailable. It fitted, I decided. His mission accomplished, he had been withdrawn. Perhaps somewhere behind the Iron Curtain I might meet up with him again. When at length I boarded the Aeroflot plane for Moscow at London Airport, I had a curious sensation of having done it all before, on television.

I'm a man who can't tell a Trident from a Caravelle. The larger the plane, the safer it is, as far as I'm concerned. Nevertheless, on my flight to Moscow, it was not the size of the Ilyushin but that of the air hostesses that assuaged my fears. Never before nor since have I flown with air hostesses heavier than I.

In all other respects, the plane was standard, even slightly substandard. The interior decorations did not include painted-on starry skies nor terrestrial wall paper. The caviar, when it appeared, was served in glass bowls. I do so prefer it straight from the tin.

In Moscow I played possum, adjusting myself to a small back bedroom in the Metropole, making no protest at the plumbing, and fulfilling a minimum of engagements with Intourist: a quick run round the Kremlin, a shuttle through GUM, a scurry on the underground and, for the rest, determining when in Rome to try to do what the Romans do. In Rome itself, this presents few difficulties, but in Moscow, I found it almost impossible. What *do* the Muscovites do? I joined the crowds in Red Square and milled around aimlessly. I joined the queues and found myself rewarded with unlikely treasures—teacups, watermelons, pink woolen knickers and, on one occasion, a live mackerel in a paper bag. I learned to accept and pay for all these by the ritual prescribed in the U. S. S. R. Money is never handed over the counter; chits must always be obtained for the goods. I loitered in bookshops, walked briskly through the parks, sat around in cafes and bars.

Moscow is not a comfortable city. The hotel bath towels are the skimpiest I have ever encountered, the soap minuscule and of poor quality, the bed linen coarse, the tiling cracked, the drapes thin, the chairs poorly covered, the bedside lamps faulty. There are not enough waiters and they do their best not to serve you. As soon as you alight at his table, the waiter, with fury in his eyes and a violent wave of his hand, indicates that you are to take yourself off. The technique is similar to that employed by bird

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The Bill of Rights

Article 1.

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Article 2.

A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.

Article 3.

No soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner, nor in time of war but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

Article 4.

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

Article 5.

No person shall be held to answer for a capital or other infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia, when in actual service, in time of war or public danger; nor shall any person be subject for the same offense to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb; nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself, nor be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation.

Article 6.

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which districts shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defense.

Article 7.

In suits at common law, where the value in controversy shall exceed $20, the right of trial by jury shall be preserved, and no fact tried by a jury shall be otherwise re-examined in any court of the United States than according to the rules of the common law.

Article 8.

Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

Article 9.

The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.

Article 10.

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

OUR BESIEGED BILL OF RIGHTS

the basic tenets of individual freedom are under attack by those who would sacrifice these freedoms at the altar of law and order

article By THE HONORABLE ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG

THERE IS A CONTROVERSY in American law that reflects the uncertainty and division of contemporary American society. A universal and understandable concern with the rising rate of crime has led to a frustrating search for solutions. The frustration has bred drastic and desperate demands, among them, various proposals to alter the Constitution or recent Supreme Court interpretations of it—in the hope that, thereby, law and order may be "restored." Some of the proposals have been made into slogans; for example, "Take the handcuffs off the police." Even more sophisticated suggestions are based on the idea of "liberating" officials from constitutional restraints. These critics do not put forth merely new and much-needed devices for the prevention of crime, such as better training and higher pay for the police, sufficient manpower for effective patrol or improved techniques and equipment. They propose to alter the fundamental balance established in the Bill of Rights between the power of government and the autonomy of the individual. The Bill of Rights is to be adjusted to meet our concern over crime. In particular, the Fifth Amendment has been attacked as a luxury we cannot afford in the current crisis. Even such an

eminent jurist as Henry Friendly of the Federal Court of Appeals, Second Circuit, has gone so far as to propose a constitutional amendment to reverse recent interpretations of the self-incrimination provisions of the Fifth Amendment. Judge Friendly has been joined in this demand by others in the judicial and law-enforcement professions. One of the most outspoken is former governor of New York Thomas E. Dewey, who has said, "We could get along just as well if we repealed the Fifth Amendment." In a time of such panic-inspired rhetoric, it is necessary to examine the reasons for our constitutional protections.

A Bill of Rights reflects wisdom. Its limits are based on the knowledge that a society may take hasty action that it will later come to regret. Thus, a wise society provides itself with parchment counsel intended to prevent those actions that history teaches us are most often lamented. A Bill of Rights also expresses the essential optimism of a people, for it is based upon a belief that there will be a future worth aiming the nation toward.

It is a glory of the United States that it has maintained a Bill of Rights for almost two centuries. This is not an easy thing, for it is an implicit assumption of constitutional limitations that they will frequently be unpopular in specific application. If the Government and the people could be counted on always to act according to the *principles* of the Bill of Rights, there would be no need for the document. But it was recognized by the people of this new nation, who would not accept a Constitution without a Bill of Rights, that there would be temporary passions, passing emergencies, apparently changed circumstances—all of which might appear to justify abridgment of liberty. It seems intrinsic to human nature that the closer we are to an event, the less reliable is our judgment. The Bill of Rights provides the detached wisdom that we require when basic freedoms seem to block the path of necessity.

The general value of constitutional freedoms is illustrated by the First Amendment's provision for freedom of speech. This freedom has been constantly under attack from the days of the discredited Alien and Sedition Laws. Comstockian censors railed against the amendment when it protected some of the world's great literature from the imposition of their narrow vision. The First Amendment always has rough going when it protects war dissenters, at least until the war is over. And it has done extraordinary service in protecting the rights of peaceful civil-rights demonstrations. In fact, whenever there are two sides to an issue, the minority depends on the First Amendment for the right to present its side. We all have at least one opinion that someone, somewhere, thinks we should not express. Knowing this, we value the amendment that protects those with whom we disagree.

We easily see that the freedom of the First Amendment protects us; but the rights of criminal suspects seem less personal. They are often presented as limitations that the law-abiding society adopts only out of an exaggerated sense of fair play. And when a confession or illegally seized evidence is excluded from a criminal trial, we hear that we cannot afford to give such an advantage to the adversary. But it is not someone else whom the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth amendments protect. Especially, it is not only someone else who will lose if the proposals against the Fifth Amendment succeed. For to trim the privilege against self-incrimination will also trim the autonomy of every individual, which is the essence of the Bill of Rights.

The autonomy of the individual comprises freedom of thought, speech and association. Necessary at times to all of these is privacy. Privacy exists not as an absolute concept but as a relationship with other entities. One may maintain physical privacy against the world with a wall, even though a mailman, milkman and salesman regularly come through one's gate. Passers-by may peer through the chinks and children may scale one's wall in search of errant balls. Yet there is privacy in the enclosure, in the sense that one can act with reasonable assurance that he is not, in fact, being observed.

Privacy vis-à-vis the Government is similarly incomplete and erratic. But it must have the quality that allows the feeling that one is unnoticed, at least some of the time. The Government naturally requires information of various types, and there will be occasions when almost a total account of one's life may be required. But to preserve the feeling of autonomy, those occasions must be rare, like the breaches of a solid wall. The individual must know that, in the usual case, his life is his own, not his Government's.

Privacy has already suffered a major invasion in those sections of the 1968 Crime Act that authorize wire tapping and electronic surveillance. Under these provisions, the Attorney General or any local chief prosecutor may seek an order allowing the interception of any conversation of a person suspected of any of a long list of crimes, some of them quite minor. Under the law, the police can tap one's phone or eavesdrop electronically even if they only suspect that one "is about to" commit a crime without informing the person spied upon until long after the event. Thus, we may be overheard in the supposed privacy of our homes, without a realistic chance to protest.

The Attorney General has said he will use the wire-tapping authority to protect us from threats to national security and from organized crime only. But there are not even these restrictions on local police. They may listen for any crime carrying a penalty of over one year. This means that, for example, whenever one were suspected of allowing his teenage children to sip beer or wine on a festive or sacramental occasion, the police could spy on his bedroom. (The act allows interception of oral, as well as telephonic, communications.) Of course, no district attorney is likely to sanction the use of so awesome a weapon for so minor a transgression. But small crimes may be used as a pretext to eavesdrop for suspected evidence of larger ones, as those who have traced judicial efforts to limit exploratory searches know too well.

The problem here is that one never knows for what reason electronic gadgetry—such as the device widely advertised as The Snooper—will be used. Even if you act in accord with community mores today, you cannot predict when a new district attorney will attempt to build his reputation on your supposed transgressions. Can we afford to maintain the privacy of the home against such a variety of intrusions by the inquisitive state? This question—as well as "Will it help catch criminals?"—must be answered. And my answer is that we *must* afford privacy. It is the principal distinction between a free society and the sullen tyranny of Big Brother.

The most vocal of today's attacks on the Bill of Rights are directed against the Fifth Amendment. A rising crime rate is associated with Supreme Court rulings dealing with the privilege against self-incrimination. Critics seem to believe that if that privilege were eliminated or weakened, there would be more confessions, and that if there were more confessions, there would be less crime and we would all be better off. But they offer no evidence that limiting the Fifth Amendment would substantially limit crime. They really propose that we experiment with the liberty we enjoy, in order to receive a benefit that may not exist.

The privilege not to "be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against" oneself derives from an earlier, cruder age than ours. Then, people did not wonder at the necessity of the privilege to remain silent in the face of criminal accusation. They were too familiar with torture and long imprisonment as means of acquiring information.

But the Middle Ages are gone. Why do we still have the Fifth Amendment? One reason is fear that without it, the brutality of the extorted confession will continue to plague us. Forty years ago was not the Middle Ages, yet the Wickersham Commission, appointed by President Herbert Hoover in 1929 to investigate law-enforcement procedures, discovered that police still used torture to gain admissions of guilt. Today is not the Middle Ages, yet the crew of the Pueblo discovered that the need for the Fifth Amendment has

(continued on page 274)

Vargas revisited

encoring a curvaceous gallery of favorites created by playboy's unsurpassed portrayer of quip-equipped lovelies

THE HUMAN BODY has appeared throughout modern times in the visual arts primarily in abstract forms. Some avow that representational art is now on its way back; but it seems hung up for the moment on soup cans, soft watches, plaster of Paris and pseudo-psychedelic effects. Which makes the continuing career of Alberto Vargas all the more remarkable. Over the past five decades, his straightforward renderings have unflinchingly asserted the natural beauty of the human figure—specifically, the female. Vargas' women have always been irresistibly real, from the desirable, dissolute flappers he painted in 1920 to the liberated lovelies he portrays today. The life story of the Peruvian-born painter is by now familiar: He honed his skills during 15 years of painting posters with painstakingly wrought impressions of Flo Ziegfeld's showgirls, an abbreviated stint as a star sketcher in Hollywood and an especially productive period—cut short by legal hassles—as a regular contributor to "Esquire" before his work first adorned these pages in March 1957. It didn't take long for Vargas and PLAYBOY to realize their mutual admiration, and the artist's relationship with the magazine quickly became a permanent one. Now in his eighth decade—like the turbulent century to which he has given a small but valuable note of stability—Vargas shows no signs of slackening production, and as the accompanying illustrations, which span the past decade, indicate, he remains as sure-handed as ever.

"Or do you like it better as a one-piece, darling?"
Vargas

"Mirror, mirror, in my hand,
This coat was priced at fourteen grand.
What I paid could be shown clearer,
If I but had a full-length mirror."
Vargas

"Well, you've finally convinced me. I'm ready to throw in the towel."

"Well, you know what they say: If we don't go to bed, Santa will never arrive."

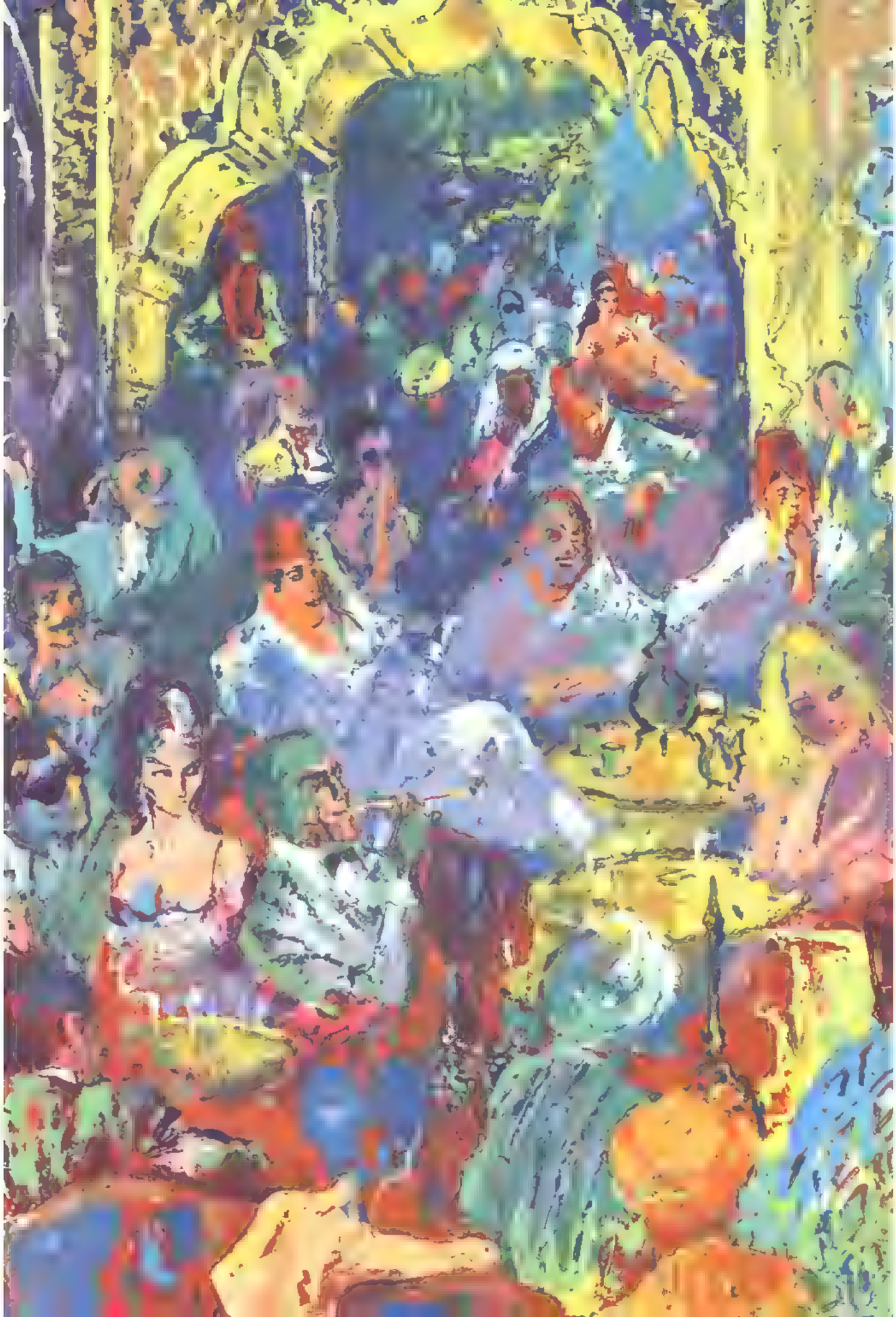
"I just can't understand why I keep having trouble with the same New Year's resolution every January."
Vargas

"I'm a little tired this evening— mind if I don't play hard to get?"
Vargas

"Mother was so pleased when she learned Mr. Hefner would be using only my face on the cover of PLAYBOY."

"You must have been born in March— you come in like a lion and go out like a lamb"

'Is this what they mean by having a formal affair?'



man at his leisure

leroy neiman, playboy's peripatetic artist, limns a vibrant north african odyssey

MOROCCO has, in the course of the past decade, become a buzzing mecca for visitors who want to experience the Arabian nights (and days) in a western-flavored and dazzlingly beautiful setting. Its biggest cities—Casablanca, Marrakesh and Tangier—all have distinctly different characteristics yet retain the singular mystique and aura of intrigue that has been associated with Arabic lands since time immemorial. The country's beaches, meanwhile, have won to Morocco's side a new generation of sun worshipers who have only recently discovered the nation's magnificent strands. The novice visitor to Morocco is instantly and rewardingly jolted by the culture collision he observes. Morocco's society and customs, from its veiled women to its extraordinary cuisine down to its tolerance of *kif* smoking, are experiences that stay with the traveler. LeRoy Neiman, PLAYBOY's artist on the go, recently made the Moroccan scene and reports: "Morocco is a beautiful, beautiful land, in almost every respect. I've been to beaches all over the world, and at Agadir —particularly in the confines of the Club Mediterranee, the mostly French vacation club— the beaches are sensational. Moroccans themselves are fascinating; there's a keenness, a superalert intelligence always operating when you talk to them. And they are classically attractive: Arab women have the same look of exotic allure that caught the fancy of Van Dongen in his paintings at the beginning of the century; the men still possess those proud, fiercely untamed qualities that inspired Delacroix 150 years ago. Of the cities I visited, I liked Tangier best; it's hilly, scenic, on the Mediterranean and is also the epitome of everything goes. Casablanca—fascinating during the day—seemed ominous at night: One constantly hears tales of travelers being waylaid in this flat, sprawling city. Marrakesh is a delight, because its market place is probably the world's most exciting and unusual. But so many things I encountered in Morocco seemed new and unusual; I think it may be one of the last places in the world where one can experience true adventure."

• • •

Neiman's impressions—and portraits—of Morocco accurately depict a nation steeped in a

In Morocco, nearly all encounters represent exotic —and sometimes erotic—adventures. Gatefold, opposite: At the Katoubia Palace in Tangier, lithe dancing girls from all over the Arab world have established the night club–restaurant as an evening imperative. Above: In a Marrakesh street market, Arabs and hippies alike stock up on pot smokers' accessories; the long wooden pipes are hand-carved, lacquered and sell for 20 cents. Left: Two French tourists cross paths with a couple riding donkeys on the road to Agadir.

Although most urban Moroccans still dress traditionally, many have acquired western tastes. Above, left to right: A veiled swinger frugs at a Casablanca disco; in Tangier, motorcycles are the mass transport medium for young couples, a miniskirted Moroccan bird chats with a girlfriend wearing a jellaba. Says Neiman, "Just because her clothing is old-fashioned doesn't mean she is." Below: At Agadir's Club Méditerranée, members make amorous alliances at the swimming-pool steps.

A memorable venture for any Morocco-bound visitor is a daytime stroll through Marrakesh's Djemaa el-Fna square. Early in the morning, it's a mammoth flea market: Almost every conceivable type of merchandise is sold by hundreds of vendors. In the late afternoon, most of the merchants pack up their wares and in their places come magicians, snake charmers, fire-eaters, contortionists, dancers—and thousands of spectators. Before Neiman left Morocco, he attempted a camel ride, and notes: "Camels may be durable, but they're very mangy."

historic past yet quickly turning on to a modern future. But abundant evidence of the nation's primitive yesterdays is still proudly present: At Zagora, which sits just above the Sahara Desert at the southern center of Morocco, a hand-painted sign in French and Arabic notes that Timbuktu is 52 days away by camel. Occasionally, carloads of foreigners pull into this barren, hot and silent town —and can't resist bouncing onto the desert trail beyond in a cloud of dust; but they rarely follow it very far.

Most of the tourists who pass this way content themselves with a photograph of the Timbuktu sign and then hurry off to the Grand Hôtel du Sud, a four-star hotel at the other end of town, for a cocktail in the quiet bar and a cooling splash in the pool. It is enough to have followed this beckoning highway to its end, to have seen for oneself the remote fortress towns huddling *(continued on page 210)*

"Oh, I get it—this is gonna be the year of the big cop-out!"

the girl and the shark from "Tales in a Tahitian Village"

Ribald Classic

THE MIST from the waterfall spray hung, lazy in the air; caught fire, settled gently on her dark hair, bronze shoulders and breasts; finally, ran in drops like small tears and fell from her nipples. Lakat was sad. She knew that her parents were right to scold and the village was right to mock her. Most of the other girls her age had already borne a child; she alone was a virgin. They did not understand, but Lakat could not tell them without bringing death to herself and shame to all her people.

The place beneath the waterfall was her refuge, but from it she could often see the other young women and men when two of them would come to the edge of the stream. There, where the mountain fell backward behind them and the water boiled in the shallows, they would lie together. Only a few minutes ago, she had seen her friend Taluu on the ground, with Mapil between her legs.

Once not long ago, Lakat and Taluu had been girls together, learning to make tapa baskets, to pound out taro, to make fires. They had often slept with their arms around each other and they had laughed at the same things. Lakat loved Taluu. But, as they became women, Taluu began to go her own way. Now she laughed with Mapil or another boy.

As twilight began to darken the air beneath the mountain, Lakat saw Ro-mi approaching. "Come, Lakat," he said in a pleasant voice, "everyone else is at the lodge house. Do you wait here alone for a man? Ah, then, one has come to soothe you!"

The words had an odd effect and Lakat had an impulse to tell what she had never told before. "Listen, Ro-mi," she said, "I know that it is strange, but I do not wish to couple. The thing I should like to do is to go shark riding."

"Shark riding?" said Ro-mi in astonishment. "Then you do not await a man —you wish to be one."

Lakat shook her head miserably. "All the village says that I cannot do the thing a woman should do."

"But do you know what you are saying, little Lakat? It is a tricky game to play. The man must come onto the shark's rough back, seize him by the fin, then the girls, next in a flash, strike the sharp stone knife underneath and into the thin belly skin. Even the bravest and most skilful hunters have come to death in the bloody water. Men do this thing only because they cannot live without fame and admiration."

"It is not *that* I want," Lakat said. "It is something too deep in my heart to explain. Ro-mi, you must help me."

Just as the sun rose the next morning, they paddled silently out beyond the reef. Ro-mi was full of misgiving and he only hoped that there would be no sharks to be found.

"Remember," said Ro-mi, "as soon as we are close, roll out of the canoe, straddle his back, grab the great fin tightly and, in one movement, bend forward and stab upward. Once you are in the water, I cannot help you. Shark riding cannot be taught. It can only be learned." Ro-mi shook his head as he looked down at Lakat's lithe, naked body. He saw that her hand, holding the knife haft, was trembling a little.

A small fin, not much larger than a hand, appeared off to seaward. "A good one to try," said Ro-mi. "He is small and his belly skin will be thin. Remember that the pack follows close and will scent the blood. You have only the time it takes a tall palm tree to crash to earth after it is cut through." The canoe slid quietly forward.

"Now!" Ro-mi yelled. He watched Lakat roll expertly over the side, seize the fish and twine her long legs around it. As she bent forward, he could see her round breasts flatten against the shark's rough back. He felt a terrible fear and a terrible desire.

Lakat felt the hard skin of the shark between her legs and against her breasts. She had no fear now, only excitement. She struck once, then again with the knife. A marvelous sensation arose in her belly and swept through her. She shifted her body against the shark and straddled him more tightly. As he plunged, she felt the knife go deep within him, almost as if she had pierced herself.

"Back," yelled Ro-mi. "He is dying now. Into the canoe quickly." With a sharp stroke of the paddle, he came alongside, seized Lakat by the hair and plucked her from the fish's back. When he had brought her into the canoe, he saw with surprise that his manhood had risen.

"Ro-mi," asked Lakat, "is a man like a shark?"

"I don't know what you mean," he said with a frown, watching the shark plunge in its final agony. When he looked back, he saw that Lakat was lying down in the canoe.

Ro-mi leaned forward and touched her shoulder. Lakat did not shrink from him; she put her arms around his neck.

Some time later, with the dead young shark in the bottom of the canoe, they paddled to the shore of the lagoon. Most of the village had come down to meet them. Ro-mi held up the dead fish. "Lakat rode this shark," he called.

"Lakat, you might have been killed," cried her mother.

"You are an idiot daughter," her father growled.

Ro-mi stepped from the canoe. "Lakat is my woman," he said. "Let no one speak ill of her."

The faces of her mother and father began to soften into smiles. Suddenly, all of the villagers began to laugh, and Lakat and Ro-mi laughed with them.

—Retold by Bob Lunch

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

man at his leisure

(continued from page 207)

behind their ramparts and the desolate landscape that lies beyond them.

This is one facet of Morocco; but not too far north, over the snow-capped peaks of the High Atlas, are wondrous cities of minarets and tumultuous bazaars that belong to an even earlier age. And yet farther north are skyscraper cities resplendent with the newer treasures of a younger civilization. A land of improbable contrasts, it is less than seven hours by jet from New York, on the northwest shoulder of the African continent. Bounded on the west by the Atlantic, on the north by the Mediterranean, on the east by Algeria and on the south by the Sahara, it combines the flavors of Africa and Arabia with the seasoning of Europe in a territory far smaller than Texas.

It is a place where a traveler can live in the 20th or the Second Century, in a brand-new hotel or an ancient Arabian palace. He can spend his nights in a casino or a *discothèque* and his days on a beach or a golf course; hunt with falcons or track wild boar. He can taste the favorite dishes of desert war lords, eat with his fingers at a splendid feast or dine in a French restaurant. He can see legendary cities, have his fortune told, soak in a hot spring, ride a camel or an Arabian stallion, meet a girl from Paris or London or Rio or ski down a mountain.

Or he can go shopping. In the *medinas* (Arab quarters) of the larger towns are hole-in-the-wall shops, labyrinthine bazaars and bustling markets filled with sights and sounds and overflowing with carpets from Rabat, sheepskin rugs from the Rif, pottery from Fès and Safi and muzzle-loaders inlaid with silver and gold; copper- and brassware, hand-beaten jewelry encrusted with precious stones, sturdily wrought leatherwork, antiques and bric-a-brac at bargain-basement prices.

Dope, mostly grass and hash, is traded with equanimity everywhere, though few people agree as to the exact definition of Moroccan law on this touchy subject. Some say you can smoke it but not sell it; others maintain that selling is all right but possession is not. Most people have no opinion; they just sit around getting stoned, as they have been doing for centuries. *Kif*, which is marijuana mixed with something that tastes like camel droppings, costs about 60 cents a bag, enough for a dozen pipefuls.

For some visitors, a shopping excursion to Morocco today holds the same sort of illicit excitement as a border crossing into Mexico; but it is a mistake to assume that this is all Morocco has to offer, for there are even greater treats in store. The most outstanding attractions can be seen quite comfortably within two to three weeks, which allows ample time for sight-seeing and shopping and for a few days of lazing in the sun at some select refuge. There is an excellent road network, fast air service between the more important cities and a railroad from Tangier in the north to Marrakesh in the south.

Americans need only their passport and vaccination certificate. The dirham, Morocco's unit of currency, is not officially available outside the country and may not legally be imported, but these strictures are met with a hollow laugh by anyone who has stopped first at Gibraltar or on the southern coast of Spain, where dirhams are sold at vastly reduced rates. The legal rate of exchange is about five to a dollar, but in Tangier's thriving currency black market, it's around seven. If you're caught bringing Moroccan money into the country or dealing on the black market, however, your vacation will be extended by a long stretch.

July and August are said to be impossible months to visit Morocco, because of the heat, but this is high season on the beaches and though it does get very warm in the interior, an air-conditioned hotel or a swimming pool is never too far away; and, in any event, the evening usually brings cooler air. Whenever they elect to go, the itinerary of most travelers in Morocco is dictated by where their plane lands, which in most cases will be either Rabat, the capital, or Casablanca, Morocco's biggest city. Separated by less than 60 miles, both places are situated approximately at the center of the Atlantic coast line. Geographically it makes more sense to start at the northern tip in Tangier and gradually work southward, but since most incoming flights, especially connections from the U. S. via Europe, land at the capital, we'll begin there, not forgetting to pick up a rented car.

Rabat is the most attractive of Morocco's coastal cities. It is an old town with a modern wardrobe and a reverence for its turbulent past. Once a Roman settlement, it is now one of the homes of the present king of Morocco, who may be seen once a week, riding to his prayers on a white horse. As the center of diplomatic and government business, Rabat has numerous first-class hotels; but the best among them is the Tour Hassan, which has spacious air-conditioned apartments, outstanding cuisine and a charming garden patio for cocktails. There are soft fountains off the lobby, miles of carpets and acres of marble; the service is formal, friendly and efficient. Next best are the Hilton, which has a pool, and the Balima, which is small but pleasant.

Practically every town in Morocco has a street called Mohammed V, and in Rabat, this is the scene of luxury stores, tea and pastry rooms, ice-cream parlors and sidewalk cafés. At its northern end is Rabat's *medina* and its maze of markets, all divided into different sections for specific products such as leather goods, brass and copper, silver, gold, carpets, caftans, jewelry and shoes; and there's a hard-to-find bazaar that sells secondhand junk and antiques at absurdly low prices.

In the larger markets, shades of rushes are stretched across the narrow streets to keep out the heat of the day. Beneath them, the air is dark and cool, fragrant with the scent of leather, mint and freshly baked bread. In the gloomy openings of their tiny shops, the men who make the merchandise sit cross-legged and smoke *kif*. When they move, they move slowly, but if a likely prospect pauses to admire their handiwork, they are quickly on their feet and ready to bargain.

Haggling is, of course, an ancient tradition in Morocco and the form is simple. The seller states his price, the buyer offers half and they compromise with something less than two thirds, which takes several minutes of headshaking and eye rolling and fervent appeals to Allah. The secret is not to treat the affair as a means of getting something for nothing but to pay only what you can afford for something you want very much—which is or should be the basis of any deal.

Before leaving the *medina*, walk through the kasbah to the Moorish café that's perched on the cliffs overlooking the ocean and the mouth of the river Bou Regreg. Here you can enjoy a glass of mint tea and Moroccan pastries, while watching the sun disappear and listening to the faint sounds that drift over the rooftops and across the water from Rabat's sister town of Salé.

After a day of plodding through the Rabat *medina*, few visitors have much energy for carousing; but dedicated revelers will find live soul music from London at L'Entonnoir, floorshows and Moroccan music at night clubs in the poshest hotels. Above L'Entonnoir is an excellent, informal restaurant, whose chef knows all there is to know about hamburgers, steaks and similar imports. For more demanding tastes, there is Italian food at Capri and La Mamma, Chinese at Hong Kong and Le Mandarin, French at Le Grillon, Chez Pierre and at the leading hotels. As for Moroccan food, this gastronomic revelation is one that should be reserved for dinner, and a late dinner, too, when nothing very strenuous is planned afterward, for Moroccan food at its finest is a devastating experience that sends gourmets into raptures and turns newcomers into disciples. In the Moorish dining room of the Tour Hassan hotel, you'll find it at its very best.

If a full-scale ceremonial banquet is to be served, skip lunch that day or you'll never make it. The traditional Moroccan feast starts with *harira*, which is a soup of chicken, mutton, rice and mixed spices. Next comes a *tajin* (stew) made with chicken, pigeon, beef and mutton, although it may also include turkey, camel (similar to roast mutton and very tasty) or almost any other meat. Another introductory dish is lemon chicken, accompanied

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uptight because yule's looming large? worry not...

The Eleventh-Hour Santa

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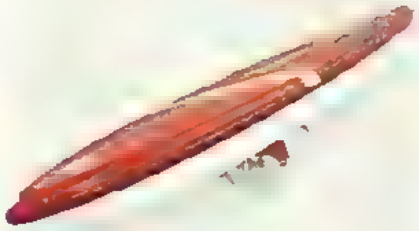

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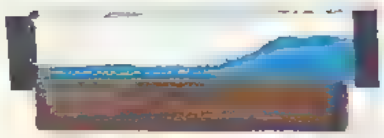

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1. Bill Blass–designed wrist watches: Collector features simulated five-cent-stamp dial, $45, and Tropicane comes with cane-patterned strap, $40, both by Hamilton Watch. **2.** The Wave, a motor-driven container half filled with fluid, re-creates in miniature the pitch and toss of a rolling sea, by Kinautics International, $36. **3.** Battery powered surfboard hits speeds up to five knots per hour, by Leisure Industries, $459.50. **4.** Courtship game demonstrates the action-reaction between magnets and steel balls mounted at opposite ends of the arms, by Rathcon, $10. **5.** Computerized football, basketball, baseball and hockey games, by Electronic Data Controls, $29.95 each, including batteries. **6.** Three pairs of interchangeable spun-glass marble-shaped cuff links, by Trafalgar Ltd., $20, including stand. **7.** Ego, a sculpture puzzle of wood and aluminum, is a challenge to reconstruct, once it's been disassembled, by Austin Enterprises, $5.95. **8.** Fondue set includes wrought-iron, copper and wood adjustable burner, $22, and enamel-coated pan, $15, both by Swissmart. **9.** Executive fingernajig of chrome makes an elegant do-nothing gift for a desk-bound doodler, by Creative Playthings, $5. **10.** Teak hibachi table with ceramic top, with opening for pans, $400, and two stools, $50 each, all by B. Wood Sanders Designs.

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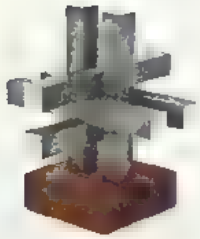

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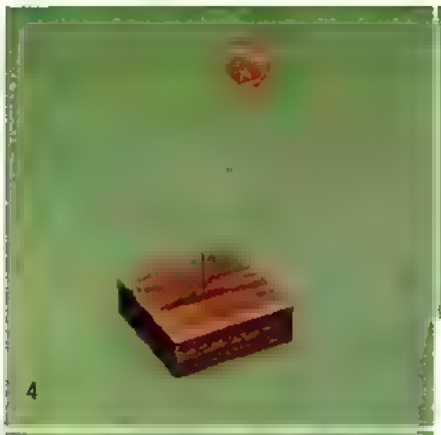
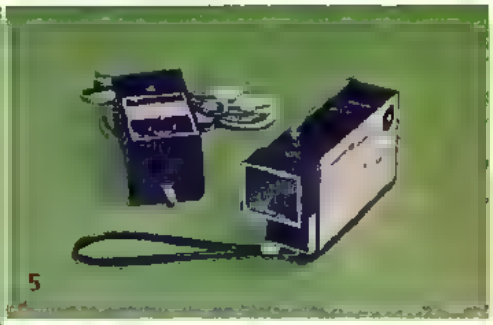
10

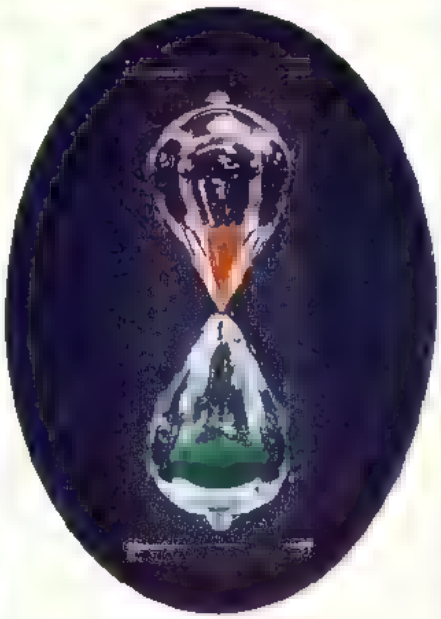
here's a plenitude of christmas presents perfect

1. Minimal-sculpture desk lamp of square brass tubing, by Robert Sonneman, $100. **2.** Portable color TV with seven-diagonal-inch screen, by Sony, $429.95. **3.** Four-quart walnut ice bucket, by Designed/Wood, $32.50. **4.** Stereo 1 loud-speaker system housed in a single cabinet, by Jensen, $124.95. **5.** *United States Olympic Book—1968*, from International Olympic Editions, $24.75. *Bauhaus*, from the MIT Press, $50; *Our Vanishing Wilderness*, from Madison Square Press, $14.95. **6.** Stein Eriksen Ski Way Delux practice platform with edge-control accessory, by AMF, $59.95. **7.** Blue Max AM portable radio with see-through case, by GE, $14.98. **8.** British Sterling cologne bar, by Toiletries Division of Speidel, $18. **9.** Baconer cooks up to eight slices in five to ten minutes, by Westinghouse, $21.95. **10.** Stereo records include *The Nonesuch Guide to Electronic Music*, from Nonesuch, $4.96 for two-record set; Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, from Angel, $17.98 for three-record set; the play *In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer*, from Caedmon, $20.50 for three-record set; three *Those Wonderful Thirties* albums, $4.98 each, all from Decca, and the soul-rock album *Fathers and Sons*, from Chess, $6.98 for two-record set. **11.** Digital clock in aluminum and rosewood case, by Howard Miller, $55.

for some inspired giving in the st. nick of time







1. Plexiglas rocking chair with polished chrome fittings and clear polished-vinyl sling, from Design Group, $700. **2.** Gift certificate for men's natural white Emba mink double breasted outercoat with cobra trim and buttons, made to order, by The Brothers Christie, $4250. **3.** Yachtsman's ice bucket of brown pigskin with thermal lining, has chrome cover with glass porthole window, by Gucci, $200. **4.** The Tork, a sculpture of spring steel mounted to wood base, jiggles when touched, by Kinetic Objects, $10. **5.** The Mica-1 microminiature battery/AC TV has screen that measures 1 5 diagonal inches, by Panasonic, $299.95 with battery, as shown. **6.** Four pure imported Mongolian cashmere sweater-shirt pullovers with button-placket neck and saddle-shoulder construction, by Hadley, $47.50 each. **7.** The Reminder, a slim, pocket-size, battery-powered cassette recording unit comes with built-in mike and playback speaker, records up to 90 minutes on one cassette cartridge, by Stenocord, $145. **8.** Continuous Calendar that needs adjusting only once a year provides the date for days from the 18th to the 22nd centuries, by Arnett Industries, $15. **9.** Radio Direction Finder with three-way tuning meter and tone generator brings in beacon, broadcast and marine signals loud and clear, by Kenel, $248.

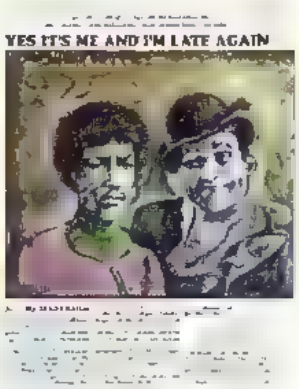
announcing the thousand-dollar-prize-winning authors and their contributions, judged by our editors to be the past year's most outstanding

PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS

Best Major Work

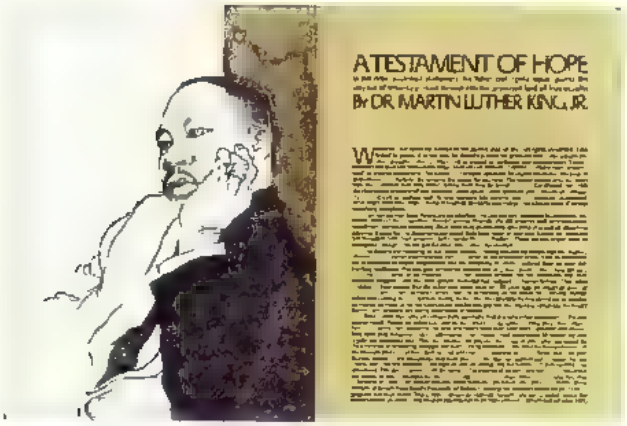
VLADIMIR NABOKOV, a previous winner, captured our first award for best major work with *Ada* (April), a tale of aristocratic passion, which later appeared as part of the critically acclaimed best seller. Nabokov's closest competitor was New Englander **John Updike,** whose *I Am Dying, Egypt, Dying* (September) detailed the *anomie* of an American cruising up the Nile.

Best Short Story



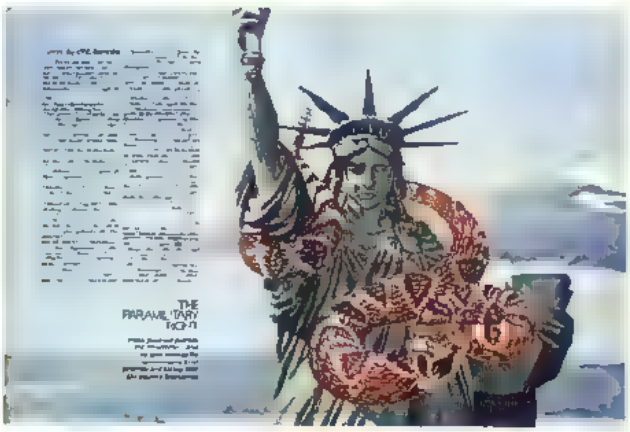
JAMES LEIGH's first PLAYBOY contribution, *Yes It's Me and I'm Late Again* (March)—a tale of confrontation between a happy go-lucky calypso singer and a bitter young militant in a black ghetto—won top honors in our short-story competition. **Robert Sheckley**'s *Cordle to Onion to Carrot* (December), about a sucker who learns how to stand up to people, came in a close second.

Best Essay



DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., one of the century's great spiritual and political leaders until his assassinat on in 1968, mapped out the road to realization of the American dream in *A Testament of Hope* (January), and merited our best-essay award. Runner-up was **Alan Harrington**'s *The Immortalist* (May), a glimpse of the deathless future promised us by medical science.

Best Article



ERIC NORDEN's chilling exposé of the would be saviors of the American way who comprise *The Paramilitary Right* (June) was adjudged our best article of the year, barely beating out *The Human Zoo* (September), in which biologist **Desmond** (*The Naked Ape*) **Morris** brilliantly explored the parallels between today's overheated upward striving and the antisocial behavior of animals in captivity.

IN REVIEWING our editorial content for 1969, we found that the wealth of fiction, nonfiction, humor and satire published by PLAYBOY proved to be an embarrassment of riches when it came to picking the winners of our annual awards. With the number of categories increased to include citations for best major work, best new writers of fiction and nonfiction, best essay and best satire, eight contributors will this year receive tokens of our appreciation and respect—for each, a $1000 monetary prize and an engraved silver medallion encased in a clear Lucite prism (shown at left). Along with our awards, we also include mention of those writers who, in our editorial poll, came closest to the winners. We hope that PLAYBOY readers will concur with our choices, and ask them—and our other contributors—to bear in mind that the process of selection necessitates the exclusion of much that is praiseworthy.

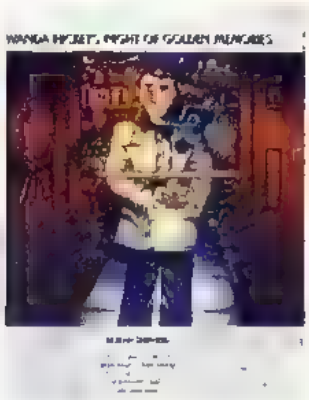
Best New Writer (fiction)

WARNER LAW, though already well established as a screenwriter, was singled out as the best new writer of fiction for 1969. *The Thousand-Dollar Cup of Crazy German Coffee*—a potent brew of suspense and intrigue, published in May—marked his first contribution to PLAYBOY. Psychoanalyst **Ernest Taves** gated next highest for his August story of a bitter and fatal rivalry, *The Fire Fighters.*

Best New Writer (nonfiction)

KARL HESS, a fascinatingly unstereotyped political savant, sounded taps for our Governmental institutions in *The Death of Politics* (March)—and won recognition as the best new writer (nonfiction) to appear in PLAYBOY during 1969. Second place went to **Dr. Joel Fort,** a specialist on drug use and abuse and faculty member at two universities, for *Pot: A Rational Approach* (October).

Best Humor



JEAN SHEPHERD, our inexhaustibly risible raconteur, took top prize for humor (his fourth) with *Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories* (June), in which he celebrated the agonies and the ecstasies of a ritual known as the junior prom. Second place among the year's humorists went to **Art Buchwald** for his tongue-in-cheek confession, *Why I Can't Write a Dirty Book* (May).

Best Satire

WOODY ALLEN, demonstrating the comic genius that has made smash hits of his own show, *Play It Again, Sam,* and his most recent film, *Take the Money and Run,* grabbed our award for satire with *Snow White?,* his December deadpan review of a Broadway play based on the Disney refurbished fairy tale. October's *Baseball Joe in the World Series,* by **Larry Siegel,** was runner-up.

PAST AS FUTURE *(continued from page 176)*

parents' unconsciousness, begrudging our children's unconsciousness? That might become the burden of our terrible resentment. For we will surely resent their having made it under the line into some new age.

Watching a small boy intent upon a meager television fantasy, peopled (and evidently created) by inhuman nincompoops, I wonder how his mind develops the trick of devising moving pictures of its own, pictures no one else has ever seen. He talks with you (unmistakably clever, spookily reflective . . .) until he very slowly begins to give himself away. He has no idea of his own meanings. You've been listening to television.

There'll be some compensations, of course. Already, we are making up in special effects what we lack in depth.

Our dreams have begun taking over all the optical concerns of movies: cutaways, slow motion, freeze-frame, zoom shots. If we could remember dreams clearly enough, we might name directors to whom our psychic styles are indebted.

A moviemaker's skill at such devices enables him to conceal his vision, his intent. His dexterity alone marks the measure of his artistry.

If movies enrich our dreams technically, what will that progress cost us? Dreams may become the remotest thing we need: another form of entertainment.

When our children are equipped to influence, perhaps even to program their dreams, where will they look for inspiration? Revelation shrouded in muslin, flights of fancy cloaked in lead.

Reconsider: What changes will go down when inexpensive lip-sync sound-on-film super-eight cameras are in everyone's hands? When everyone—parents, offspring—is an amateur cinematographer, when all of our enterprises become fitting subjects for our movies. Perhaps then the distortion of infancy will never be allowed to harden. Perhaps they will be unable to cause trouble for long.

Suppose you were perpetually reviewing the ongoing film library of your life. Could you continue to lie to yourself about the past?

Could you believe it was more crushing than it was, that its prominent figures were more fabulous? Could you remember any trauma or triumph as more than ordinary?

Our lives will be there, fat and plain and forlorn. They will bind us, leave us no room for the lovely legends we once used to repair and elaborate them.

Will the developing child constantly revise his responses to the events and personalities on film? Will he be habitually reinterpreting his past; in effect, psychoanalyzing himself?

Or might it take a child too long to distinguish truly between his family and all the other cinematic characters he'll grow up with? How long is too long?

Driving down Los Angeles boulevards, I wonder what kids will have to be like not to sense the invidious emptinesses between the car lots and the barbecue havens. By what reference might these spaces seem less than full to them?

There's a kind of emptiness here that leaves too much room for thoughts. Kids mill and loiter on the street corners, waiting, rarely conversing. "Grooving."

This landscape can turn any thought into a daydream. No purchase anywhere for a kindness or discretion. Nowhere to grab hold. Miles of sightless glass, not exactly windows, for they offer no privilege. They are a vantage point to nothing, conceal nothing.

Some miles farther, one sees within a single block English manors, French townhouses, Swiss chalets, split-levels. Style need no longer be determined by environment, nor by the indifference of builders. Each person's home can offer a total fantasy of himself.

Why does no one care what his neighbor's house looks like? To show he doesn't have to care? Our insulation is complete—of taste as well as space. What manner of man builds here, is born here? So what if it's ugly, or someone else's, as long as it insulates us from the whoosh of the freeways?

The food that nourishes our children will have no visible relation to its source. Hams will be made out of algae, carrots out of fish meal. All food will taste of chemicals; eating will be like smoking on a hot, bright day.

Did taste once depend on our feelings of merit and reward, of replenishment at the expense of life?

What, then, will our children, about to be born, resent in us? Our marginality. Our consciousness. We will not be with it, that goes without saying. Moreover, we shall not cling to anything staunch and passé. We shall offer no resistance, nothing to thrust up against.

Might we become the first parents to pray that things hold together just long enough for us to make it through our own lives?

Standing weak-kneed on the messy threshold of their world, will we simply cast off our impossible guilt? "We inherited capacities too monstrous and complex," we will whine to them. "It wasn't our fault. We gyrated helplessly from one personal solution to the next. We couldn't seem to find the goddamn handle."

The future breathes on us. We feel diffuse, disorganized in its presence. Wait a minute, we want to say, sit down, let's talk things over for a minute. But we know it has no time to waste on us.

We will respond in the same way to our children. Sit down, we'll want to say, listen to our experience. But what benefits for them will reside in our perplexities? What lessons can be wrested from maladjustment?

Some futurists merrily advise us that when there is nothing to do, when cybernetic slaves oil and operate society's machinery according to our bidding, when work becomes the privilege of a superspecialized elite—why, then we shall be a planet of puppeteers and skindivers, of perpetual tourists, students, collectors, ceramists, film makers, cricketeers.

Who will fret about cumulation, "contribution"? Picture us at the beach, modeling and remodeling our intricate sand castles, with no thought to the incoming tide.

"If everyone in the world would only play the violin," said the 2000-year-old man, "we would be bigger and better than Mantovani." Sociologists in the Sixties foresaw a new hedonism, a living for the moment. Picture a loftier enterprise for the future, an effortlessly dedicated attempt at living *in* the moment; occupying its territory fully. That alone would be a feat.

Play is a child's way of mastering the world, of making its order visible to himself. Will we, indeed, pass our hours with the concentration of children at play? Or will we try to *muster*, as if from memory, their careless seriosity?

When there's no necessity to our freely chosen enterprise, how shall we focus our attention upon it? Can we bear a lifetime of apprenticeship, taking lessons without end? Can we embrace self-realization for its own sake? Or will we dumbly persist in the worn-out notion that business is business? Kick the sand into aimless piles—with the distracted minds of vacationing adults.

"Wasn't there something, though I can't remember what, that I *had* to do?"

Can we elude preoccupation? Or will we play, not like children but like old people—just to keep busy? Frantically, desperately, to ward off brooding. Peel a stick. Hit a tree with it, hit earth with it. Look at the sun. Watch each other.

Through possessions, their getting and mending, through our need for the next improvement on the new model of trammis—we will keep our minds pressurized.

"All those things you wanted when you was a kid," Roger Miller told an interviewer, "like that motorcycle and that Model A, and all that stuff—all those things, when you get money you can't think of a damn one of 'em. Sometimes you run out and buy and buy, just trying to run across one of 'em."

Purpose. Worthiness. Self-esteem. Once, when our rituals became compulsive, we could attribute their grip on us to overwork. But when there is no work to be done, how will they survive without our becoming ashamed of them?

Each mind like a fish tossing, flopping

(continued on page 259)

ALPHABÊTES NOIRES

a biting and bizarre bestiary
to put in your funk and wagnalls

humor

By J.B. HANDELSMAN

A ASS

When the law is an Ass, it is often because an Ass is the law. Sometimes nine asses sit together to form an Asinine, or baseball team.

B Wild, or Crashing BORE

Possessed of the strength of ten ordinary bores, this terrifying brute drives its victim into a corner, where it recounts episodes of its childhood.

C

Soft-Sell CRAB

As fierce as the hard-sell or "Buster" Crab, when the blue ch ps are down, the Soft-Sell confounds its prey by attacking sideways.

D

DOGMA

The stubborn Dogma, loyal beyond belief, survives by having almost no sense of smell. When the master's scent penetrates its tiny nostrils, the Dogma dies.

E

Electoral EEL or Power-Seeking Shocker

There is no insulation to protect one from the charge of this slimy denizen of the shallows. Campaigning for volts, eye on the main switch, the Electoral Eel has something, but no one really knows watt.

F

Cold FISH

Alone in his icy think tank, the Cold Fish silently plans disasters and counts corpses yet unborn

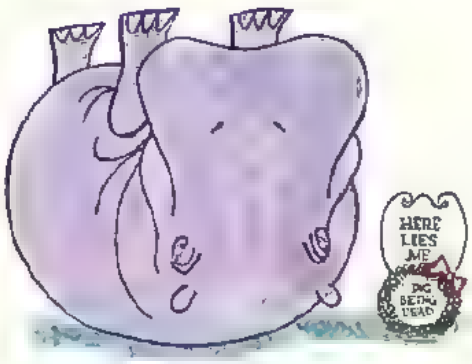
G

GIRIFFRAFF

Also called Girash, or Running Sore, its lack of vocal cords has made this animal inarticulate with rage.

H

HIPPOPOSTHUMOUS



"Life? Who needs it?" That is the swinging philosophy of the hip Hippoposthumous, born dead of dead parents and forever one up on the living.

I

ILK

The Ilk is the most unfairly unloved of all creatures, because those who are hated with all their Ilk often have no Ilk of their own and have to borrow one. Shown here are a mother Ilk and all her Ilk.

J

E-Type, or Laughing JAG

This great, purring beast, a status symbol from the word "ignition," glides softly away at mating time and trades itself in. Thus is the endless life cycle renewed.

K

KATANGAROO

The remarkable thing about the Katangaroo, or Great White Mercenary, is that no matter how high it jumps, the money never falls out of its pocket.

L

Bear-Faced LYREBIRD

The Bear-Faced Lyrebird does not tell it like it is, was or will be, and quickly proves to be a pest, leaving its little white lies and large brown name droppings everywhere.

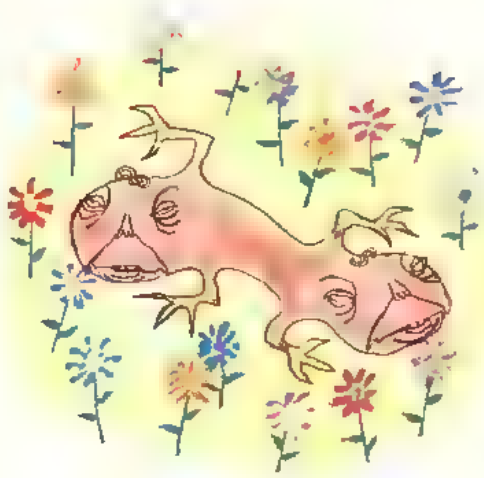
M

MISERERE or Praying Mandatory

The pious, company-loving Miserere prays that the wicked may be torn to pieces and devoured, and digested in time for its next devotions.

N

NOWT

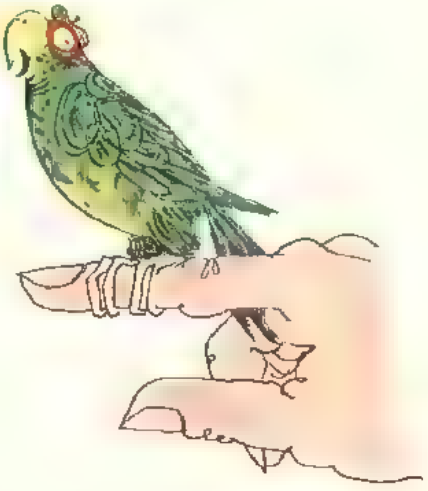


Possessing hindsight in two directions, the slippery Nowt is a lizard for all seasons.

OSTROGOTH and OISTRAKH

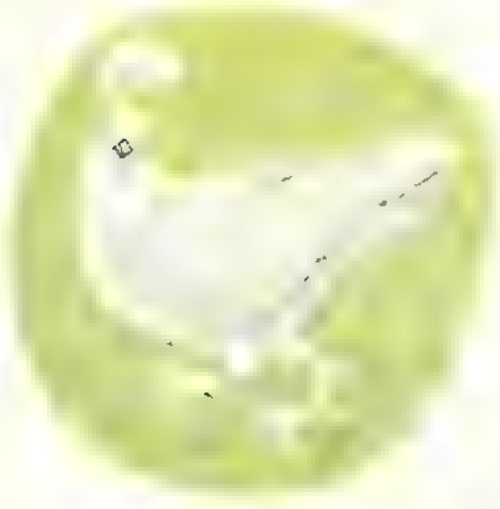
The ostentatious Ostrogoth, whose name comes from Osterreich, or Strauss, is here shown in the throes of a Viennese waltz. It should not be confused with the Oistrakh, which is a bivalve; that is to say, there are two of them.

PARROTROOPER



Quick to learn and repeat the latest military phrase, grave or exultant, the clever Parrotrooper is equally at home with the difficult "Enemy retains substantial uncommitted resources" and the simple "Charlie is hurting."

Quaking QUAIL or Bobbing White

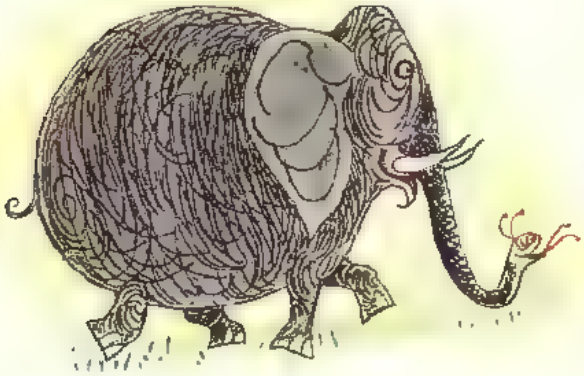


The white-lipped, ashen-faced Honkiebird, as its enemies affectionately call it, wants desperately to do the right thing but is hampered by a fear that it may turn out to be the left thing.

RHINOPTIMIST

Idly humming snatches of *Das Rheingold*, the Rhinoccupant stands at the banks of the Rhine, dreaming of past rhinopulence as a rhinofficer and looking forward rhinominously to even greater rhinomnivorousness.

S SYCOPHANT

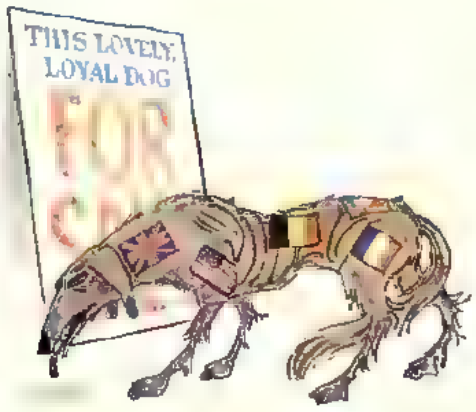


At best, the Sycophant is useless, and farmers consider it a nuisance because of its habit of praising harmful insects.

T Painted TURTLE

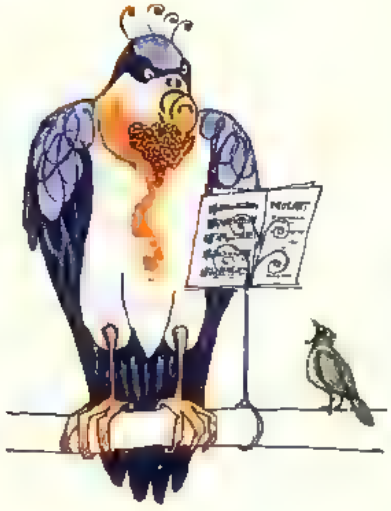
The Painted Turtle never fails to display the latest fad· pop, op, minimal, maximal, organic, electronic, emetic.

U UNDERDOG or Union Jackal



Hating every newly liberated minute, the abandoned neocolonial hopes for the return of its mother country. Eventually, it sells itself to the highest bidder.

V Cultured VULTURE



The Cultured Vulture cannot sing a note but knows at once when the nightingale is off pitch. On such occasions, it eats the nightingale.

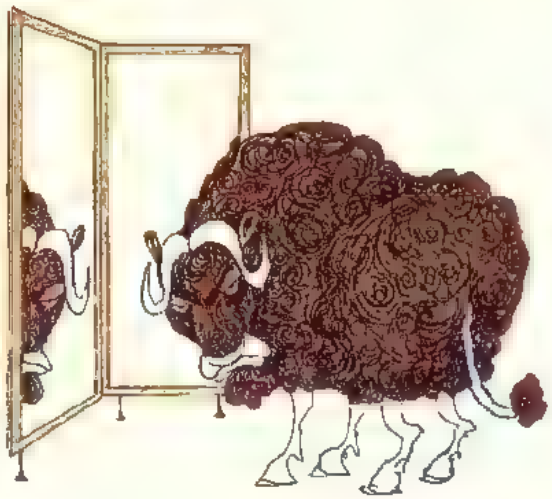
W

WOODCHUMP

The Woodchump is a credulous little marmot that lives in a wood and is a chump. All of the Woodchumps can be fooled all of the time.

X

XEROX and XOKSUM



A Xerox is a muskox that duplicates itself by means of mirrors. Each mirror image is then a Xoksum. A Xoksum is also a muskox that looks back in anger, often to snarl, "What was that last crack?"

Y

YOK

Seldom found live nowadays, the Yok, or Guffawing Boffola, provides the raw material for canned laughter.

Z

ZEBREW

Whether fiddling on the roof or doing some other comic turn, the Zebrew is increasingly used by trappers to snare the elusive Yok.

crook's tour

(continued from page 162)

"Then they had quite a discussion about what was natural and what wasn't, with Mr Visconti almost forgetting his danger in the excitement, until someone knocked on the door and Mr Visconti, vaguely sketching a cross in a lopsided way, muttered what sounded through the noise of the air conditioner like an absolution. The German officer came in in the middle of it and said, 'Hurry up, Monsignor I've got a more important customer for you.'

It was the general's wife, who had come down to the bar for a last dry martini before escaping north and heard what was going on. She drained her martini in one gulp and commanded the officer to arrange her confession. So there was Mr. Visconti, caught again There was an awful row now in the Via Veneto, as the tanks drove out of Rome The general's wife had positively to shout at Mr Visconti. She had a rather masculine voice and Mr Visconti said it was like being on the parade ground He nearly clicked his heels together in his purple socks when she bellowed at him, 'Adultery. Three times.'

'Are you married, my daughter?'

'Of course, I'm married. What on earth do you suppose? I'm *Frau* General' —I've forgotten what ugly Teutonic name she had

"'Does your husband know of this?'

"'Of course he doesn't know He's not a priest.'

"'Then you have been guilty of lies, too?'

"Yes, yes, naturally, I suppose so, you must hurry Father Our car's being loaded. We are leaving for Florence in a few minutes.'

"Haven't you anything else to tell me?'

"'Nothing of importance'

"'You haven't missed Mass?'

"'Oh, occasionally, Father. This is wartime'

"'Meat on Fridays?'

"'You forget It is permitted now, Father Those are Allied planes overhead. We have to leave immediately.'

"'God cannot be burried, my child. Have you indulged in impure thoughts?'

"'Father, put down yes to anything you like, but give me absolution I have to be off.'

"'I cannot feel that you've properly examined your conscience.

"'Unless you give me absolution at once, I shall have you arrested. For sabotage'

Mr. Visconti said, 'It would be better if you gave me a seat in your car. We could finish your confession tonight.'

"'There isn't room in the car, Father. The driver, my husband, myself, my dog —there simply isn't space for another passenger'

"'A dog takes up no room. It can sit on your knee.'

"'This is an Irish wolfhound, Father'

"'Then you must leave it behind.' Mr Visconti said firmly: and at that moment, a car backfired and the *Frau* General took it for an explosion

"'I need Wolf for my protection, Father. War is very dangerous for women'

"'You will be under the protection of our Holy Mother Church,' Mr. Visconti said, 'as well as your husband's.'

"'I cannot leave Wolf behind He is all I have in the world to love'

"'I would have assumed that with three adulteries—and a husband——'

"'They mean nothing to me'

"'Then I suggest,' Mr. Visconti said, 'that we leave the general behind' And so it came about. The general was dressing down the hall porter because of a mislaid spectacle case when the *Frau* General seated herself beside the driver and Mr Visconti sat beside Wolf in the back Drive off,' the general's wife said

"The driver hesitated, but he was more afraid of the wife than the husband. The general came out into the street and shouted to them as they drove off a tank had stopped to give precedence to the staff car Nobody paid any attention to the general's shouts except Wolf He clambered all over Mr Visconti, thrusting his evil smelling parts against Mr. Visconti's face, knocking off Mr Visconti's clerical hat, barking furiously to get out. The *Frau* General may have loved Wolf, but it was the general whom Wolf loved Probably the general concerned himself with its food and its exercise Blindly, Mr Visconti fumbled for the handle of the window Before the window was properly open, Wolf jumped right into the path of the following tank It flattened him. Mr. Visconti, looking back, thought that he resembled one of those biscuits they make for children in the shape of animals.

"So Mr. Visconti was rid of both dog and general and was able to ride in reasonable comfort to Florence Mental comfort was another matter and the general's wife was hysterical with grief Mr. Visconti, as I have told you, was not a religious man, and the consolations he offered, I can well imagine, were insufficient and unconvincing Perhaps he spoke of punishment for the *Frau* General's sins—for Mr. Visconti had a sadistic streak—and of the purgatory that we suffer on earth Poor Mr Visconti, he must have had a hard time of it all the way to Florence"

"What happened to the general?"

He was captured by the Allies, I believe, but I'm not sure whether or not he was hanged at Nuremberg"

Mr. Visconti must have a great deal on his conscience,"

"Mr Visconti hasn't got a conscience," my aunt said with pleasure

• • •

For some reason, an old restaurant car with a kind of faded elegance was attached to the Express after the Turkish frontier, when it was already too late to be of much use. My aunt rose early that day and the two of us sat down to excellent coffee toast and jam: Aunt Augusta insisted on our drinking in addition a light red wine though I am not accustomed to wine so early in the morning. Outside the window an ocean of long undulating grass stretched to a pale-green horizon. There was the talkative cheerfulness of journey's end in the air and the car filled with passengers whom we had never seen before A Vietnamese in blue dungarees spoke to a rumpled girl in shorts, and two young Americans the man with hair as long as the girl's, joined them holding hands. They refused a second cup of coffee after carefully counting their money

"Where's Tooley?" my aunt asked.

"She wasn't feeling well last night I'm worried about her, Aunt Augusta Her young man's hitchhiking to Istanbul He may not have arrived He may even have gone on without her"

"Where to?"

"She's not sure Katmandu or Vientiane"

"Istanbul is a rather unpredictable place," Aunt Augusta said. "I'm not even sure what I expect to find there myself"

"What do you think you'll find?"

"I have a little business to do with an old friend, General Abdul. I was expecting a telegram at the St James and Albany, but none came I can only hope that there's a message waiting for us at the Pera Palace

"Who is the general?"

"I knew him in the days of poor Mr Visconti," my aunt said. "He was very useful to us in the negotiations with Saudi Arabia He was Turkish ambassador then in Tunis. What parties we had in those days at the Excelsior. A little different from the Crown and Anchor and a drink with poor Wordsworth"

The scenery changed as we approached Istanoul. The grassy sea was left behind and the Express slowed down to the speed of a little local commuters train When I leaned from the window, I could see over a wall into the yard of a cottage I was in talking distance of a red-skinned girl who looked up at us as we crawled by; a man mounted a bicycle and for a while kept pace with us. Birds on a red tiled roof looked down their long beaks and spoke together like village gossips

I said, "I'm awfully afraid that Tooley's going to have a baby."

"She ought to take precautions, Henry, but in any case, it's far too early for you to worry"

"Good heavens, Aunt Augusta, I didn't

Give the luck of the Scotch.

mean that . . . how can you possibly think . . . ?"

"It's a natural conclusion," my aunt said. "You have been much together. And the girl has a certain puppy charm."

"I'm too old for that sort of thing."

"You are a young man in your fifties," Aunt Augusta replied.

The door of the restaurant car clanged and there was Tooley, but a Tooley transformed. Perhaps it was only that she had put on less shadow, but her eyes seemed to be sparkling as I had never known them to before. "Hi," she called down the length of the car. The four young people turned and looked at her and called back, "Hi," as though they had been long acquainted. "Hi," she greeted them in return, and I felt a small ache of jealousy, irrational as the irritations of early morning.

"Good morning, good morning," she said to the two of us, she seemed to be speaking a different language to the old. "Oh, Mr. Pulling, it's happened."

"What's happened?"

"The curse. I've got the curse. I was right, you see. The jolting of the train, I mean—it did do it. I've got a terrible bellyache, but I feel fabulous. I can't wait to tell Julian. Oh, I hope he's at the Gulhane when I get there."

"You going to the Gulhane?" the American boy called across.

"Yes, are you?"

"Sure. We can all go together."

"That's fabulous."

"Come and have a coffee if you've got the money."

"You don't mind, do you?" Tooley said to my aunt. "They're going to the Gulhane, too."

"Of course we don't mind, Tooley."

"You've been so kind, Mr. Pulling," she said. "I don't know what I'd have done without you. I mean, it was a bit like the dark night of the soul."

I realized then that I preferred her to call me Smudge.

"Go gently on the cigarettes, Tooley," I advised her.

"Oh," she said, "I don't need to economize now. They'll be easy to get, I mean at the Gulhane. You can get anything at the Gulhane. Even acid. I'll be seeing you both again before we go, won't I?"

But she didn't. She had become one of the young now, and I could only wave to her back as she went ahead of us through the customs. The two Americans still walked hand in hand and the Vietnamese boy carried Tooley's sack and had his arm round her shoulders to protect her from the crowd that was squeezing to get through the barrier into the customs hall. My responsibility was over, but she stayed on in my memory, like a small persistent pain that worries even in its insignificance; doesn't a sickness as serious as cancer start in just such a way?

I wondered whether Julian was waiting for her. Would they go on to Katmandu? Would she always remember to take her pill? When I shaved again more closely at the Pera Palace, I found I had missed in the obscurity of my coach a small dab of lipstick upon the cheek. Perhaps that was why my aunt had jumped to so wrong a conclusion. I wiped it off and found myself wondering at once where Tooley was now. I scowled at my own face in the glass, but I was really scowling at her mother in Bonn and her father somewhere in the CIA, and at Julian afraid of castration, and at all those who ought to have been looking after her and yet felt no responsibility at all.

Aunt Augusta and I had lunch in a restaurant called Abdullal's and then she took me around the tourist sights—the Blue Mosque and Santa Sophia—but I could tell all the time that she was worried. There had been no message waiting for her at the hotel.

"Can't you telephone to the general?" I asked her.

"Even at the Tunis embassy," she said, "he never trusted his own line."

We stood dutifully in the center of Santa Sophia—the shape, which had been beautiful once, perhaps, was obscured by ugly Arabic signs painted in pale khaki, so that it looked like the huge drab waiting hall of a railway station out of peak traffic hours. A few people stood about, as if looking for the times of trains, and there was a man who carried a suitcase.

"I'd forgotten how hideous it was," my aunt said. "Let's go home."

Home was an odd word to use for the Pera Palace, which had the appearance of an Eastern pavilion built for a world's fair. My aunt ordered two rakis in the bar, which was all fretwork and mirrors—there was still no message from General Abdul—and for the first time, I saw my aunt nonplused.

"When did you last hear from him?" I asked.

"I told you I heard from him in London, the day after those policemen came. And I had a message from him in Milan through Mario. Everything was in order, he said. If there had been any change, Mario would have known."

"It's nearly dinnertime."

"I don't want any food. I'm sorry, Henry. I feel a little upset. Perhaps it is the result of the train's vibration. I shall go to bed and wait for the telephone. I cannot believe that he will let me down. Mr. Visconti had a great belief in General Abdul, and there were very few people whom he trusted."

I had dinner by myself in the hotel in a vast restaurant that reminded me of Santa Sophia—not a very good dinner. I had drunk several rakis, to which I was unaccustomed, and perhaps the absence of my aunt made me a little lightheaded. I was not ready for bed, and I wished I had Tooley with me as a companion. I went outside the hotel and found a taxi driver there who spoke a little English. He told me he was Greek but that he knew Istanbul as well as if it were his own city. "Safe," he kept on saying, "safe with me," waving his hand as though to indicate that there were wolves lurking by the walls and alleys. I told him to show me the city. He drove down narrow street after narrow street with no vista anywhere and very little light, and then drew up at a dark and forbidding door with a bearded night watchman asleep on the step. "Safe house," he said, "safe, clean. Very safe," and I was reminded uncomfortably of something I would have gladly forgotten, the house with the sofas behind the *Messaggero*.

"No, no," I said, "drive on. I didn't mean that." I tried to explain. "Take me," I said, "somewhere quiet. Somewhere you would go yourself. With your friends. For a drink. With your friends."

We drove several miles along the Sea of Marmara and came to a stop outside a plain, uninteresting building marked WEST BERLIN HOTEL. Nothing could have belonged less to the Istanbul of my imagination. It was three square stories high and might well have been built among the ruins of Berlin by a local contractor at low cost. The driver led the way into a hall that occupied the whole ground space of the hotel. A young woman stood by a small piano and sang what I supposed were sentimental songs to an audience of middle-aged men in their shirt sleeves sitting at big tables, drinking beer. Most of them, like my own driver, had big gray mustaches, and they applauded heavily and dutifully when the song was over. Glasses of beer were placed in front of us and the driver and I drank to each other. It was good beer, I noticed, and when I poured it on top of all the raki and the wine I had already drunk, my spirits rose. In the young girl, I saw a resemblance to Tooley, and the men reminded me of another name—"Do you know General Abdul?" I asked the driver. He hushed me quickly. I looked around again and realized that there was not another woman in the big hall except the young singer, and at this moment the piano stopped and, with a glance at the clock, which marked midnight, the girl seized her handbag and went out through a door at the back. Then, after the glasses had been refilled, the pianist struck up a more virile tune and all the middle-aged men rose and put their arms around each other's shoulders and began to dance, forming circles that they enlarged, broke and formed again.

They charged, they retreated, they stamped the floor in unison. No one spoke to his neighbor; there was no

"Hey—what about foreplay?!"

drunken jollity; I was like an outsider at some religious ceremony of which he couldn't interpret the symbols. Even my driver left me to put his arm round another man's shoulders, and I drank more beer to drown my sense of being excluded. I was drunk, I knew that, for drunken tears stood in my eyes, and I wanted to throw my beer glass on the floor and join the dancing. But I was excluded, as I had always been excluded. Tooley had joined her young friends. My aunt was probably talking about things that mattered to her with General Abdul. She had greeted her adopted son in Milan more freely than she had ever greeted me. She had said goodbye to Wordsworth in Paris with blown kisses and tears in her eyes. She had a world of her own to which I would never be admitted, and I would have done better, I told myself, if I had stayed with my dahlias. So I sat in the West Berlin Hotel shedding beery tears of self pity and envying the men who danced with their arms round strangers' shoulders. "Take me away," I said to the driver when he returned. "Finish your beer, but take me away."

"You are not pleased?" he asked, as we drove uphill toward the Pera Palace.

"I'm tired, that's all. I want to go to bed."

Two police cars blocked our way outside the Pera Palace. An elderly man, who carried a walking stick crooked over his left arm, was reaching with a stiff right leg toward the ground as we drew up. My driver told me in a tone of awe, "That is Colonel Hakim." The colonel wore a very English suit of gray flannel with chalk stripes, and he had a small gray mustache. He looked like any veteran member of the Army and Navy dighting at his club.

"Very important man," my driver told me. "Very fair to Greeks."

I went past the colonel into the hotel. The receptionist was standing in the entrance, presumably to welcome him; I was of so little importance that he wouldn't shift to let me by. I had to walk round him and he didn't answer my good night. A lift took me up to the fifth floor. When I saw a light under my aunt's door, I tapped and went in. She was sitting upright in bed, wearing a bed jacket, and she was reading a paperback with a lurid cover.

"I've been seeing Istanbul," I told her.

"So have I." The curtains were drawn back and the lights of the city lay below us. She put her book down. The jacket showed a naked young woman lying in bed with a knife in her back, regarded by a man with a cruel face in a red fez. The title was *Turkish Delight*. "I have been absorbing local atmosphere," she said.

"Is the man in the fez the murderer?"

"No, he's the policeman. A very unpleasant type called Colonel Hakim."

"How very odd, because——"

"The murder takes place in this very Pera Palace, but there are a good many details wrong, as you might expect from a novelist. The girl is loved by a British secret agent, a tough sentimental man called Amis, and they have dinner together on her last night at Abdullah's—you remember we had lunch there ourselves. They have a love scene, too, in Santa Sophia, and there is an attempt on Amis' life at the Blue Mosque. We might almost have been doing a literary pilgrimage."

"Hardly literary," I said.

"Oh, you're your father's son. He tried to make me read Walter Scott, especially *Rob Roy*, but I much prefer this. It moves a great deal quicker and there are fewer descriptions."

"Did Amis murder her?"

"Of course not, but he is suspected by Colonel Hakim, who has very cruel methods of interrogation," my aunt said with relish.

The telephone rang. I answered it.

"Perhaps it's General Abdul at last," she said, "though it seems a little late for him to ring."

"This is the reception speaking. Is Miss Bertram there?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"I am sorry to disturb her, but Colonel Hakim wishes to see her."

"At this hour? Quite impossible. Why?"

"He is on the way up now." He rang off.

"Colonel Hakim is on the way to see you," I said.

"Colonel Hakim?"

"The real Colonel Hakim. He's a police officer, too."

"A police officer?" Aunt Augusta said. "Again? I begin to think I am back in the old days. With Mr. Visconti. Henry, will you open my suitcase? The green one. You'll find a light coat there, Fawn, with a fur collar."

"Yes, Aunt Augusta, I have it here."

"Under the coat, in a cardboard box, you will find a candle—a decorated candle."

"Yes, I see the box."

"Take out the candle but be careful, because it's rather heavy. Put it on my bedside table and light it. Candlelight is better for my complexion."

It was extraordinarily heavy, and I nearly dropped it. It probably had some kind of lead weight at the bottom, I thought, to hold it steady. A big brick of scarlet wax that stood a foot high, it was decorated on all four sides with scrolls and coats of arms. A great deal of artistry had gone into molding the wax that would melt away only too quickly. I lit the wick. "Now, turn out the light," my aunt said, adjusting her bed jacket and puffing up her pillow. There was a knock on the door and Colonel Hakim came in.

He stood near the doorway and bowed. "Miss Bertram?" he asked.

"Yes. You are Colonel Hakim?"

"Yes. I am sorry to call on you so late without warning." He spoke English with only the faintest intonation. "I think we have a mutual acquaintance, General Abdul. May I sit down?"

"Of course. You'll find that chair by the dressing table the most comfortable. This is my nephew, Henry Pulling."

"Good evening, Mr. Pulling. I hope you enjoyed the dancing at the West Berlin Hotel. A convivial spot unknown to most tourists. May I turn on the light, Miss Bertram?"

"I would rather not. I have weak eyes and I always prefer to read by candlelight."

"A very beautiful candle."

"They make them in Venice. The coats of arms belong to their four greatest doges. Don't ask me their names. How is General Abdul? I had been hoping to meet him again."

"I am afraid General Abdul is a very sick man." Colonel Hakim hooked his walking stick over the mirror before he sat down. He leaned his head forward to my aunt at a slight angle, which gave him an air of deference, but I noticed that the real reason was a small hearing aid that he carried in his right ear. "He was a great friend of you and Mr. Visconti, was he not?"

"The amount you know," my aunt said with an endearing smile.

"Oh, it's my disagreeable business," the colonel said, "to be a Nosy Parker."

"Parker."

"My English is rusty."

"You had me followed to the West Berlin Hotel?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I suggested to the driver that he should take you there," Colonel Hakim said. "I thought it might interest you and hold your attention longer than it did. The fashionable night clubs here are very banal and international. You might just as well be in Paris or London, except that in those cities, you would see a better show. Of course, I told the driver to take you somewhere else first. One never knows."

"Tell me about General Abdul," my aunt said impatiently. "What is wrong with him?"

Colonel Hakim leaned forward a little more in his chair and lowered his voice as though he were confiding a secret. "He was shot," he said, "while trying to escape."

"Escape?" my aunt exclaimed. "Escape from whom?"

"From me," Colonel Hakim said with shy modesty and he fiddled at his hearing aid. A long silence followed his words. There seemed nothing to say. Even my aunt was at a loss. She sat back

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against the pillow with her mouth a little open. Colonel Hakim took a tin out of his pocket and opened it. "Excuse me," he said, "eucalyptus and mentho.. I suffer from asthma." He put a lozenge into his mouth and sucked. There was silence again until my aunt spoke.

"Those lozenges can't do you much good," she said.

"I think it is only the suggest on. Asthma is a nervous disease. The lozenges *seem* to alleviate it, but only, perhaps, because I believe they alleviate it." He panted a little when he spoke. "I am always apt to get an attack when I am at the climax of a case."

"Mr. Visconti suffered from asthma, too," Aunt Augusta said. "He was cured by hypnotism."

"I would not like to put myself so completely in someone else's hands."

"Of course, Mr. Visconti had a hold on the hypnotist."

"Yes, that makes a difference," Colonel Hakim said with approval. "And where is Mr. Visconti now?"

"I've no idea."

"Nor had General Abdul. We only want the information for the Interpol files. The affair is more than thirty years old. I just ask you in passing. I have no personal interest. It is not the real subject of my interrogation."

"Am I being interrogated, Colonel?"

"Yes. In a way. I hope an agreeable way. We have found a letter from you to General Abdul that speaks about an investment he had recommended. You wrote to him that you found it essential to make the investment while in Europe and anonymously, and this presented certain difficulties."

"Surely, you are not working for the Bank of England, Colonel?"

"I am not so fortunate, but General Abdul was planning a little trouble here; he was very short of funds. Certain friends with whom he had speculated in the old days came back to his mind. So he got in touch with you—perhaps he hoped through you to contact Visconti again—with a German called Weissmann, of whom you probably haven't heard, and with a man called Harvey Crowder, who is a meat packer in Chicago. The CIA have had him under observation for a long while and they reported to us. Of course, I mention these names only because all the men are under arrest and have talked."

"If you really have to know," my aunt said, "for the sake of your files, General Abdul recommended me to buy Deutsche Texaco convertible bonds—out of the question in England because of the dollar premium, and away from England, for an English resident, quite illegal. So I had to remain anonymous."

"Yes," Colonel Hakim said, "that is not bad at all as a cover story." He began to pant again and took another lozenge. "I mentioned those names only to show you that General Abdul is now a little senile. One doesn't finance an operation in Turkey with foreign money of that kind. A wise woman like yourself must have realized that if his operation had any chance of success, he could have found local support. He would not have had to offer a Chicago meat packer twenty-five percent interest and a share of the profits."

"Mr. Visconti would certainly have seen through that," my aunt said.

"But now you are a lady living alone. You haven't the benefit of Visconti's advice. You might be tempted a little by the quick profits. . . ."

"Why? I have no children to leave them to, Colonel."

"Or, perhaps, by the sense of adventure."

"At my age!" My aunt beamed with pleasure.

There was a knock on the door and a policeman entered. He spoke to the colonel and the colonel translated for our benefit. "Nothing," he said. "has been found in Mr. Pulling's baggage, but if you wouldn't mind . . . My man is very careful, he will wear clean gloves and, I assure you, he will leave not the smallest wrinkle. . . . Would you mind if I put on the electric light while he works?"

"I would mind a great deal," my aunt said. "I left my dark glasses on the train. Unless you wish to give me a splitting headache——"

"Of course not, Miss Bertram. He will do without. You will forgive us if the search takes a little longer."

The policeman first went through my aunt's handbag and, handed certain papers to Colonel Hakim. "Forty pounds in traveler's checks," he noted.

"I have cashed ten," my aunt said.

"I see from your air ticket you plan to leave tomorrow—I mean today. A very short visit. Why did you come by train, Miss Bertram?"

"I wanted to see my stepson in Milan."

The colonel gave her a quizzical look. "May one ask? According to your passport, you are unmarried."

"Mr. Visconti's son."

"Ah, always that Mr. Visconti."

The policeman was busy now with my aunt's suitcase. He looked in the cardboard box that had contained the candle, shook it and smelled it.

"That is the box for my candle," my aunt said. "As I told you, I think, the make these candles in Venice. One candle does for a whole journey—I believe it is guaranteed for twenty-four hours continuously. Perhaps forty-eight."

"You are burning a real work of art," the colonel said.

"Henry, hold the candle for the policeman to see better."

"By and large, gentlemen, I'm sure we all deplore this so-called Mafia; but, by God, we've got to admit that this is a damned attractive tender offer. . . ."

Again, I was astonished by the weight of the candle when I lifted it.

"Don't bother, Mr. Pulling, he has finished."

I was glad to put it down again.

"Well," Colonel Hakim said with a smile, "we have found nothing compromising in your luggage." The policeman was repacking the case. "Now, just as a formality, we must go through the room. And the bed. Miss Bertram, if you will consent to sit in a chair."

He took part in this search himself, limping from one piece of furniture to another, sometimes feeling with his stick, under the bed and at the back of a drawer. "And now Mr. Pulling's pockets," he said. I emptied them rather angrily onto the dressing table. He looked carefully through my notebook and drew out a cutting from the *Daily Telegraph*. He read it aloud with a puzzled frown.

"'Those that took my fancy were the ruby-red Maitre Roger, light red, white-tipped Cheerio, deep-crimson Arabian Night and Black Flash, and scarlet Bacchus. . . .'

"Please explain, Mr. Pulling."

"It is self-explanatory," I said stiffly.

"Then you must forgive my ignorance."

"The report of a dahlia show. In Chelsea. I am very interested in dahlias."

"Flowers?"

"Of course they are flowers."

"The names sounded so oddly like those of horses. I was puzzled by the deep crimson." He put the cutting down and limped to my aunt's side. "I will say good night now, Miss Bertram. You have made my duty tonight a most agreeable one. You cannot think how bored I get with exhibitions of injured innocence. I will send a police car to take you to your plane tomorrow."

"Please don't bother. We can take a taxi."

"We should be sorry to see you miss your plane."

"I think, perhaps, I ought to stop over one more day and see poor General Abdul."

"I am afraid he is not allowed visitors. What is this book you are reading? What a very ugly fellow with a red fez. Has he stabbed the girl?"

"No. He is the policeman. He is called Colonel Hakim," my aunt said with a look of satisfaction.

After the door had closed, I turned with some anger on my aunt. "Aunt Augusta," I said, "what did all that mean?"

"Some little political trouble, I would imagine. Politics in Turkey are taken more seriously than they are at home. It was only quite recently that they executed a prime minister. We dream of it, but they act. I hadn't realized, I admit, what General Abdul was up to. Foolish of him at his age. He must be eighty if a day, but I believe in Turkey there are more centenarians than in any other European country. Yet I doubt whether poor Abdul is likely to make his century."

"Do you realize that they're deporting us? I think we should call the British embassy."

"You exaggerate, dear. They are just handing us a police car."

"And if we refuse to take it?"

"I have no intention of refusing. We were already booked on the plane. After making my investment here, I had no intention of lingering around. I didn't expect quick profits, and twenty-five per cent always involves a risk."

"What investment, Aunt Augusta? Forty pounds in traveler's checks?"

"Oh, no, dear. I bought quite a large gold ingot in Paris. You remember the man from the bank. . . ."

"So that was what they were looking for. Where on earth had you hidden it, Aunt Augusta?"

I looked at the candle, and I remembered its weight.

"Yes, dear," my aunt said, "how clever of you to guess. Colonel Hakim didn't. You can blow it out now." I lifted it up again—it must have weighed nearly 20 pounds.

"What do you propose to do with this now?"

"I shall have to take it back to England with me. It may be of use another time. It was most fortunate, when you come to think of it, that they shot poor General Abdul before I gave him the candle and not after. I wonder if he is really still alive. They would be likely to glide over any grisly detail like that with a woman. I shall have a Mass said for him in any case, because a man of that age is unlikely to survive a bullet long. The shock alone, even if it were not in a vital part——"

I interrupted her speculations. "You're not going to take that ingot back into England?" Ingot—England. I was irritated by the absurd jingle that sounded like a comic song. "Have you no respect at all for the law?"

"It depends, dear, to which law you refer. Like the Ten Commandments, I can't take very seriously the one about the ox and the ass."

"The English customs are not so easily fooled as the Turkish police."

"A used candle is remarkably convincing. I've tried it before."

"Not if they lift it up."

"But they won't, dear. Perhaps if the wick and the wax were intact, they might think they could charge me purchase tax. Or some suspicious officer might think it a phony candle containing drugs. But a *used* candle. Oh, no. I think the danger is very small. And there's always my age to protect me."

"I refuse to go back into England with that ingot." The jingle irritated me again.

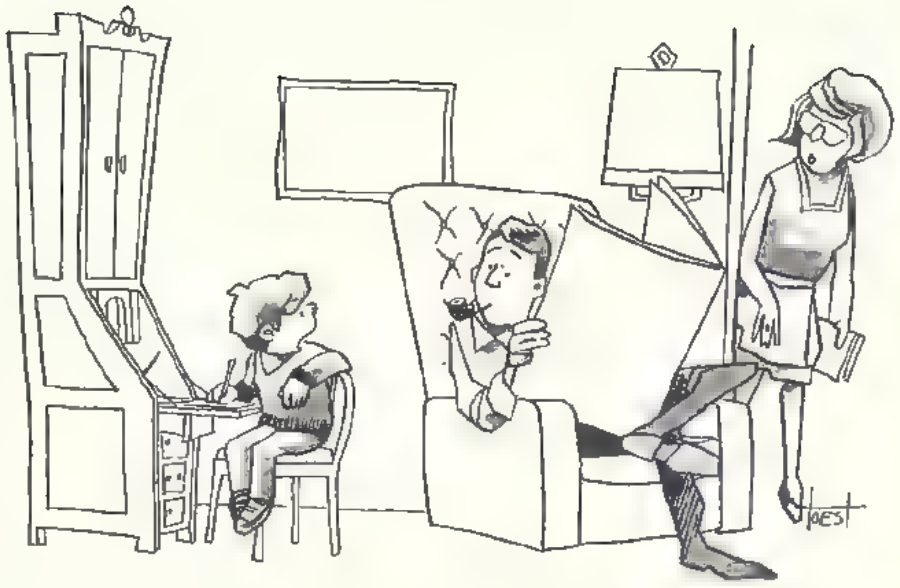
"But you have no choice, dear. The colonel will certainly see us onto the plane and there is no stop before London. The great advantage of being deported is that we shall not have to pass the Turkish customs again."

"Why on earth did you do it, Aunt Augusta? Such a risk. . . ."

"Mr. Visconti is in need of money."

"He stole yours."

"That was a long time ago. It will all be finished by now."



"What rhymes with fellatio?"

This is the third and concluding part of "Crook's Tour," a selection from a new novel by Graham Greene.

"I told you we wouldn't need a tree."

DUPLEX PENTHOUSE

(continued from page 161)

attendant and take the elevator, which whisks you up to the penthouse.

The elevator opens, you step inside the first-level foyer and the door closes again. To your right is the living-room area's slightly sunken talk pit, with its leather-covered Dom no Chairs, the backs of which can be removed as comfort dictates. When, say, a chestnut roast is the order of the day or evening, the two sections directly facing the fireplace may be moved aside, and then, when you and a special someone have cooked your fill, a motorized black-glass hearth screen can be slid into place.

In the middle of the sunken talk pit, which is covered with a thick wool rug, sits a lacquered Knoll cocktail table. Its stainless-steel top is the answer to a bachelor's dream, as spilled drinks and forgotten cigarettes are cleaned up with the swipe of a cloth, while accumulated books and magazines can be tucked away in a compartment at the center or stashed in storage areas along the sides.

While you're in the living-room area, fix a drink at the wet bar located on the wall opposite the multipaneled floor-to-ceiling abstract painting. Here, there's practically every accessory that a mixologist could desire, including a built-in glass chiller, fridge and a well-stocked liquor cabinet filled with potables ranging from anisette to Zytnia vodka.

But, as you may already have guessed, there's much more to the living-room area than first meets the eye. For example, the outsized abstract you've been admiring was created with abrasionproof acrylic paints applied to panels that open by remote control to reveal the latest in video and audio equipage.

All of the wall's built-in gear is operated from a master control panel behind the abstract, while a number of the main controls are duplicated in an auxiliary panel that's been placed conveniently at fingertip reach just behind the couch and to the right of the fireplace hearth. Thus, you can remain seated with your guests while entertaining them with your electronic showmanship.

And what a show it can be. When the painted panels behind the Torino table and chairs that serve as a game area have been flipped out of the way by remote control, the room (or the entire duplex, if you choose) becomes the sounding board for the latest advancement in audio technology—four-channel stereo tape. Four electrostatic speakers (two behind the abstract painting and two on the opposite wall at either side of the bar) are connected to a 600-watt amplifier that puts out 150 watts IHF music power per channel. With this system, listeners are literally at the hub of the room's hi-fi system (other leisure rooms also have four mounted speakers).

Of course, you're not limited to four-channel tape while in the living-room area, you can select whatever sound source suits your fancy: an automatic and a manual turntable (the latter is equipped with a straight-tracking tonearm that holds an ultrasensitive cartridge capable of high trackability); AM, FM, short wave and FM stereo pulled in by tuners that are hooked to a rotating audio-video master antenna mounted on the roof; and reel-to-reel, cassette and cartridge tape decks that allow all types of material to be recorded, played back and/or converted to another format. Most of the LPs in your collection are housed in an automatic selector-player, which does away with the frustration of having to flip through a stack of albums for a favorite recording. The selector-player—controlled by a set of push buttons located over a bin holding 500 vertically filed LPs—features a mechanical arm that slides the record forward for play or offers it up to the operator. After a side is finished, the record is returned to its slot. The selector-player, of course, is a boon to parties, as music can be programed prior to the guests' arrival. (Platters that require *very* delicate handling are stored by hand in padded bins below the manual turntable.) Audio tape reels and cassette cartridges are retrieved from special compartments by a push-button selector that slides the desired tape forward, ready for play. All tapes are stored in heat-resistant and magnetically shielded drawers.

In the center of your sight-and-sound setup are three color TVs with 25-diagonal-inch screens (while you're watching one show, you can be transcribing another on set number two and have the third one free for closed-circuit monitoring).

Tied into the TVs are three multispeed video tape recorders capable of handling anything from professional color video tapes to the quarter-inch home video variety. Black-and-white or color video tapes can be made by using one of three portable, wireless TV cameras that stand ready in their recharging storage racks. All video-tape-recorder film canisters are stored out of sight in special compartments. On a night when you're away from the pad, one of these color units can be set to tape a show for later viewing.

Both 8mm silent and sound movies and 2" x 2" slides (all with a synchronized audio tape) can be electronically projected onto any of the three TV screens. However, when a 16mm or a 35mm film is on the evening's agenda, a 6' x 12' projection screen can be lowered in front of the entertainment wall and the film is then rear-projected onto it, the ceiling speakers supplying the audio.

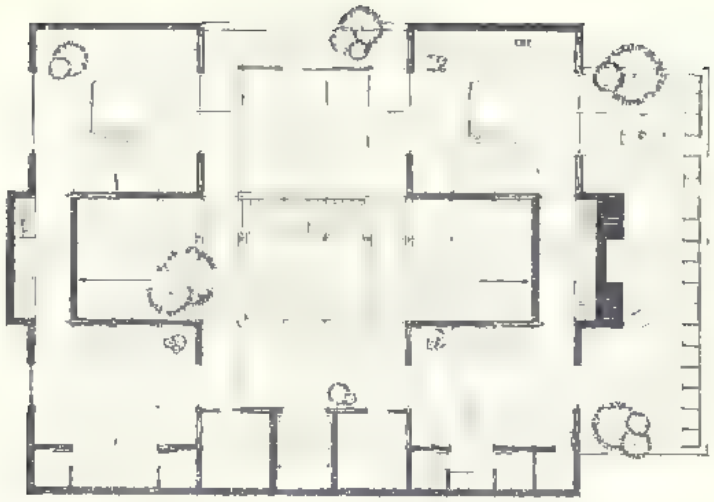
So much for the cameras and the electronic action of your apartment. How do you turn on the myriad flush-mounted ceiling lights installed throughout the penthouse? These, too, can be controlled from your electronic wall, through the use of a unique card system that enables you to instantly illuminate all or specific areas by simply inserting a perforated card into a slot hooked up to a minicomputer. All cards are labeled and stored in the wall and, for convenience' sake, individual room lights can be turned on and off by a concealed button. A duplicate card system is also built into the headboard of the master bed.

Incoming phone calls first register on the entertainment wall, where an answering service either takes the message or transfers the call to the area you're in. If you wish to speak to the party, the push of a button will switch the caller to the room and his or her voice will come in soft and clear over the ceiling speakers. Two-way conversations can be held, as the speakers double as amplifier microphones. (For more private conversations, a number of phones and phone jacks are also strategically placed about the pad.)

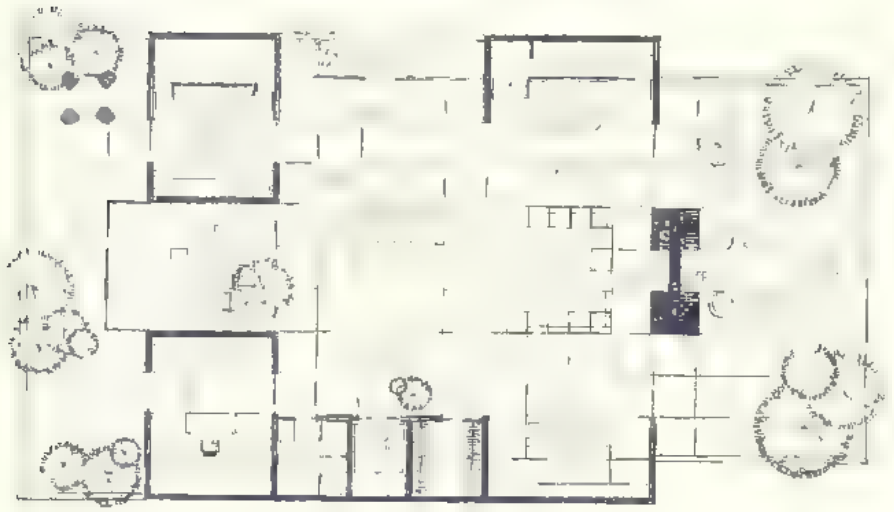
There are other details in the living-room area worthy of note. On either side of the white-stucco fireplace wall, which contrasts with the black-slate floor used throughout the penthouse (except where there's carpeting), are floor-to-ceiling glass doors that roll back, permitting access to a patio-terrace with a fireplace plus lounge chairs placed next to a small garden that's open to the sky. A spiral staircase winds upward to a second-level patio-terrace, directly above, that's adjacent to the master bedroom.

Next to the reflecting pool you passed on entering the living-room area is a conveniently located powder room opposite a cantilevered stairway that also leads to the second level. And here, too—on both levels—is a minigallery for showcasing a collection of contemporary or classical sculpture. By parting vinyl vertical shades and opening another floor-to-ceiling sliding glass door, you can stroll onto two other patio-terraces, one on each of the levels.

The Oriental-influenced dining area, located at the opposite end of the first level (see the floor plans on the following page), offers an additional spectacular view of the city; doors open onto a terrace replete with greenery and a card table and chairs placed there for warm-weather outdoor gaming purposes. The thickly carpeted dining area (check the rendering on page 158) is conducive to casual



PLAYBOY'S DUPLEX PENTHOUSE—SECOND LEVEL



PLAYBOY'S DUPLEX PENTHOUSE—FIRST LEVEL

Japanese-style dining. Eight cushions with lift-up backs are positioned around a permanent pedestal table with a marble top that can be raised or lowered hydraulically. When guests are being treated to comestibles either Oriental or Occidental, they don't experience that uncomfortably cramped feeling: There's a well under the table for their legs. Here, too, a formal dinner can be served after the table has been raised to the standard 30-inch height (thus closing off the leg well), the cushions removed and chairs provided.

As you stand in the dining area, gazing toward the patio-terrace, the room to your left is the office-study, a sanctum sanctorum where you can take care of pressing business matters or simply get away from it all. A man-sized mahogany desk with a swivel chair dominates the room, while books, papers, magazines, stationery, pipes and humidors, electric typewriter, dictating machine and correspondence are stashed in bookshelves and storage compartments built into two walls—one behind the desk and the other opposite it and just behind a table and two high-backed leather lounge chairs with attached high-intensity gooseneck lamps. (Including an office-study in the penthouse, of course, gives you an income-tax break, as you can deduct the cost and depreciation of equipment and supplies, plus a percentage of the annual upkeep.)

Back in the dining area again, facing the patio-terrace, the room to your right is the kitchen—a culinary oasis where a midnight snack for one or two, a sit-down dinner for eight or a buffet for 50 can be masterminded with a minimum of fuss and bother. The kitchen floor, too, is black slate for easy maintenance, while the floor-to-ceiling cabinets that stand on either side of the sliding glass door opening onto the patio-terrace are of burnished aluminum.

In the center of the room is an enamel-finished cooking island with a matching overhead hood exhaust that silently whisks odors up and away. Set into the countertop are four high-speed electric surface units and a gas grill that can impart a smoky and savory barbecue flavor to whatever is being prepared, either directly on the grill or skewered on a countertop rotisserie attachment that does the dish to a turn.

Under the counter is a superfast microwave oven that never needs cleaning, reached by pivoting open a portion of the island's side panching. A potato popped into the oven is baked and ready for sour cream and chives in four minutes flat; a medium-rare standing rib roast is clocked in at six minutes per pound. During a dinner party, food fresh from the oven arrives at the table piping hot, not lukewarm as the main course can be cooked while the consomme bowls are being cleared away.

The upper portion of the kitchen wall seen on page 159 serves as a storage area for nonrefrigerated viands housed there by means of a series of vertical conveyor belts. Compartments containing spices, canned goods, tins of coffee and tea, party-food munchables and other miscellaneous culinary necessities revolve into view at the touch of a button. On this wall, too, is a digital clock and, above it, a screen onto which recipes can be rear-projected in outsized type that can be easily read from across the room; all recipes are held in a master drum that operates by push buttons similar to those of a jukebox.

On the opposite wall is another identically dimensioned floor-to-ceiling storage area also of burnished aluminum. Here, there's a stainless-steel triple sink with disposals, hooked up to a reverse-osmosis membrane that's built into the pad's main water supply. Thus, when any tap in the apartment is turned on, out pours purified soft water that's crystal clear. By the kitchen sink is a built-in high-speed dishwasher that removes even the gooiest gourmandial vestiges of the night before.

In place of the conventional and all-too-bulky freestanding fridge and freezer units, you pluck your choice of meats, vegetables, fruits and other fare that require cold storage from cabinets and bins that keep their cool at a constant temperature. And should you be faced with a full day of meetings that are certain to continue well into the evening, you can, prior to leaving for the office, take a precooked and frozen casserole, place it in a special drawer that both freezes and heats, activate a timer and, that night, after a cocktail or two, the dinner's main course will be awaiting your pleasure, piping hot.

When a bottle of wine—be it a velvety Cote de Nuits burgundy or a Portuguese *vinho verde*—is desired, there are 200 choices, housed in a vertical and ventilated honeycomb wine bin, quite possibly the best place to age a munificent selection of vintages this side of Bordeaux.

Behind the floor-to-ceiling storage area (as you'll see by checking the floor plan) is a combination pantry–laundry room, where additional provisions can be stored.

Let's now leave the kitchen. There's an entire second level of the penthouse yet to explore and it's time you strolled up the cantilevered stairway and looked about.

At the top of the stairs, in the second-level foyer—which, again, has a black-slate floor—there are three open wells surrounded by catwalks from which you can look down into the living room area, the dining area and the reflecting pool. Nearby, you'll find two storage closets, one for bedding and blankets and the other for sporting gear, camera equipment, etc.

As we mentioned before, the first level of your penthouse is primarily dedicated to entertaining friends with your electronic wizardry and culinary expertise, while the second level is strictly for privacy—except, of course, when an open house is the order of the night and guests are free to wander where they choose. The rooms to the right on the floor plan (those that overlook the living room area) are a master bath, dressing room and bedroom complex separated from the rest of the second level by sliding doors that disappear into the wall—just as they do on the first level.

You've now stepped into the multimirrored master bath, which features a sunken soak tub (set in a radiant-heated floor), where you can relax Japanese style, light filtering through a small skylight directly overhead. Close by are double washbasins and on the opposite wall are push-latch mirrored doors that open to a wood-lined sauna for two, complete with sun lamp. Adjacent to the sauna are both a lavatory and a shower room, the latter has custom fittings that include both high and low sprays. An arm's length away, there's additional storage space for robes, towels, washcloths and toiletries. A walled patio-terrace by the bath provides a private place to sunbathe.

Connecting the bath with the master bedroom is a wood-paneled dressing room. Suits, sports jackets and slacks are stored here in dustproof closets built into both sides of a multibulbed three-way mirror. Also in this area are dustproof storage trays for shirts, ties, sweaters and underwear and a waist-high shoe locker holding permanently mounted rows of lever-operated shoe trees.

Beyond the dressing room is the master bedroom, where you, the lord of this lofty manor, can sink into the arms of Morpheus (or a more comely substitute). A king-sized sunken bed set in a molded-fiberglass frame dominates the penthouse bedroom. On the wall nearest the foot of the bed is a miniversion of the living-room area's electronic entertainment wall containing a closed-circuit TV and-intercom monitoring system that enables you to communicate with visitors in other rooms, a color TV and video tape recorder, LPs and cassettes, plus a four-channel stereo tape deck and amplifier connected to four electrostatic speakers.

All gear in the bedroom entertainment wall can be operated from a prone position, as there's an auxiliary panel located between the bed's adjustable padded headrests. Lights throughout the pad, too, can be turned on or winked off from here by a card-slot mechanism that's identical to the one in the living-room area.

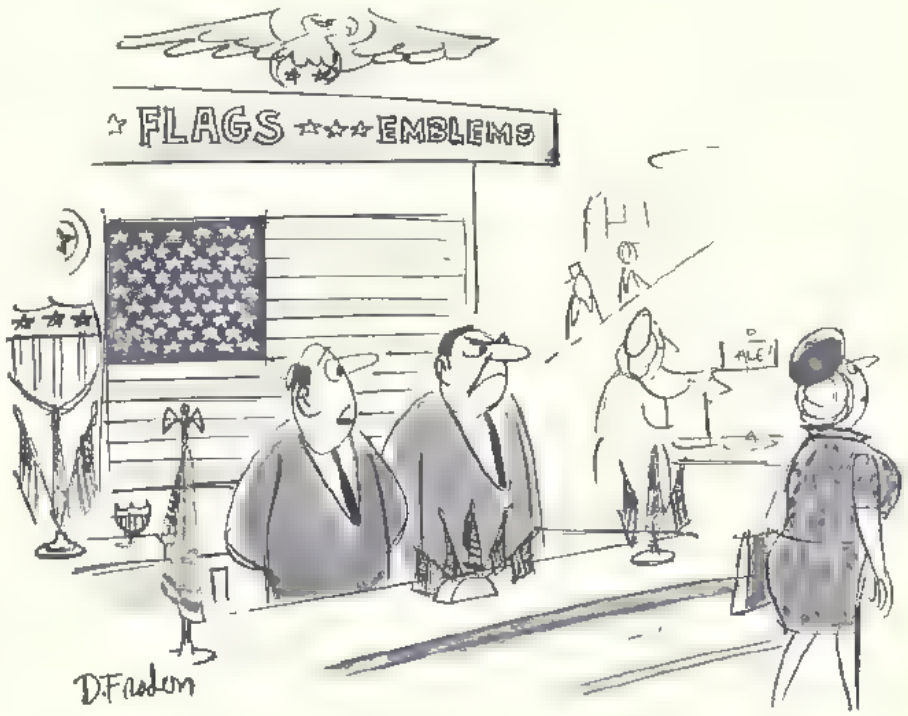
Since the lines of the bedroom are clean and contemporary, so are the paintings and sculpture. But this is 1970 and being turned on electronically by whatever feeds you and your date's audio-visual fantasies is really the name of today's bed game. Once the floor-to-ceiling painted panels on the wall behind the head of the bed are flipped back, a battery of projectors connected to the control panel between the headrests can—if you so choose—turn the room into an electric circus of swirling colors that contrast with blinking strobes fired in time to your choice of freaky far-out sounds. Or, if a softly romantic mood is what you're after, the room can glow like an ember, the walls and ceiling pleasantly pulsating, while you're serenaded by sounds more soothingly conducive to matters at hand.

Outside the bedroom's sliding glass doors is the walled patio-terrace pictured on page 160, which extends the entire width of the building, from master bedroom to master bath. Built into the wall is a low bench (covered with a weatherproof fabric) that faces a fireplace. Out here, you can kindle a late-evening fire, sip a nocturnal dram or two and listen to a mobile Italian-designed Brionvega AM/FM hi-fi unit adjacent to the fireplace.

At the opposite end of the second level is a guest bedroom, dressing room and bath complex that's similar to the master's suite of rooms—minus the electronic built-ins and the sauna. When out-of-town guests drop in for a weekend or a week, they're assured of both privacy and the latest refinements in luxury living.

All the rooms in the penthouse—each of which is air filtered and humidified—feature individual thermostats that enable you to select whatever degree of warmth or air conditioning best suits the season or the occasion.

Obviously, your duplex Playboy Penthouse circa 1970 is more than just the top two floors of an urban apartment building. It's a modern-living signpost that indicates the direction interior design and electronic technology will be taking during the upcoming decade. But, more important, it's also a bachelor haven styled for a man of taste who wants a place where he can entertain friends or take his private ease with equal equanimity.



"Harry, everybody who passes us by isn't a Communist!"

MICHAEL CRICHTON *medical transplant*

ALTHOUGH HE MADE his first sale at 14 and hit the best-seller lists at 26 with his science-fiction thriller *The Andromeda Strain*, Chicago-born Michael Crichton has taken some unusual digressions for a writer. After he was graduated *summa cum laude* from Harvard and lectured in anthropology for a semester at Cambridge, he returned to his alma mater to take a degree in medicine—although he doesn't plan to practice. "I simply lost interest in being a doctor and became more concerned with the conceptual questions of medicine and science." While studying to not be a doctor, Crichton wrote so copiously that he used pseudonyms to make sure his parents never suspected he was devoting less than full time to their ailments. One of his books—*A Case of Need*, by "Jeffery Hudson" won an Edgar award as best mystery of the year from the Mystery Writers of America. During this period, Crichton also worked on *Andromeda*, published under his own name just prior to his graduation from medical school last June. The three-year effort produced a story of the terror caused by an outer-space plague brought into the world by characters entirely plausible to anyone who ponders the perils of cooperation between science and the military. "I never expected *Andromeda* to do as well as it has," says the author. "I thought it was too technical. But it put me in a position to do what I want to do creatively. It's given me the prestige I need to get into projects that interest me." Currently a postgraduate fellow at the Salk Institute in La Jolla, California—where he does basic research into the effects of biological breakthroughs on society—Crichton has immersed himself in such projects. "I'm doing a novel on dope traffic with my brother. He's 20 and has a perspective on the thing I can't get." Also in the works: a screenplay and a nonfiction book on medicine. Beyond these efforts, Crichton looks forward to film production. "I want to construct a unified production setup where the person with the idea can follow through from conception to fruition." Being equally at home with science and fiction, the person with the idea is most likely to be Crichton.

JACKIE STEWART *king of the road*

"I RACE for the fun of it," says 30-year-old world champion Grand Prix driver John Young (Jackie) Stewart. "But I'll be the first to say that this is a deadly serious business—and should be conducted that way." The long-haired racing driver's life style is in the best jet-set tradition, but the evidence that he practices what he preaches in his dangerous trade is his track record. Of the eleven Grands Prix run in 1969, Stewart won six—a feat exceeded only once in the half-century history of the sport, when the speedy Scot's compatriot, the late Jim Clark, won seven in 1963. Jackie's younger years were an open invitation to his present occupation: His father owned a garage; his mother enjoyed motoring over the moors in modified sports cars; and his older brother raced professionally all over Europe. But after the last Stewart had a spate of death-grazing accidents, Jackie's mother forbade her younger son to set foot in a race car. He wasn't very put off by the prohibition, since he had dropped out of school and was busy becoming one of the best skeet shooters in the world. Between 1957 and 1962, while living at home, he won nearly every trapshooting title in the British Empire. Then one day the traps became tiresome and he simply stopped shooting. It was then that he heeded friends' suggestions and turned to the race track. In 1964, after a brilliant professional debut, he joined the European racing circuit and moved into a London flat with Clark. As a rookie Formula I driver in 1965, Stewart took the Italian G. P. His next successes were mingled with smashups, making him a conscientious campaigner for safety as well as speed. His skills highly honed by 1968, he took the *grandes epreuves* of Holland, Germany and the United States, just missing the crown he would wear the next year driving a Matra Ford. Away from work, Stewart relaxes at his $210,000 six-acre Swiss villa with his wife, Helen, and their two sons. He also hunts pheasant in Czechoslovakia, golfs in France, fishes for salmon in Scotland and, suited by Savile Row, goes dancing at the in-est London *discothèques*. It's obvious why, on or off the track, Stewart is a hard man to keep up with.

ON THE SCENE

DAVID STEINBERG *smiting the philistines*

IF ANYONE is likely to write a theological dissertation comparing Abraham, Isaac and Jacob with Groucho, Chico and Harpo, it is comedian-actor-writer David Steinberg, whose surreal sermonettes proved offensive to the CBS censors and prompted the Smothers Brothers' cancellation. Despite the controversy, Steinberg was signed last fall as host of ABC's *Music Scene*, an up-tempo version of *Your Hit Parade* featuring top rock artists and satirical comedy by Steinberg and a company of youthful colorers. Though his other television exposure had been mainly confined to sermonizing, *Music Scene* has allowed him to explore the idol-smashing comic perspective he displayed as an actor at Chicago's improvisational Second City. Born in Winnipeg, Manitoba in 1941, he first came to Chicago at 15 to study at the Yeshiva Theological School, pursuing the Talmudic interest instilled in him by his father—a sometime grocer, sometime rabbi. After a UNESCO scholarship sent him to Jerusalem's Hebrew University, where he earned his degree in Hebrew literature, he returned at 18 to complete a master's degree in English literature at the University of Chicago. Four years at The Second City followed, and then Steinberg started performing on his own, at New York's Bitter End, at the Troubadour in Los Angeles and, lately, on such network shows as Johnny Carson's, Dick Cavett's, John Davidson's and the Smothers Brothers'. He also scripted a critically acclaimed television special, *This Is Sholom Aleichem*, starred in two ill-fated Broadway plays, Sidney Poitier's *Carry Me Back to Morningside Heights* and Jules Feiffer's *Little Murders*, and appeared with Poitier in the film *The Lost Man*. Now banking on his *Music Scene* popularity, Steinberg is planning to star in a comedy film with music, which he co-authored with Cy Coleman. The plot centers around a New York "gypsy boy"—male chorus dancer struggling in the insular milieu of Broadway musicals. Happily, in whatever David Steinberg does, he works at the upper limits of his intellect, making this 28-year-old talent a special commodity in a business that too often opts for inanity.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE

(continued from page 122)

a deeper level. Whether he was confronted by what some considered to be theft, adultery, tax evasion or whatever, he consistently refused to play the rulebook game. That is just what riled so many people. He made them look within and decide for themselves. And that's scary.

This is not to say that Jesus had no interest in the great ethical issues of life. He certainly did. But there is a difference between genuine morality and petty moralism. Jesus was concerned about the folly of looking for real satisfaction in obsessively accumulating wealth. He fought ethnic hatred, religious snobbery, intellectual pretense and every form of cultural hauteur. But a purveyor of rules he was not. How, then, have the priests made him into one?

Simple. Most people don't like to assume the responsibility of making ethical decisions for themselves. They long desperately for someone, anyone, to do it for them: a shrink, a professor, Ann Landers. Jesus refused. He was crucified. But the churches have gladly obliged. So instead of a feast of freedom and a time for celebrating the gift of choice, the churches have turned Christmas into one more doleful reminder of how grievously we have all wandered astray and how badly we need to be set back on the straight path. Perhaps the most appropriate way to mark the birthday of Christ, in his spirit, would be to pick out a particularly offensive cultural taboo (not a sexual one, that's too easy) and celebrate Christmas by transgressing it. Maybe that would mean taking a streetwalker to midnight mass or burning money on the steps of the First National Bank. Whatever it is, transgression is good for the soul. And it also might lower the humbug level of Christmas, if only by a cubit.

8. The ecclesiastical powers have also made Christmas into a flimflam by deradicalizing Jesus. This is their most astonishing example of prestidigitation. After all, this man was executed by the Roman authorities (no, Lenny, your people didn't do it; we govim did) because they considered him to be a *political* threat. No imperial power wastes nails, boards and soldiers' time crucifying contemplatives or harmless spiritual mystics. Jesus was neither. In fact, recent research by Professor S. G. F. Brandon, an English New Testament scholar, suggests that he was probably much closer to the Zealots (the Viet Cong of occupied Palestine) than has previously been thought, or at least admitted. That question remains an open one. In any case, the life and message of Jesus is ill suited as material for an establishment ideology. But the elders are truly wise, and also inventive. The real miracle of transubstantiation is not that the Church turns wine into blood but that it has transformed Jesus into a cosmic Tory. The song Jesus' mother sings after she conceives him calls for "casting down the mighty from their thrones" and "sending the rich away empty." Jesus himself announced that his mission was one of liberating the captives. He lampooned the rich, scorned those in power and defied imperial authority. He cast his lot with the outs, the riffraff and the misfits, the Palestinian equivalent of hippies, street people and untouchables. He died the death reserved for those found guilty of insurrection. On the whole, an unlikely candidate for the Union League Club.

Christmas is a swindle because the churches have taken a Jesus who was the hope of beleaguered underdogs and made him the keystone of the *status quo*. Although an occasional Christian today catches a glimpse of the revolutionary portent of Jesus, the churches usually do all they can to discourage such impiety. Camilo Torres, the guerrilla priest of Colombia, and Eduardo Mondlane, the leader of the Mozambique National Liberation Front, both modern Christian rebels, are dead now, the victims of political assassination. But before they were murdered, they were already being pilloried by their fellow Christians for not showing patience under tribulation. You rarely see their pictures in churches or read about them in religious magazines.

The con game continues. And until the churches forgo their hard won seats in the halls of the establishment and loose the radical potential in Christianity, the vast majority of the world's restive and enraged poor will rightly continue to see Christmas not only as humbug but as a fir-scented opiate for the masses who are less and less willing to be drugged.

So there you have it. Christmas is a shell and the blame lies, for the most part, on those of us who call ourselves Christians. Why has it happened? Every religion has at least two sides, and Christianity is no exception. The figure of Christ has inspired Mozart's *Requiem Mass*, John Hus's rebellion, Giotto's paintings and an endless succession of great men. Christianity has also been used as a knout for social control, a whip to punish and impoverish. There seem to be two Christs locked in combat. The clerical Christ, the one defined by ecclesiastical authority, is usually, though not always, the oppressive one. On the other hand the most moving and authentic depictions of Christ often come from those on the edge or completely outside ecclesiastical Christianity. Thus, in our time, the most original filmic portrayal of Christ was made by an Italian Marxist and atheist, Pier Paolo Pasolini (*The Gospel According to St. Matthew*). The most vigorous modern retelling of Christ's life was written by Nikos Kazantzakis (*The Last Temptation of Christ*). But Kazantzakis was relentlessly attacked by the authorities of the Greek Orthodox

"Ordinarily, Cranston doesn't attend P.T.A. meetings, but tonight they're discussing sex education."

Church and, when he died, was refused Christian burial. The reason Christmas is humbug is that the churches are jealous and anxious. They want a monopoly on the portrayal of Christ and the definition of his significance. But they no longer have it, and that is ill to the good. Jesus in not the churches' property. Christmas will continue to be humbug until the churches realize that fact and loose their death grip on him.

So why can't we just do without Christmas completely? Get rid of the whole bag? It's been tried—not only by the New England Puritans I mentioned earlier but in some Communist countries. But Christmas, humbug and all, keeps creeping back. Maybe it happens because man is an incurable celebrator and also an incorrigible dreamer; and Christmas, for all its sham and fakery, grabs him at these two vital points.

In industrial societies, we tend to repress man's festive and imaginative features, maybe because they make man less suitable for the assembly line. Religious scholars have reinforced this distortion. While I was doing the research for my new book, *The Feast of Fools*, I noticed that American theologians, especially the Protestant ones, had written almost nothing on festivity. They have been so obsessed with the moral and intellectual facets of religion that they have made us forget that religion began in feasts, mime and chant. My own research has convinced me that all our American religions are deeply infected with the moralistic and anti-festive qualities of industrial society. The truth is that in religion, dance precedes dogma; saturnalia comes before sermon. Man is *festive*. He thrives on parties, *fiestas*, holidays, breaks in his routine, times for toasting, singing the old songs, remembering and hoping. Animals play or gambol, men celebrate. Also, man is a *fantasizer*. He keeps on dreaming of a world free of napalm and cancer and hunger despite centuries of frustration. He won't stop hoping. The central symbols of Christmas, both pagan and Christian, speak to that unquenchable hope. So Christmas fuses Homo sapiens' tendencies to celebrate and to hope. If it were abolished, we would have to invent something else to take its place.

Well, then, couldn't this something else be something without the veneer of religious symbols? Maybe. But I doubt it. I used to believe, and even hope, that mankind might someday outgrow its religious phase and live maturely in the calm, cool light of reason. But people have been predicting the end of religion and the death of God for centuries. And I no longer seriously believe it will happen, nor do I hope it will.

Why? First, because, with a few exceptions, I am not very impressed with the level of imagination, compassion or human vitality of the people I know who claim they have left religion behind. They usually either retain some set of beliefs they are unwilling to criticize or even admit they have or they are people who seem incapable not only of faith but of any strong emotion. If you have to become an emotional cretin to kick religion, the price is too high. Second, just as we had gotten comfortable with the idea that religion was disappearing—on the campuses, for example—it came back in a swirl of swamis, gurus, chants, mantras, tarot cards and *I Ching*. The incense business was never better. This current revival of often bizarre religious practices may be a muted scream of protest against the calibrated conformity of industrial society; or it may be a desperate search for a sense of belonging (which definitely seems to be the case, for example, with the new communes and the Krishna Consciousness Movement); or it may be a simple quest for God. Whatever it is, it suggests to me that man is more essentially religious than many of us have assumed. He thirsts for mystery, meaning, community and even for some sort of ritual. Granted, his future religious development may assume very unorthodox, even weird, forms. But religion, Comte and Marx to the contrary, will probably not just wither away.

Neither can clerical Christianity, as it now exists, become the religion of the future. In fact, it is already slipping into the past. Christianity will find a place in the religious future of mankind only if it undergoes a reformation so fundamental and so far-reaching it will make the religious upheaval of the 16th Century seem like a monk's squabble. Even then, Christianity can never again be the single focus of faith, as it was (for Western man, at least) for nearly 1000 years. It will have to make its contribution along with the other great religious traditions of the world and along with the new symbols and rites that are bound to emerge in the future. And the contribution Christianity will bring to this emergent pluralistic faith will have to do with the man whose unknown birthday we mark on December 25 but whose story has been so grossly perverted by generations of anxious prelates and Grand or not-so-Grand Inquisitors that today we scarcely recognize him.

So I lift my flagon to old Ebenezer. He tells it like it is. But as I drink, I secretly have another toast in mind, too, a toast to Christmas. Not the humbug Christmas we Christians have foisted on the world, admittedly with a little help from our friends at Gimbels and Saks. No, I drink to Christmas as it may someday be, a *fiesta* when we celebrate earth and flesh and, in the midst of all our hang-ups and tyrannies, remind ourselves that at least once one guy lived a reckless, ecstatic and fully free life *every* day—and that maybe someday we'll can.

"It's conclusive, Dr. Veidt. I've run sixty-five tests and there's no doubt about it — blondes have more fun."

ROMAN REVEL

(continued from page 108)

necessary to give any dress directives to the Sabine women who accompany the soldiers and statesmen of the Empire. Quite likely, they'll enter your urban forum sporting brass and gold slave bracelets, amulets and necklaces and, perhaps, a Theban toe ring or two. But if you must give the girls a toga talk, make it known that breastplates are out.

Although your pad's physical dimensions and decor may not measure up to the Colosseum, that's no excuse to turn thumbs down on the idea of a First Century Saturnalia. The decorations can be surprisingly effective, providing they're all variations on classic Roman themes. For example: instead of setting out conventional chairs, beg, buy or borrow a goodly number of couches, drape them with white sheets and place brimming bowls of assorted fruits (grapes, of course, are a must) nearby. Guests who arrive after the festivities are in full swing will find the others stretched out on the couches or on the floor, talking, feeding each other grapes or quaffing *vino* from outsize goblets, and they, too, will happily assume a horizontal position. (You'll be surprised how prone guests will soon be more prone to suitably sybaritic dallying.) Stacks of throw pillows offer further solicitations to supine pleasures. Plaster casts of Greek and Roman statuary set atop waist-high facsimiles of classic columns might be scattered about. In case some of those noble heads look too solemn for such a festive occasion, top off a few with laurel wreaths. Designate the door to your washroom as the Baths of Caracalla and provide plenty of terrycloth for toweling off after the tandem tubbing that's bound to ensue.

FUN AND GAMES

To keep the conviviality at a continuing peak, you should act as ringmaster of a Circus Maximus of games. A little imagination will make your guests turn thumbs up on your performance in the arena of hostmanship. A fig-throwing contest can be a fruitful way to enliven the evening. Equipped with a handful of figs, each guest can take his turn at trying to toss one into a loving cup at 20 paces. In the absence of ambrosia, keep the winningest pitcher in good spirits with a magnum of champagne. Further flavor the fling with provincial amusement. Have on hand a number of Gallic wine sacks to be liberally squirted by your guests at each other's open mouths. Make missing, on the squirter's part, subject to imperial punitive measures (such as having to down the contents of the wine sack alone).

Another excellent ancient custom is the Marathon Grape Relay. In this gala event, there are two teams, with an equal number of gals and gladiators to a side—and the more the merrier. Each team lines up shoulder to shoulder, alternating guys with girls. The first man in line from each team holds one of the largest, juiciest grapes in the Empire between his lips. At a signal from the host (or any other authority of Senatorial rank), the possessor of the tender morsel transfers it, no hands, to the lips of the girl next to him; she then passes it on to the next chap in line. The winning team is the one that passes the least damaged grape to the other end of the line the fastest.

Another Capitoline contest worthy of your fete is the Cross-Country Chariot Race. Turn your living room into a Roman obstacle course by laying out a circuitous Appian Way around chairs, couches, tables and anything else that will present an obstruction but not a catastrophe. Put blindfolds on all of the hard-charging horsemen and have them get down on all fours. A preferably diminutive distaff driver will mount each of the sightless "steeds" and wordlessly direct his route among the hazards (they'll decide beforehand what the signals will be for left, right, go and whoa). The swiftest "chariot" around the course is obviously the winner, but, unless there is plenty of open area in your apartment, each entrant should run the course alone against the clock, to avoid complete chaos.

If your domicile survives destruction during the games, slow the pace down a bit with Roman Charades. Such solo tableaux as "Nero fiddling while Rome burns" and "Antony's funeral oration" can be contrasted with group efforts such as the "Rape of the Sabine Women." As an atmospheric addition to your historical high-jinks, ask your wittiest friend to play the role of a Roman soothsayer casting bones and telling funny fortunes to anyone brave enough to inquire into the future.

All this delightful nonsense should be set to live music, if possible. The ideal instrumentalists—if your local musicians' union can unearth them—would be a host of harp, flute, lute and lyre players, coupled with the contemporary beat of rock polyrhythms.

FOOD AND DRINK

Then there are the vital viands to consider. Hopefully, you won't be caught in the same situation as poor Nero and the unfortunate Heliogabalus—not to mention all the other great Roman gluttons. Them evil lived after them; but their good recipes were oft interred with their bodies. Let it be understood immediately that by good recipes we don't mean such absurdly esoteric foods as roast Maltese cranes, nightingales' tongues and sautéed ostrich brains—which may sound fascinating but are close to inedible. Certain delightful Roman recipes, however, have been preserved. They bear the name of Apicius, another profligate who spent his fortune on marathon dining parties. They give rich zest to such festive fare as roast suckling pigs, stuffed capons and honey-glazed hams with figs.

The wise and well-to-do Roman host had one guiding principle for party giving—summer or winter—and none better has come along in 20 centuries; namely, to make his guests so comfortable and relaxed that they'd be loath to leave. The idea of the contemporary cocktail party from six to eight in the evening or a buffet dinner from six to ten would have struck the civilized citizens of Rome as barbaric. To them, leisure was almost a religion.

When guests arrived for the Roman dinner party, they were offered light sandals in place of their street footwear or they were free to dine with no footwear at all. They'd set aside their street garb for a light dinner garment called a *synthesis*. During a particularly long evening of festivity, the *synthesis* might be changed for a fresh one as the hours wore on. Frequently, guests were given gifts by the host as a sign of his regard for them. At certain times, the guests might be offered a bath or a massage as a refreshing interlude between drinks. Before entering the dining room, everyone was given perfumed water for his hands. In the town houses of affluent Romans, a servant would bathe both the guests' hands and feet in perfumed water from melted snow.

The *triclinium*—a word that meant both the dining room and the furniture on which the guests lounged—was equipped with three wide couches, U-shaped around the dining table. The couches, sometimes inlaid with tortoise shells or embroidered with gold, were covered with soft mattresses and fresh linen. There were silk-covered pillows on which the guests' left elbows rested, so that they could reach for food and handle it comfortably. Each couch accommodated three guests. Crowding, night-club style, was unthinkable. Cicero was once outraged at the bad taste of Calpurnius Piso, who tried to squeeze four Romans onto a single couch. To be able to recline while eating wasn't merely a comfort but a distinguished privilege. Occasionally, one or two gate crashers or professional scandalmongers (whom the guests called their "shadows") might find their way into the party, but if they were allowed to stay, it was only in a sitting position. At one time, Roman women, too, were forced to sit upright at the table, but as the girls gradually won their rights, they also were allowed to dine in the easy prone position. At

warmer times of the year, servants with huge fans provided the air conditioning. Smoking was unknown; instead, the nostrils were flattered with soft incense, and garlands of fresh flowers on the walls, as well as flower petals strewn on the couches, offered their relaxing, refreshing fragrance. All told, it was a rich indoor version of the gentle pleasure people today enjoy at a secluded and beautiful picnic spot.

In the midst of all this affluent *ambiance*, it seems odd today that Roman guests usually took their own napkins to a party. But, upon investigation, it makes sense. A napkin served not only to protect the host's linen on the *triclinium* but was also used to carry home the *apophoreta*—the leftover goodies that weren't enjoyed on the spot.

At most Roman parties, it was the custom to appoint one of the guests as the *magister bibendi* (drinking host). He determined such things as the size of the drinks, how they should be diluted and when and to whom toasts were to be offered. Acting as *magister* was, naturally, a favored role; it allowed the host to attend to his guests' other comforts and honored Bacchus in one stroke.

Often, the *magister* was chosen by rolling dice, but there were some things the Roman host never left to chance. Frequently, he would go into his kitchen and supervise the food on the fire. At some parties, no food reached the *triclinium* whose quality hadn't been checked by a skilled taster, the *praegustator*. Actual cooking was in the hands of a chef slave, whose technical ability was highly valued. In a grateful gesture for the fine food he ate, Mark Antony once presented his chef with a city of 35,000 inhabitants. Antony's tribute cost him nothing and was a perfect guarantee against any possible servant problem—a dilemma that no longer bothers hosts today, since there are few servants to be appeased at any price.

Roman hosts were extremely zealous about the quality and freshness of their food. Only the mushrooms and fruit whose very scent was a feast were allowed at a dinner party. Some Roman houses were equipped with built-in ponds where fish were kept alive and swimming until the last moment before dinner—and their final visit with the chef. Carving at the table was entrusted to men who had come by their craft after working originally on models of jointed wood. Whether the carver faced a goose or a goat, he operated with the skill of a surgeon.

In the matter of spices, Roman cooks took their courage in both hands and, with mortar and pestle, came up with many magnificent combinations. Crushed or ground spices, such as anise or powdered sage, were, fortunately, not bottled or put up in tin boxes, only to become pathetically impotent once exposed to the air. No modern host is expected to grind his own cinnamon or mustard. But once the incredibly rich and natural fragrances of hand-ground anise, cumin or caraway seeds are inhaled, even the casual chef will want to get his own mortar and pestle—remembering that a brass or stone mortar is required for crushing garlic or anything wet and that a wooden one will do for dry spices.

"I thought he seemed depressed!"

Roman cooks seem to have used wine even more lavishly than Frenchmen do today. Like the French, Roman cooks frequently reduced their wine; that is, cooked it down for a deeper concentration of flavor. Often, it was mixed with honey, particularly in the sweet-sour combinations of honey with vinegar or vinegar and tart wine. One ever-present ingredient in their kitchens was garum or liquamen. This was a sauce manufactured from dried and fermented fish, with an intense salty concentration of flavor reminiscent of soy sauce with a dash of anchovy paste. When used, it took the place of salt.

Although Roman wines were poured into the most elegant crystal, gold, silver or earthenware goblets, the wine was almost always mixed with water sometimes, it was cooled with ice or snow. We can't know what their *vinum* tasted like, but some of it, like certain Greek wines today, was resinated; some was mixed with honey or herbs. During Pliny's time, there were nearly 200 varieties of wine, a lot of which was aged 10 to 20 years. The heady effects of Roman wines, served mainly after dinner, rather than before, were described splendidly by the poet Horace. "Good wine," he said, "made the wise confess their secret love; brought hope to anxious souls and gave the poor strength to lift up his horn." Today, as in Horace's time, the wines that stand up to the intrepid Roman dishes are the fine dry reds of northern Italy: barolo, Valpolicella and the genuine chiantis.

The phrase "from soup to nuts" was paralleled by the Romans' *ab ovo usque ad mala* (from egg to apples). Actually, on their menus, eggs might appear as a first or a middle course, but the end of their meals frequently included apples. A huge bowl of fruit and nuts was their favorite finale, sometimes supplemented with pastry. Much attention was lavished on the *gustatio* (beginning) and the *mensa prima* (main course). PLAYBOY's Food and Drink Editor, Thomas Mario, has rounded up a roster of Roman recipes to match the grandeur of the celebration you've planned. In modernizing ancient food formulas, anachronisms such as sugar or apricot jam are not only inevitable but encouraged.

ROMAN VEGETABLE APPETIZERS

To start their meal, Romans devoured radishes and olives, both black and green, often dressed with oil, wine vinegar and an abundance of freshly ground pepper. They added garum as a seasoning; nowadays, we would use salt or anchovy paste. Sliced cucumbers were served the same way. The Romans'

chopped beets seem to have been a sophisticated version of our own pickled beets, supplemented with raisins, leeks and coriander. Cold leeks in a modified French dressing were a prominent favorite. Nero ate prodigious quantities of leeks not only for their mellow flavor but because he was convinced they'd improve the sonority of his voice as an orator. He ate them so often, in fact, that he was eventually nicknamed Porrophagus, from the Latin *porrum*, meaning leek. As an appetizer, their preparation is simple: 1-in. sections of leek, white part only, are boiled until nearly tender and then drained; they're cooked until completely tender in a liquid of 4 parts water, 2 parts oil and 1 part vinegar flavored with bay leaf, mustard seed, peppercorns and salt, and are marinated in this liquid and chilled overnight. Fresh fennel, cut into sixths or eighths, or fresh mushrooms may be prepared the same way, with a clove or two of garlic added to the marinade.

COLD ASPARAGUS PUREE
(*Makes 1½ cups*)

10-oz. package frozen asparagus
2 hard-boiled egg yolks
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 small onion, grated
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 large clove garlic, forced through garlic press
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
½ teaspoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon very finely minced *cilantro* (available in stores carrying Puerto Rican specialties)
Salt, freshly ground pepper, cayenne
Bread crumbs

Roman asparagus purée, like guacamole, may be served as a cold cocktail dip.

Cook asparagus, following directions on package. Drain well and cut crosswise into ¼ in.-thick slices. Force egg yolks through a sieve. Put asparagus, egg yolks, olive oil, onion, lemon juice, garlic, both kinds of mustard and *cilantro* into well of blender. Blend until smooth. Remove from blender; add salt and pepper to taste and a generous dash cayenne. If mixture seems too liquid, add a small amount of bread crumbs to take up extra liquid. Stir well. Serve ice-cold.

Huge platters of oysters on the half shell, sometimes served on snow or ice, would frequently help unfurl the party. Romans were just as fond of other seafood, too, particularly shrimp, as in the following recipe.

COLD GLAZED SPICED SHRIMP
(*Eight appetizer portions*)

2 lbs. shrimps, medium size
Salt
2 teaspoons caraway seeds, pounded in mortar
1 teaspoon cumin, pounded in mortar
¼ teaspoon aniseed, pounded in mortar
1 cup olive oil
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
¼ cup white wine vinegar
2 tablespoons honey
¼ cup apricot jam
¼ cup thinly sliced scallions, white and firm part of green

Place shrimps in a pot and cover with cold water. Add ½ teaspoon salt. Slowly bring water to a boil; turn off flame and let shrimps remain in water 10 minutes. Reserve ½ cup cooking liquid, discarding balance. Peel and devein shrimps. Into well of blender, put the reserved cooking liquid, pounded spices, olive oil, mustard, pepper, vinegar, honey and apricot jam. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt. Blend until smooth. In mixing bowl, combine shrimps, blended ingredients and scallions. Marinate overnight. Serve very cold, as appetizer.

GLAZED HAM WITH FIGS AND APPLES
(*Serves 10 to 12*)

1 8-lb. fully cooked, bone in, smoked ham
1 lb. dried figs, boiling type
4 medium-size Rome Beauty apples
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cinnamon stick
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups dry red wine
¼ cup finely minced shallots or scallions
1 cup honey
2 tablespoons instantized flour
¼ teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon dry mustard

Prepare figs and apples a day before the dinner. Soak figs 2 hours in cold water. Drain. Peel and core apples, cut into eighths. Bring 1 quart water and sugar to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 5 minutes. Add lemon juice. Add apples and simmer, covered, just until tender. Remove apples from syrup with slotted spoon. Save syrup. Chill apples, covered, in refrigerator. Add figs and cinnamon stick to same syrup in which apples were cooked. Simmer, covered, 30 to 40 minutes or until tender. Add vanilla. Keep figs in syrup and chill in refrigerator. Next day, combine wine and shallots and simmer until the wine is reduced to ½ cup. Strain wine and discard shallots. Preheat oven at 325°. Place ham, fat side up, in roasting pan. Roast 1½ hours. In saucepan, combine wine and honey, mixing well. Stir in flour, cinnamon and mustard until all dry ingredients are completely blended. Simmer over low flame until mixture bubbles and is thick. Remove ham from oven. Turn heat up to 400°. Brush fat side of ham generously with honey mixture. Bake until top is glazed, brushing with additional honey mixture from time to time to complete glazing. While ham is in oven, drain figs. Discard syrup. Place figs and apples in a greased shallow pan. Place briefly in oven to heat through. Garnish ham with mounds of fruit.

ROAST CAPON, CALF'S BRAIN STUFFING
(*Serves six to eight*)

1 8-lb. capon
1 calf's brains
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt, pepper
Flour
Salad oil
½ cup buckwheat groats
½ cup very finely minced onion
1 cup very finely minced celery, with leaves
8 slices stale whole wheat bread—at least three days old
2 eggs, well beaten
1 teaspoon celery seed
½ teaspoon leaf sage, crushed in mortar
½ teaspoon dried marjoram, crushed in mortar
2 tablespoons finely minced parsley
Bread crumbs
¼ cup pine nuts
8 dates, pitted
1½ cups chicken broth, fresh or canned
1 oz. amontillado
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Wash calf's brains under cold running water. Cut away membrane. Soak in cold water in refrigerator several hours. Drain; cook in boiling salted water, to which 1 tablespoon lemon juice has been added, 10 to 12 minutes. Drain; chill in refrigerator. When cold, cut into ½-in. cubes. Sprinkle with salt and pepper; dip in flour and sauté in ¼ in. oil until browned. Set aside. Cook groats, following directions on package. Sauté onion and celery in ¼ cup oil until vegetables are tender but not brown. Celery may remain slightly crisp. Soak bread in cold water. Drain and squeeze gently to remove excess water. Chop bread coarsely. Combine groats, bread, sautéed vegetables, sautéed calf's brains, eggs, celery seed, sage, marjoram and parsley. Season generously with salt and pepper. If dressing seems too moist, add a few tablespoons bread crumbs. Stuff capon with dressing. Sew vent shut or fasten with small skewers. Brush capon with oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Preheat oven at 325°. Roast capon, breast side up, in shallow pan 3 hours or until very tender and brown. While capon is roasting, heat pine nuts in shallow pan 10 to 12 minutes in oven or until light brown. Sprinkle with salt. Cut dates crosswise into quarters. Remove capon from pan. Pour off excess fat. Add chicken broth, amontillado and 1 teaspoon lemon juice and scrape pan to loosen drippings. Simmer over top flame about 5 minutes. Carve capon; garnish each portion with dates and pine nuts. Pass gravy at table.

ROAST SQUAB, HERB SAUCE
(Serves six)

6 squabs, 1 lb. each
Salad oil
Salt, pepper
1 cup loosely packed fresh spinach leaves, no stems
1½ cups cold chicken broth, fresh or canned
3 tablespoons instantized flour
2 tablespoons finely minced fresh parsley
1 teaspoon finely chopped chives
1 teaspoon finely minced fresh tarragon or ½ teaspoon dried tarragon
½ teaspoon dried summer savory
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Preheat oven at 395°. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in casserole suitable for top of stove. Sprinkle squabs with salt and pepper. Sauté in casserole until light brown, turning when necessary to brown evenly. Transfer casserole to oven and roast squabs breast side up, uncovered, 1 hour or until tender. Wash spinach well. With water remaining on leaves, cook in saucepan until spinach is tender. Drain and chop spinach extremely fine or force it through a sieve. Combine chicken broth, spinach, flour, parsley, chives, tarragon and savory. Stir until flour dissolves. Heat in a saucepan, stirring frequently, until thick. Simmer 10 minutes. Remove squabs from casserole. Scrape casserole to loosen drippings. Add chicken broth mixture and simmer 5 minutes. Add lemon juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Pour gravy over squabs on serving platter, or pass separately at table.

ROAST SUCKLING PIG, ROMAN STYLE
(Serves eight to ten)

10-lb. suckling pig
Salad oil
1½ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon leaf thyme
¼ teaspoon rosemary
Salt, pepper
½ cup pine nuts
1 cup dry red wine
1½ cups cold chicken broth
½ cup raisins
1 teaspoon anchovy paste
2 tablespoons instantized flour
1 small red apple
¼ cup thinly sliced scallions

The suckling pig may be filled with bread stuffing or prune stuffing for a more substantial dish, but more often these days, it's served like spareribs, as something to be munched for its succulent flavor and crispness; another meat or poultry dish usually accompanies it.

Preheat oven at 350°. Brush pig with oil. Pound oregano, thyme and rosemary in mortar and rub into meat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fasten front legs forward and back legs rearward with skewers. Place a block of wood in mouth of pig. Place on wire rack in roasting pan. Roast 3 to 3½ hours or until crisp and brown. While meat is roasting, place pine nuts in shallow pan and heat in oven about 10 minutes or until light brown. Sprinkle with salt. Boil wine until it is reduced to ¼ cup. When wine is cool, add chicken broth, raisins, anchovy paste and flour, stirring well until flour is completely dissolved. Slowly bring to a boil, stirring constantly until thick. When pig is done, remove wood from mouth and replace it with apple. Place pig on a long platter. Remove rack from pan and drain off all but 3 tablespoons fat from roasting pan. Add chicken-broth mixture and scrape pan to loosen drippings. Simmer 5 minutes over top flame. Pour part of the sauce over pig. Sprinkle with pine nuts and scallions. Pass balance of sauce at table.

"How much foam did you use?"

MINCEMEAT OF MEATBALLS, PORK AND FRUIT
(Serves six to eight)

2 lbs. top sirloin or top round of beef
2 lbs. boneless fresh pork shoulder or loin of pork
2 pieces celery
3 medium-size onions
4 slices stale white bread
2 eggs, slightly beaten
Salt, pepper
3 tablespoons salad oil
2 cloves garlic, very finely minced
2 teaspoons cumin seeds, pounded in mortar
1 teaspoon coriander seeds, pounded in mortar
2 sweet red or green peppers, ¼-in. dice
6 tablespoons flour
1 quart and 1 pint (6 cups) stock or chicken broth
¼ cup honey
⅓ cup vinegar
1 cup dry red wine
1 lb. can pitted sweet black cherries, drained
30-oz. can apricot halves, drained

Cut celery into 1-in. pieces. Slice 2 onions. Place celery and sliced onions in small saucepan with water to cover. Simmer until tender, about 15 minutes; drain. Soak bread in cold water. Drain and squeeze gently to remove excess water. Put beef through meat grinder, using fine blade. Again put through meat grinder, with cooked celery, onion and bread. Add eggs, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Mix extremely well. Shape into small balls about ¾ in. thick. Dip hands in cold water to shape meat easily. Place meatballs in a single layer in shallow greased pan. Preheat oven at 375°. Bake 20 minutes or until meatballs have lost raw color and are firm. Cut pork into 1-in. squares about ¼ in. thick. Heat oil in large stewpot or Dutch oven. Sauté pork until it loses raw color. Mince remaining onion and sprinkle on pork, together with garlic, cumin, coriander and sweet peppers. Sauté a few minutes longer. Sprinkle flour over meat, stirring well. Add stock, stirring well. In mixing bowl, combine honey, vinegar and wine and blend well. Add to pot, simmer over low flame 1 hour. Add meatballs and cook ½ hour longer or until pork is very tender. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add drained fruit. Cook only until fruit is heated through.

The host who invites friends, Romans and lovers to his villa for a magnum opus like the one we've fashioned should enjoy the tributes of his guests for ages to come.

A RECLUSE

(continued from page 124)

he didn't ask her to complete it.

After a bit of silence between them, she said, "Klaus, did you say you wanted me out of the house by this evening?"

"I said by this evening. No later."

After another bit of silence between them, he said to her: "Aren't you tired of your wanderings here and there on the earth?"

"Oh, you know, Klaus, how tired I was of my travels long before I came here."

"Well, then, I would say it's best to put an end to them."

"Could you, do you mean that I can stay on here awhile?"

"No, that's not what I meant. I meant that this evening, after the street lamps have been turned out, we will go to the harbor and there, at the harbor, you will sit yourself on a piece of ice that is being washed to sea."

She cried out a little and started to rise from her chair, then sat back down.

"Oh, but Klaus, the people of the town, now that most of them know me, would wonder about me."

"Don't let that concern you. If I am questioned about your disappearance, I will say that you suddenly felt restless and decided to continue your travels."

"But why must I go to sea on a piece of ice?"

"A piece of ice is where your travels were always leading you."

She said, "Is it cold in the room?"

"No, the room is warm."

An exhausted silence fell between them and lasted for several minutes, counted by the clock on the mantel of the fireplace.

Then she said: "The ice in the harbor is dark as nighttime."

He said: "The color of the ice is not a relevant matter."

The clock counted off a few more silent minutes. Then she began to sing in her hoarse voice, as much like a man's as a woman's, a hymn of the Knowledgist Church, to which he had once belonged.

"You will oblige me by not singing that hymn of the Knowledgist Church that no man in his right senses doesn't despise."

"I agree with you, Klaus."

An interval of silence. Then, in a strained voice, she said, "Klaus, let's go to the fish market now, before it's crowded, and buy a good trapler for dinner. There's nothing you like better than a trapler, and you know how well I can cook one."

"Is it possible you've heard and understood nothing I've said to you?"

"You said that for dinner tonight you wanted a good trapler."

"I haven't mentioned a trapler to you this morning, and as for your cooking anything in my kitchen, if you take a single step toward it, I will strike you over the head with this shovel by my chair."

"I'll take not a step toward the kitchen if you'd rather I didn't."

"I am determined you won't."

"I won't."

There followed another interval of silence before she spoke.

"Klaus, I think you're right. All of my travels have led me, in a wandering way, to the ice in the harbor. Oh, I know I'll feel the cold for a while, but then I will fall asleep and I think that it will be soon. When you've traveled as much as I have, you reach the end of your travels, and perhaps it should be at a place that's on the sea. Soon, in a week or two, the spring sun will glitter on what's left of the ice in the harbor. Look at it, Klaus, through your unboarded windows and from the streets, and——"

She didn't say, "Think of me," for her travels had taught her, almost from the very first step, that any appeal to sentiment is met with either the resentment that is spoken out or the resentment that hides behind boarded windows.

THOMAS IN ELYSIUM

(continued from page 106)

made him ill at ease, and he wandered around among the shelves, not knowing which book of all these thousands held the information he was looking for. Finally he had to go to the desk and ask the lady.

"Excuse me," he said. She was stamping cards with a little mean snapping motion of her wrist, prison sentences for books.

"Yes?" She looked up, unfriendly. She could tell a nonbooklover at a glance.

"I want to find out something about Saint Sebastian, ma'am," he said.

"What do you want to find out about him?"

"Just anything," he said, sorry he had come in now.

"Try the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*," the lady said, "in the reference room, SARS to SORC." She knew her library, the lady.

"Thank you very much, ma'am." He decided that from now on, he would change his clothes at the garage and use Coyne's sand soap to get out the top layer of grease from his skin, at least. Clodulde would like that better, too. No use being treated like a dog when you could avoid it.

He went uncertainly into the reference room. It took him ten minutes to find the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He pulled out SARS to SORC and took it over to a table and sat down with the book. SEA URCHIN. SEAWOLF. SEAWRACK—SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO. The things that some people looked with!

There it was, "SEBASTIAN, SAINT, a Christian martyr whose festival is celebrated on Jan. 20." Just one paragraph. He couldn't have been so damned important.

Tom read rapidly. "After the archers had left him for dead, a devout woman, Irene, came by night to take his body away for burial, but finding him still alive, carried him to her house, where his wounds were dressed. No sooner had he wholly recovered than he hastened to confront the emperor, who ordered him to be instantly carried off and beaten to death with rods."

Twice, for Christ's sake, Tom thought. Catholics were nuts. But he still didn't know why Clodulde had said Saint Sebastian when she had looked at him naked in the bathtub.

He read on. "Saint Sebastian is specially invoked against the plague. As a young and beautiful soldier, he is a favorite subject of sacred art, being most generally represented undraped, and severely though not mortally wounded with arrows."

Tom closed the book thoughtfully. "A young and beautiful soldier, being most generally represented undraped. . . ."

Now he knew. Clotilde. Wonderful Clotilde. Loving him without words, but saying it with her religion, with her food, her body, everything.

Until today, he had thought he was kind of funny looking, a snotty kid with a flat face and a sassy expression. Saint Sebastian. The next time he saw those two beauties, Rudolph and Gretchen, he could look them straight in the eye. I have been compared by an older, experienced woman with Saint Sebastian, a young and beautiful soldier. For the first time since he had left home, he was sorry he wasn't going to see his brother and sister that night.

He got up and put the book away. He was about to leave the reference room when it occurred to him that Clotilde was a saint's name, too. He searched through the volumes and took out CASTER to COLE.

Practiced now, he found what he was looking for quickly although it wasn't Clotilde, but "CLOTILDA SAINT (d. 511) ... daughter of the Burgundian king Chilperic ... and wife of Clovis, king of the Franks."

Tom thought of Clotilde, sweating over the stove in the Jordache kitchen and washing Uncle Harold's underwear and was saddened. "Daughter of the Burgundian king Chilperic, and wife of Clovis, king of the Franks." People didn't think of the future when they named babies.

He read the rest of the paragraph, but Clotilda didn't seem to have done all that much, converting her husband and building churches and stuff like that and getting into trouble with her family. The book didn't say what entrance requirements she had met to be made a saint.

Tom put the book away, eager to get home to Clotilde. But he stopped at the desk to say, "Thank you, ma'am," to the lady. He was conscious of a sweet smell. There was a bowl of narcissus on the desk, sprays of green with white flowers, out of a bed of multicolored pebbles. Then, speaking without thinking, he said, "Can I take out a card, please?"

The lady looked at him, surprised. "Have you ever had a card anywhere before?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. I never had the time to read before."

The lady gave him a queer look but pulled out a blank card and asked him his name and age and address and printed it in a funny backward way on the card and stamped the date. She handed the card to him.

"Can I take out a book right away?" he asked.

"If you want," she said.

He went back to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and took out SARS to SORC. He wanted to have a good look at that paragraph and try to memorize it. But when he stood at the desk to have it stamped, the lady shook her head impatiently. "Put that right back," she said. "That's not supposed to leave the reference room."

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There was fried chicken and mashed potatoes and applesauce for dinner and blueberry pie. He and Clotilde ate in the kitchen, not saying much, just doing justice to the food.

When they had finished and Clotilde was clearing off the dishes, he went over to her and held her in his arms and said, "Clotilda, daughter of the Burgundian king Chilperic, and wife of Clovis, king of the Franks."

She looked at him, wide-eyed. "What's that?"

"I wanted to find out where your name came from," he said. "I went to the library. You're a king's daughter and a king's wife."

She looked at him a long time, her arms around his waist. Then she kissed him on the forehead, gratefully, as if he had brought home a present for her.

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Clotilde was lying under the covers, with her hair spread on the pillow. She had turned on the lamp, so that he could find his way out without bumping into anything. There was the soft glow of a smile as she touched his cheek. He opened the door without a sound and closed it behind him. The crack of light under the door disappeared as Clotilde switched off the lamp.

He went through the kitchen and out into the hallway and mounted the dark steps carefully, carrying his sweater. There was no sound from Uncle Harold and *Tante* Elsa's bedroom. Usually there was snoring that shook the house. Uncle Harold must be sleeping on his side tonight. Nobody had died in Saratoga. Uncle Harold had lost three pounds drinking the waters.

Thomas climbed the narrow steps to the attic and opened the door to his room and put on the light. Uncle Harold

"So this is love."

was sitting there in striped pajamas, on the bed

Uncle Harold smiled at him peculiarly blinking in the light. Four of his front upper teeth were missing. He had a bridge that he took out at night.

"Good evening, Tommy," Uncle Harold said. His speech was gappy without the bridge.

"Hi, Uncle Harold." Thomas said. He was conscious that his hair was mussed and that he smelled of Clothilde. He didn't know what Uncle Harold was doing there. It was the first time he had come to the room. Thomas knew he had to be careful about what he said and how he said it.

"It is quite late, isn't it, Tommy?" Uncle Harold said. He was keeping his voice down.

"Is it?" Thomas said. "I haven't looked at a clock." He stood near the door, away from Uncle Harold. The room was bare. He had few possessions. A book from the library lay on the dresser. *Riders of the Purple Sage*. The lady at the library had said he would like it. Uncle Harold filled the little room in his striped pajamas, making the bed sag in the middle, where he sat on it. Big fat ass.

"It is nearly one o'clock," Uncle Harold said. He sprayed because of the missing teeth. "For a growing boy who has to get up early and do a day's work. A growing boy needs his sleep, Tommy."

"I didn't realize how late it was," Thomas said.

"What amusements have you found to keep a young boy out till one o'clock in the morning, Tommy?"

"I was just wandering around town."

"The bright lights," Uncle Harold said. "The bright lights of Elysium, Ohio."

Thomas faked a yawn and stretched. He threw his sweater over the one chair in the room. "I'm sleepy now," he said. I better get to bed fast.

"Tommy," Uncle Harold said in that wet whisper, "you have a good home here, hey?"

"Sure."

"You eat good here, just like the family, hey?"

"I eat all right."

"You have a good home, a good roof over your head." The "roof" came out "woof" through the gap.

"I'm not complaining." Thomas kept his voice low. No sense in waking *Tante* Elsa and getting her in on the conference.

"You live in a nice clean house." Uncle Harold persisted. "Everybody treats you like a member of the family. You have your own personal bicycle."

"I'm not complaining."

"You have a good job. You are paid a man's wages. You are learning a trade. There will be unemployment now, millions of men coming home, but for the mechanic there is always a job. Am I mistaken?"

"I can take care of myself," Thomas said.

"You can take care of yourself," Uncle Harold said. "I hope so. You are my flesh and blood. I took you in without a question, didn't I, when your father called? You were in trouble, Tommy, in Port Philip, weren't you? And Uncle Harold asked no questions; he and *Tante* Elsa took you in."

"There was a little fuss back home," Thomas said. "Nothing serious."

"I ask no questions." Magnanimously, Uncle Harold waved away all thought of interrogation. His pajamas opened. There was a view of plump pink rolls of beer-and-sausage belly over the drawstrings of the pajama pants. "In return for this, what do I ask? Impossibilities? Gratitude? No. A little thing. That a young boy should behave himself properly, that he should be in bed at a reasonable hour. His own bed, Tommy."

Oh, that's it. Thomas thought. The son of a bitch knows. He didn't say anything.

"This is a clean house, Tommy," Uncle Harold said. "The family is respected. Your aunt is received in the best homes. You would be surprised if I told you what my credit is at the bank. I have been approached to run for the state legislature in Columbus on the Republican ticket, even though I have not been born in this country. My two daughters have clothes. . . . I challenge any two young ladies to dress better. They are model students. Ask me one day to show you their report cards, what their teachers say about them. They go to Sunday school every Sunday. I drive them myself. Pure young souls, sleeping like angels, right under this very room, Tommy."

"I get the picture." Thomas said. Let the old idiot get it over with.

"You were not wandering around town tonight till one o'clock, Tommy." Uncle Harold said sorrowfully. "I know where you were. I was thirsty. I wanted a bottle of beer from the Frigidaire. I heard noises, Tommy. I am ashamed even to mention it. A boy your age, in the same house with my two daughters."

"So what?" Thomas said suddenly. The idea of Uncle Harold outside Clothilde's door nauseated him. A ball of vomit rose in his throat. He tasted it, swallowed it.

"So what? Is that all you have to say, Tommy? So what?"

"What do you want me to say?" He would have liked to be able to say that he loved Clothilde, but it was the best thing that had ever happened to him in his whole rotten life, that she loved him, that if he were older, he would take her away from Uncle Harold's clean goddamn house, from his respected family, from his model pale-blonde daughters. But, of course, he couldn't say it. He couldn't say anything. His tongue strangled him.

"I want you to say that you are sorry for the filthy thing that ignorant, scheming peasant has done to you," Uncle Harold whispered, his eyes shining hotly. "I want you to promise you will never touch her again. In this house or anywhere else."

"I'm not promising anything," Thomas said.

"I am being kind." Uncle Harold said. "I am being delicate. I am speaking quietly like a reasonable and forgiving man. Tommy, I do not want to make a scandal. I don't want your Aunt Elsa to know her house has been defiled, that her children have been exposed to. *Ach*, I can't find the words, Tommy."

"I'm not promising anything," Thomas said.

"OK. You are not promising anything," Uncle Harold said. "You don't have to promise anything. When I leave this room, I am going down to the room behind the kitchen. She will promise plenty, I assure you."

"That's what you think." Even to his own ears, it sounded hollow, childish.

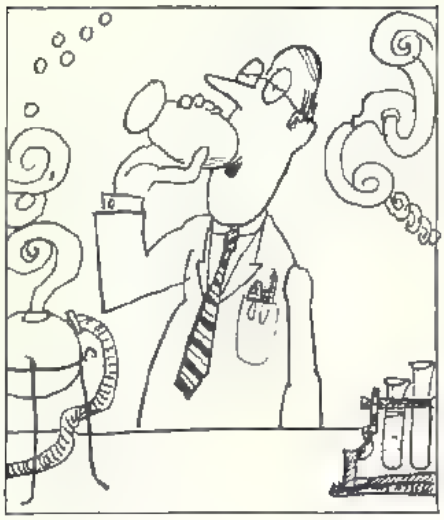
"That's what I know, Tommy," Uncle Harold whispered. "She will promise anything. She's in trouble. If I fire her, where will she go? Back to her drunken husband in Canada, who's been looking for her for two years so he can beat her to death?"

"There're plenty of jobs. She doesn't have to go to Canada."

"You think so. The authority on international law." Uncle Harold said. "You think it's as easy as that. You think I won't go to the police."

"What've the police got to do with it?"

"You are a child, Tommy," Uncle Harold said. "You put it up in between a married woman's legs like a grown man, but you have the mind of a child. She has corrupted the morals of a minor, Tommy. You are the minor. Sixteen years old. That is a crime, Tommy. A serious crime. This is a civilized country. Children are protected in this country. Even if they didn't put her in jail, they would deport her, an undesirable alien who corrupts the morals of minors. She is not a citizen. Back to Canada she would go. It would be in the papers. Her husband would be waiting for her. Oh, yes," Uncle Harold said. "She will promise." He stood up. "I am sorry for you, Tommy. It is not your fault. It is in your blood. Your father was a whoremaster. I was ashamed to say hello to him in the street. And your mother, for your information, was a bastard. She was raised by the nuns. Ask her someday who her father was. Or even her mother. Get some sleep, Tommy." He patted him comfortingly on the shoulder. "I like you. I would like to see you grow up into a good man. A credit to the family. I am doing what is best for you. Go—get some sleep.



Uncle Harold padded out of the room, barefooted, beery mastodon in the shapeless striped pajamas, all weapons on his side.

Thomas put out the light. He lay face down on the bed. The tears came, then huge, racking sobs.

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The next morning, he went down early, to try to talk to Clothilde before breakfast. But Uncle Harold was there at the dining-room table, reading the newspaper.

"Good morning, Tommy," he said, looking up briefly. His teeth were back in. He sipped noisily at his coffee.

Clothilde came in with Thomas' orange juice. She didn't look at him. Her face was dark and closed. Uncle Harold didn't look at Clothilde. "It is terrible what is happening in Germany," he said. "They are raping women in Berlin. The Russians. They have been waiting for this for a hundred years. People are living in cellars. If I didn't come to this country when I was a young man, God knows where I would be now."

Clothilde came in with Thomas' bacon and eggs. He searched her face for a sign. There was no sign.

When he finished breakfast, Thomas stood up. He would have to get back later in the day, when the house was empty. Uncle Harold looked up from his paper. "Tell Covne I'll be in at nine-thirty," he said. "I have to go to the bank. And tell him I promised Mr. Duncan's car by noon, washed."

Thomas nodded and went out of the room as the two daughters came down, fat and pale. "My angels," he heard Uncle Harold say as they went into the dining room and kissed him good morning.

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He had his chance at four o'clock that afternoon. It was the daughters' dentist day for their braces and *Tante* Elsa always took them, in the second car. Uncle Harold, he knew, was down at the showroom. Clothilde should be alone.

"I'll be back in a half hour," he told Covne. "I got to see somebody."

Covne wasn't pleased, but screw him.

Clothilde was watering the lawn when he pedaled up. It was a sunny day and rainbows shimmered in the spray from the hose. The lawn wasn't a big one and was shadowed by a linden tree. Clothilde was in a white uniform. *Tante* Elsa liked her maids to look like nurses. It was an advertisement of cleanliness. You could eat off the floor in my house.

Clothilde looked at Thomas once, as he got off his bicycle, then continued watering the lawn.

"Clothilde," Thomas said, "come inside. I have to talk to you."

"I'm watering the lawn." She turned the nozzle and the spray concentrated down to a stream, with which she soaked a bed of petunias along the front of the house.

"Look at me," he said.

"Aren't you supposed to be at work?" She kept turned away from him.

"Did he come down to your room last night?" Thomas said. "My uncle?"

"So."

"Did you let him in?"

"It's his house," Clothilde said. Her voice was sullen.

"Did you promise him anything?" He knew he sounded shrill, but he couldn't help himself.

"What difference does it make? Go back to work. People will see us."

"Did you promise him anything?"

"I said I wouldn't see you alone anymore," she said flatly.

"You didn't mean it, though," Thomas pleaded.

"I meant it." She fiddled with the nozzle again. "The wedding ring on her finger gleamed. "We are over."

"No, we're not!" He wanted to grab her and shake her. "Get the hell out of this house. Get another job. I'll move away and——"

"Don't talk nonsense," she said sharply. "He told you about my crime." She mocked the word. "He will have me deported. We are not Romeo and Juliet. We are a schoolboy and a cook. Go back to work."

"Couldn't you say anything to him?" Thomas was desperate. He was afraid he was going to break down and cry, right there on the lawn, right in front of Clothilde, like a baby, like last night in bed.

"There is nothing to say. He is a wild man." Clothilde said. "He is jealous. When a man is jealous, you might as well talk to a wall, a tree."

"Jealous?" Thomas said. "What do you mean?"

"He has been trying to get into my bed for two years," Clothilde said calmly. "He comes down at night when his wife is asleep and scratches on the door like a kitten."

"That fat bastard," Thomas said. "I'll be there waiting for him the next time."

"No, you won't." Clothilde said. "He is going to come in the next time. You might as well know."

"You're going to let him?"

"I'm a servant," she said. "I lead the life of a servant. I do not want to lose my job or go to jail or go back to Canada. Forget it," she said. "*Alles kaput*. It was nice for two weeks. You're a nice boy. I'm sorry I got you into trouble."

"All right, all right," he shouted. "I'm never going to touch another woman again as long as——"

He was too choked to say anything more and ran over to his bicycle and rode blindly away, leaving Clothilde calmly watering the roses.

Saint Sebastian, well supplied with arrows, he headed for the garage. The rose would come later.

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Thomas was wiping the gravy off the hamburger off his plate with a piece of bread when Joe Kuntz, the cop, came into the diner. It was ten to two and the diner was almost empty, just a couple of the hands from the lumberyard finishing

up their lunch, and Elias, the counterman, swabbing off the grill.

Kuntz came up to where Thomas was sitting at the counter and said, "Thomas Jordache?"

"Hi, Joe," Thomas said. Kuntz stopped in at the garage a couple of times a week to shoot the breeze. He was always threatening to leave the force, because the pay was so bad.

"You acknowledge that you are Thomas Jordache?" Kuntz said in his cop voice.

"What's going on, Joe?" Thomas asked.

"I asked you a question, son," Kuntz said, bulging out of his uniform.

"You know my name," Thomas said. "What's the joke?"

"You better come with me, son," Kuntz said. "I have a warrant for your arrest." And he clamped Thomas' arm above the elbow. Elias stopped scrubbing the grill and the guys from the lumberyard stopped eating and it was absolutely quiet in the diner.

"I ordered a piece of pie and a cup of coffee," Thomas said. "Take your meathooks off me, Joe."

"What's he owe you, Elias?" Kuntz asked, his fingers tight on Thomas' arm.

"With the coffee and pie or without the coffee and pie?" Elias said.

"Without."

"Seventy-five cents," Elias said.

"Pay up, son, and come along quiet," Kuntz said. He didn't make more than 20 arrests a year and he was getting mileage out of this one.

"OK, OK," Thomas said. He put down 85 cents. "Christ, Joe," he said, "you're breaking my arm."

Kuntz walked him quickly out of the diner. Pete Spinelli, Joe's partner, was sitting at the wheel of the prowl car, with the motor running.

"Pete," Thomas said, "will you tell Joe to let go of me?"

"Shut up, kid," Spinelli said.

Kuntz shoved him into the back seat and got in beside him and the prowl car started toward town.

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"The charge is statutory rape," Sergeant Horvath said. "There is a sworn complaint. I'll notify your uncle and he can get a lawyer for you. Take him away, boys."

Thomas was standing between Kuntz and Spinelli. They each had an arm now. They hustled him off and put him in the lockup. Thomas looked at his watch. It was 20 past two.

There was one other prisoner in the single cell of the jail, a ragged, skinny man of about 50, with a week's growth of beard on his face. He was in for poaching deer. This was the 23rd time he had been booked for poaching deer, he told Thomas.

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Harold Jordache paced nervously up and down the platform. Just tonight the train had to be late. He had heartburn and he pushed anxiously at his stomach with his hand. When there was trouble, the trouble went right to his stomach. And ever since 2:30 yesterday afternoon, when Horvath had called him from the jail, it had been nothing but trouble. He hadn't slept a wink, because Elsa had cried all night, in between bouts of telling him that they were disgraced for life, that she could never show her face in town again and what a fool he had been to take a wild animal like that into the house. She was right, he had to admit it, he had been an idiot, his heart was too big. Family or no family, that afternoon when Axel called him from Port Philip, he should have said no.

He thought of Thomas down in the jail, talking his head off like a lunatic, admitting everything, not showing any shame or remorse, naming names. Who could tell what he would say, once he started talking like that? He knew the little monster hated him. What was to stop him from telling about the black-market ration tickets, the faked-up second-hand cars with gearboxes that wouldn't last for more than 100 miles, the under-the-counter markups on new cars to get around the price control, the valve and piston jobs on cars that had nothing more wrong with them than a clogged fuel line? Even about Cloth Ide. You let a boy like that into your house and you became his prisoner. The heartburn stabbed at Harold like a knife. He began to sweat, even though it was cold on the platform, with the wind blowing.

He hoped Axel was bringing plenty of money along with him.

He heard the train coming around the curve toward the station and stepped back nervously from the edge of the platform. In his state he wouldn't be surprised if he had a heart attack and fell down right where he stood.

The train slowed to a halt and a few people got off and hurried away in the wind. He had a moment of panic. He didn't see Axel. It would be just like Axel to leave him alone with the problem. Axel was an unnatural father, he hadn't written once to either Thomas or himself, all the time that Thomas had been in Elysium. Neither had the mother, that skinny hoity-toity whore's daughter. Or the two other kids. What could you expect from a family like that?

Then he saw a big man in a workman's cap and a mackinaw, limping slowly toward him on the platform. What a way to dress. Harold was glad it was dark and there were so few people around. He must have been crazy that time in Port Philip when he'd invited Axel to come in with him.

"All right, I'm here," Axel said. He didn't shake hands.

"Hello, Axel," Harold said. "I was beginning to worry you wouldn't come. How much money you bring with you?"

"Five thousand dollars," Axel said.

"I hope it's enough," Harold said.

"It better be enough," Axel said flatly. "There ain't any more." He looked old, Harold thought, and sick. His limp was worse than Harold remembered.

They walked together through the station toward Harold's car.

"If you want to see Tommy," Harold said, "you'll have to wait till tomorrow. They don't let anybody in after six o'clock."

"I don't want to see the son of a bitch," Axel said. Harold couldn't help feeling that it was wrong to call your own child a son of a bitch, even under the circumstances, but he didn't say anything.

"You have your dinner, Axel?" he asked. "Elsa can find something in the icebox."

"Let's not waste time," Axel said. "Who do I have to pay off?"

"The father. Abraham Chase. He's one of the biggest men in town. You see, he had to pick somebody like that," Harold said aggrievedly. "A girl in a factory wasn't good enough for him."

"Is he Jewish?" Axel asked as they got into the car.

"What?" Harold asked, irritatedly. That would be great, that would help a lot, if Axel turned out to be a Nazi, along with everything else.

"Why should he be Jewish?"

"Abraham," Axel said.

"No. It's one of the oldest families in town. They own practically everything. You'll be lucky if he takes your money."

"Yeah," Axel said. "Lucky."

Harold backed out of the parking lot and started toward the Chase house. It was in the good section of town, near the Jordache house. "I talked to him on the phone," Harold said. "I told him you were coming. He sounded out of his mind. I don't blame him. It's bad enough to come home and find one daughter pregnant. But *both* of them! And they're twins, besides. If it happened to me, I wouldn't put that kid of yours in jail. I'd shoot him."

"They can get a wholesale rate on baby clothes," Axel laughed. The laughter sounded like a tin pitcher rattling against a sink. "Twins. He had a busy season, didn't he, Thomas?"

"You don't know the half of it," Harold said. "He's beat up a dozen people since he came here, besides." The stories that had reached Harold's ears had been exaggerated as they passed along the town's chain of gossip. "It's a wonder he hasn't been in jail before this. Everybody's scared of him. It's the most natural thing in the world that something like this comes up, they put it on him. But who suffers? Me. And Elsa."

Axel ignored his brother's suffering.

"Well, it looks suspicious as hell to me!"

and the suffering of his brother's wife. "How do they know it was my kid?"

"The twins told their father." Harold slowed the car down. He was in no hurry to confront Abraham Chase. "They've done it with every boy in town, the twins, and plenty of the men, too, everybody knows that; but when it comes to naming names, naturally, the first name anybody'd pick would be your Tommy. They're not going to say it was the nice boy next door or Joe Kuntz, the policeman, or the boy from Harvard, whose parents play bridge with the Chases twice a week. They pick the black sheep. Those two little bitches're smart. And don't think Tommy is making it any easier for himself, telling the cops he knows twenty fellows personally who've been in there with those girls and giving a list of names. It just makes everybody sorer, that's all. It gives the whole town a bad name and they'll make him pay for it. And me and Elsa. That's my shop," he said automatically. They were passing the showroom. "I'll be lucky if they don't put a brick through the window."

"You friendly with Abraham?"

"I do some business with Mr. Chase," Harold said. "I sold him a Lincoln. I can't say we move in the same circles. He's on the waiting list for a new Mercury. I could sell a hundred cars tomorrow if I could get delivery. The goddamn War. You don't know what I've been going through for four years, just to keep my head above water. And now just when I begin to see a little daylight, this has to come along."

"You don't seem to be doing so bad," Axel said mildly.

"You have to keep up appearances." One thing was sure. If Axel thought for a minute that he was going to borrow any money, he was barking up the wrong tree.

"How do I know Abraham won't take my money and the kid'll go to jail just the same?"

"Mr. Chase is a man of his word." Harold said. He had a sudden horrible fear that Axel was going to call Mr. Chase Abraham in his own house. "He's got this town in his pocket. The cops, the judge, the mayor, the party organization. If he tells you the case'll be dropped, it'll be dropped."

"It better be." Axel said. There was a threat in his voice and Harold remembered what a rough boy his brother had been when they had both been young, back home in Germany. Axel had gone off to war and had killed people. He was not a civilized man, with that harsh sick face and that hatred of everybody and everything, including his own flesh and blood. Harold wondered if maybe he hadn't made a mistake calling his brother and telling him to come to Elysium. Maybe it would have been better if he had just tried to handle it himself. But he had known it was going to cost money and he'd panicked. The heartburn gripped him again as they drove up to the white house, with big pillars, where the Chase family lived.

The two men went up the walk to the front door and Harold rang the bell. He took off his hat and held it across his chest, almost as if he were saluting the flag. Axel kept his cap on.

The door opened and a maid stood there. Mr. Chase was expecting them, she said.

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"They take millions of clean-limbed young boys," the poacher was chewing on a wad of tobacco and spitting into a tin can on the floor beside him, as he talked, "clean-limbed boys and send them off to kill and maim each other with inhuman instruments of destruction and they congratulate themselves and hang their chests with medals and parade down the main thoroughfares of the city and they put me in jail and mark me as an enemy of society because every once in a while, I drift out into the woodlands of America and shoot myself a choice buck with an old 1910 Winchester." The poacher originally had come from the Ozarks and he spoke like a country preacher. There were four bunks in the cell, two on one side and two on the other. The poacher, whose name was Dave, was lying in his bunk and Thomas was lying in the lower bunk on the other side of the cell. Dave smelled rather ripe and Thomas preferred to keep some space between them. It was two days now that they had been in the cell together and Thomas knew quite a bit about Dave who lived alone in a shack near the lake and appreciated a permanent audience. Dave had come down from the Ozarks to work in the automobile industry in Detroit and after 15 years of it, had had enough. "I was in there in the paint department," Dave said, "in the stink of chemical and the heat of a furnace, devoting my numbered days on this earth to spraying paint on cars for people who didn't mean a fart in hell to me to ride around in and the spring came and the leaves burgeoned and the summer came and the crops were taken in and the autumn came and cityfolk in funny caps with hunting licenses and fancy guns were out in the woods, shooting the deer, and I might just as well have been down in the blackest pit, chained to a post, for all the difference the seasons meant to me. I'm a mountain man and I pined away and one day I saw where my path laid straight before me and I took to the woods. A man has to be careful with his numbered days on this earth, son. There is a conspiracy to chain every living child of man to an iron post in a black pit, and you mustn't be fooled because they paint it all the bright colors of the rainbow and pull all sorts of devilish tricks to make you think that it isn't a pit, it isn't an iron post, it isn't a chain. The president of General Motors, up high in his glorious office, was just as much chained, just as deep down in the pit as me coughing up violet in the paint shop." Dave spat tobacco juice into the tin can on the floor next to his bunk. The gob of juice made a musical sound against the side of the can.

"I don't ask for much," Dave said, "just an occasional buck and the smell of woodsy air in my nostrils. I don't blame nobody for putting me in jail from time to time, that's their profession, just like hunting is my profession, and I don't begrudge 'em the couple months here and there I spend behind bars. Somehow they always seem to catch me just as the winter months're drawing on, so it's really no hardship. But nothing they say can make me feel like a criminal, no sir. I'm an American out in the American forest, livin' off American deer. They want to make all sorts of rules and regulations for those cityfolk in the gun clubs, that's all right by me. They don't apply, they just don't apply." He spat again. "There's just one thing that makes me a mite forlorn—and that's the hypocrisy. Why, once, the very judge that condemned me had eaten venison I shot just the week before and ate it right at the dining-room table in his own house and it was bought with his own money by his own cook. The hypocrisy is the canker in the soul of the American people. Why, just look at your case, son. What did you do? You did what everybody knows he'd do if he got the chance—you were offered a nice bit of juicy tail and you took it. At your age, son, the loins're raging, and all the rules in the book don't make a never-no-mind. I bet that the very judge who is going to put you away for years of your young life, if he got the offer from those two little plump-assed young girls you told me about, if that same judge got the offer and he was certain sure nobody was around to see him, he'd go cavorting with those plump-assed young girls like a crazy goat. Like the judge who ate my venison, Statutory rape." Dave spat in disgust. "Old man's rules. What does a little twitching young tail know about statutory? It's the hypocrisy, son, the hypocrisy everywhere."

Joe Kuntz appeared at the cell door and opened it. "Come on out, Jordache," Kuntz said. Ever since Thomas had told the lawyer Uncle Harold had got for him that Joe Kuntz had been in there with the twins, too, Kuntz had not been markedly friendly. He was married, with three kids.

Axel Jordache was waiting in Horvath's office with Uncle Harold and the lawyer. The lawyer was a worried-looking young man with a bad complexion and thick glasses. Thomas had never seen his father looking so bad, not even the day he hit him.

He waited for his father to say hello but Axel kept quiet, so he kept quiet, too.

"Thomas," the lawyer said, "I am happy to say that everything has been arranged to everybody's satisfaction."

"Yeah," Horvath said behind the desk. He didn't sound terribly satisfied.

"You're a free man, Thomas," the lawyer said.

Thomas looked doubtfully at the five men in the room. There were no signs of celebration on any of the faces. "You mean I can just walk out of this joint?" Thomas asked.

"Exactly," the lawyer said

"Let's go," Axel Jordache said. "I wasted enough time in this goddamn town as it is." He turned abruptly and limped out.

Thomas had to make himself walk slowly after his father. He wanted to cut and run for it, before anybody changed his mind.

Outside, it was sunny late afternoon. There were no windows in the cell and you couldn't tell what the weather was from in there. Uncle Harold walked on one side of Thomas and his father on the other. It was another kind of arrest.

They got into Uncle Harold's car. Axel sat up in front and Thomas had the back seat all to himself. He didn't ask any questions.

"I bought your way out in case you're serious," his father said. His father didn't turn in the seat but talked straight ahead, at the windshield. "Five thousand dollars to that Shylock for his pound of flesh. I guess you got the highest priced lay in history. I hope it was worth it."

Thomas wanted to say he was sorry, that somehow, someday, he'd make it up to his father. But the words wouldn't come out.

"Don't think I did it for you," his father said, "or for Harold here——"

"Now, Axel," Harold began

"You could both die tonight and it wouldn't spoil my appetite," his father said. "I did it for the only member of the family that's worth a damn—your brother Rudolph. I'm not going to have him start out in life with a convict brother hanging around his neck. But this is the last time I ever want to see you or hear from you. I'm taking the train home now and that's the end of you and me. Do you get that?"

"I get it," Thomas said flatly

"*You're* getting out of town, too," Uncle Harold said to Thomas. His voice was quivering. "That's the condition Mr. Chase made and I couldn't agree with him more. I'll take you home and you pack your things and you don't sleep another night in my house. Do you get that too?"

"Yeah, yeah," Thomas said wearily. They could have the town. Who needed it?

There was no more talking. When Uncle Harold stopped the car at the station, his father got out without a word and limped away, leaving the door of the car open. Uncle Harold had to reach over and slam it shut.

* * *

In the bare room under the roof, there was a small cardboardish valise on his bed. Thomas recognized it. It belonged to Clothilde. The bed was stripped down and the mattress was rolled up, as though *Tante* Elsa were afraid that he might sneak in a few minutes' sleep on it. *Tante* Elsa and the girls were not in the house. To avoid contamination *Tante* Elsa had taken the girls to the movies for the afternoon.

Thomas threw his things into the bag quickly. There wasn't much. A few shirts and underwear and socks, an extra pair of shoes and a sweater. He took off the garage uniform that he had been arrested in and put on the suit he had been wearing when he came from Port Philip and that was just about that.

He looked around the room. The book from the library, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, was lying on a table. They kept sending him postcards, saying he was overdue and they were charging him two cents a day. He must owe them a good ten bucks by now. He threw the book into the valise. Remember Elysium Ohio.

He closed the valise and went downstairs and into the kitchen. He wanted to thank Clothilde for the valise. But she wasn't in the kitchen.

He went out through the hallway. Uncle Harold was eating a big piece of apple pie in the dining room, standing up. His hands were trembling as he picked up the pie. Uncle Harold always ate when he was nervous. "If you're looking for Clothilde," Uncle Harold said, "save your energy. I sent her to the movies with *Tante* Elsa and the girls."

Well, Thomas thought, at least she got a movie out of me. One good thing.

"You got any money?" Uncle Harold asked. "I don't want you to be picked up for vagrancy and go through the whole thing again." He wolfed at his apple pie

"I have money," Thomas said. He had $21 and change.

"Good. Give me your key."

Thomas took the key out of his pocket and put it on the table. He had an impulse to push the rest of the pie in Uncle Harold's face, but what good would that do?

They stared at each other. A piece of pie dribbled down Uncle Harold's chin.

"Kiss Clothilde for me," Thomas said, and went out the door, carrying Clothilde's valise

He walked to the station and bought $20 worth of transportation away from Elysium, Ohio.

SHARING THE WEALTH *(continued from page 127)*

nothing. The lower reaches of the middle class, in turn, are convinced that blacks, Mexican Americans, Puerto Ricans, Indians and poor whites want to steal their jobs—a conviction that the power class cheerfully perpetuates. The truth of the matter is that, even with automation, there can still be enough good-paying jobs for *everyone* in this country. If all of us were working for decent wages, there would be a greater demand for goods and services, thus creating even more jobs and increasing the gross national product. Full and fair employment would also mean that taxes traceable to welfare and all the other hidden costs of poverty—presently borne most heavily by middle-income whites—would inevitably go down.

At one time, we would have searched for ways to bring about a direct change in the course of the camel driver. That was the situation in the Thirties, when President Roosevelt initiated such massive programs as the Works Progress Administration and the Civilian Conservation Corps. At that time, *most* Americans were poor, white and nonwhite alike, but most were white. The union movement was fighting to win gains for its members, then an underclass. (Now it feels it has to fight to protect the economic independence it has since achieved.) And there was only a relatively small upper class trying to frustrate change. But today the majority of Americans—most of them still white—are relatively well off financially. The country's policies naturally respond to the desires of the majority, and that majority—having joined the comfortable middle class—is no longer motivated to eliminate poverty.

The forces in control today at the top, furthermore, are so immense, powerful and interlocked that it would be absurd to expect dramatic change from them. The Pentagon, for example, has a hand-in-glove relationship with the same industrialists who manufacture tractors, reapers and mechanical grape harvesters. How can we expect the Defense Department to do anything *but* undermine our battle with the growers? The poor today, finally, are not only impoverished, most of them are also members of minority races. Thus, as a class, we are racially as well as economically alienated from the mainstream.

Despite this alienation, however, and despite the magnitude of the forces opposing us, the poor have tremendous potential economic power, as unlikely as that may seem. That power can derive from two facts of life. First, even though our numbers are much smaller than they were in the Thirties, we are still a sizable group—some 30,000,000. Perhaps even more important, we have a strong sense of common indignation, the poor always identify with one another more than do the rich. What instruments can we use to win this power? Perhaps the most effective technique is the boycott. Most Americans realize that the black civil rights revolution of the late Fifties and early Sixties effectively began with Dr. Martin Luther King's successful bus boycott in Montgomery, Alabama. This tool is being perfected, for blacks, by the Reverend Jesse Jackson in Chicago. Our own nationwide grape boycott is hurting corporate agriculture so much that the growers are eventually going to have to deal with us, no matter how hard the power class tries to weaken the boycott's effectiveness.

Another powerful tool is the strike. Attacking the unions is fashionable today, but the labor movement, for all its faults, is one of the few institutions in the country that I see even *trying* to reach down to us. The universities, thanks to some student organizations, and the churches, thanks to a few radical groups, are the only other institutions making a real attempt to alleviate our plight. With their help, we farmworkers are now trying to build our own union, a new kind of union that will actively include people rather than exclude them. A man is a man and needs an organization even when—in fact, especially when—a machine displaces him. The poor are also beginning to experiment with cooperatives of all kinds and with their own credit unions—that is, with the creation of our own institutions, the profits from which can go to us rather than to the wealthy. And, at least in the Southwest, we are looking at ways to give the farmworkers plots of land they can call their own, because we know that power always comes with landownership.

We need greater control of important noneconomic institutions, too. We have very little to say, for example, about the attitude of our churches to economic and political problems. We are looking for ways to get the church involved in the struggle, to make it relevant to our needs. The poor also need control of their schools and medical facilities and legal defenses, but these advances are all subsidiary, in my opinion, to the need for developing strictly economic power. Economic power has to precede political power. Gandhi understood this when, in 1930, he and his followers resolved to defy the British government's salt monopoly by making their own salt from the sea; this boycott was one of the crucial steps in the Indian fight for independence. We, the poor of the United States, have not yet hit upon the specific issue around which we can bring all of our boycotting and striking capabilities to bear. But we will.

The poor are badly prepared to participate in the political arena. Entire nations of us, such as the American Indians, have never had more than token repre-

"Which channel are we watching? Man, we're watching all the channels!"

sentation in Federal, state, county or city government. Migratory farmworkers are almost always disenfranchised by voter-registration residency requirements. Minority immigrants face long waits for citizenship papers and the additional barrier of literacy tests. And even if they qualify, it is prohibitively expensive for many of the poor to vote. A farmworker putting in long hours simply can't afford to take half or all of a weekday off to travel to the polls.

In a society that truly desired full participation, all 18-year-olds and convicts would be given the franchise; the whole practice of voter registration would be scrapped; immigrants would automatically be given a citizenship certificate at the end of one year if their record was clean, whether or not they were literate in English or in their own language; elections would last up to 72 hours and would include Saturdays and Sundays.

These are some of the simpler things that could be done to increase participation. But they aren't being done and they won't be done unless the poor can change the political *status quo*. Our vote simply doesn't matter that much today. Once we give it away, we lose it because we can't control the men we elect. We help elect liberals and then they pass civil rights bills that defuse our boycotts and strikes, taking the steam out of our protest but leaving the basic problems of injustice and inequality unsolved. Or, worse, we elect a candidate who says he will represent us and then discover that he has sold out to some special interest.

I propose two reforms that would go a long way toward a cure. First, the whole system of campaign financing should make it as easy for a poor man as for a millionaire to put his case before the people. Second, the various minority groups—as well as such pockets of poor whites as the Appalachians, who make up a distinct economic subculture—should be given a proportionate number of seats in every governing body affecting them. Black people should have 43 or 44 seats in the House of Representatives and 10 or 11 seats in the Senate. In California, where ten percent of the population is Mexican American, eight seats in the state assembly should be set aside for us; there is now only one Mexican American assemblyman. This same procedure should be followed all the way down the line, through the county level down to the school and water districts. In each case, the electorate would be allowed to vote for whomever they pleased—even if he weren't of the same race as the majority of voters—but the representative would clearly be an advocate of their needs. Though this system may seem alien to many Americans, something like it already works in the cities, where tickets are often drawn up to reflect the racial balance of the community. And the idea of special representation for minority political groups is common in foreign countries. Once the minority group or the economic subculture is completely assimilated, of course, the need for special representation will wither away.

These are the kinds of reforms we will work for once we have an economic base established, they certainly aren't going to come about as long as we remain powerless. But we will remain powerless until we help ourselves. I know that there are men of good conscience in the affluent society who are trying to help. Many of them are middle-class people who remember the Depression, or unionists who wear scars of the battle to liberate workingmen. They are like a large army of guerrillas within the establishment. We are depending on them to hear our cry, to respect our picket lines and to support our grape boycott, the Reverend Ralph Abernathy's Poor People's Campaign and the Reverend Jesse Jackson's Operation Breadbasket. And we hope that they will understand how crucial it is that the vote become truly universal. As long as democracy exists mainly as a catchword in politicians' speeches, the hopes for *real* democracy will be mocked.

In the final analysis, however, it doesn't really matter what the political system is; ultimately, the results are the same, whether you have a general, a king, a dictator or a civilian president running the country. We don't need perfect political systems; we need perfect participation. If you don't participate in the planning, you just don't count. Until the chance for political participation is there, we who are poor will continue to attack the soft part of the American system—its economic structure. We will build power through boycotts, strikes, new unions—whatever techniques we can develop. These attacks on the *status quo* will come not because we hate but because we know America *can* construct a humane society for all of its citizens—and that if it does not, there will be chaos.

But it must be understood that once we have substantial economic power—and the political power that follows in its wake—our work will not be done. We will then move on to effect even more fundamental changes in this society. The quality of compassion seems to have vanished from the American spirit. The power class and the middle class haven't done anything that one can truly be proud of, aside from building machines and rockets. It's amazing how people can get so excited about a rocket to the moon and not give a damn about smog, oil leaks, the devastation of the environment with pesticides, hunger, disease. When the poor share some of the power that the affluent now monopolize, we *will* give a damn.

"Gloria and I march to the beat of different drummers . . . except in the sack, of course."

CHARMED *(continued from page 141)*

need; i.e., reviving a sense of manhood in the American male who (1) was ruined by his mother or (2) whose mother didn't love him. Check one. Anyway, the road to social success involved mixing drinks, collecting high-fidelity equipment and chasing girls, the latter to be undertaken in a sports car. Which is why, when I was living in Berkeley in 1951, many a Saturday night I would pick up a date in my Austin-Healey and head for San Francisco.

There are many ways to prove you're a man, and shifting your own gears is one of them. At the end of an evening of peanut shells on the floor and beer in a mug (this was before we had progressed to seeing *Goodbye, Columbus* and eating Chinese food), it was time for the ritual. The ritual was to park with a girl on Grizzly Peak Drive, overlooking the University of California. The girls weren't too interested in necking and sometimes I wasn't, either, but you had to try; otherwise, you wouldn't have anything to lie to your roommate about later. Besides, you can get away with more in a sports car. For example, if you turned up into the hills, instead of toward home, and the girl asked you why you were driving up a mountain, you could stare straight ahead, downshift and answer, "Because it's there." Once you reached the top, of course, you had the ticklish problem of what to do with the hand brake and the gearshift lever that separated the seats. I suppose the British figured that if you could afford the upkeep on an Austin-Healey or a Jag, you could also afford an apartment. (By the way, there is no truth to the rumor that British cars back then came with a repair manual by Ian Fleming; but earlier models *did* carry an instructional kit by T. S. Eliot. I understand that after reading it, you still didn't know how to repair the car, but being stranded didn't matter as much. Some drivers even reported losing interest in the girl as well.)

So much for the past. Detroit kept making bigger and bigger V8 engines, stealing thunder from the kids in California, and I got more and more depressed having to chew the dust of 45-year-old women driving Dodge station wagons. One day, I was talking to a guy from Ford and I mentioned that I'd like to test-drive a 289 Cobra. We drove out to Venice, California, and pulled up at a brown-paper-wrapped building labeled SHELBY AMERICAN. Carroll Shelby, so the legend goes, had come to California while road-testing a Cobra prototype in Texas and—realizing that his country could regain the flag in international racing through a merger of back-yard creative hot-rodding and the resources of Detroit—he'd imported a 1954 AC Bristol from England, pulled the engine and stuffed in a modified Ford V8. The guys in Detroit said that it was a shotgun wedding, but it turned out to be a marriage made in heaven. Shelby's factory was very small, but there was a sense of *esprit de corps*, with a lot of young guys working in sleeveless T-shirts—the kind of muscle-bound kids who lean over your car while you're stopped for a red light in Los Angeles and whisper, "Bitchin', bitchin'."

The 289 Cobra was narrow hipped, with a live rear axle; it was an individual's car. Of the 500 manufactured during 1964 and 1965, most were sold to guys who mixed their own body paint and installed aircraft clocks. Hard-faced types in greasy Levis and tooled-leather belts with turquoise stones imbedded in them would come by on Saturday and hang around the factory, looking for tips on how Shelby could pack so many ponies into 289 cubes. It became a real American characteristic to continually reach for your upper limit. Shelby's enthusiasm was contagious and the Cobra was off to the races—which it won around the world. Shelby, in fact, used to road-test his cars right in front of the factory, to the consternation of the Los Angeles Police Department. To keep up their image, the cops began using faster cars with V8 engines, so you might say Shelby was good for business.

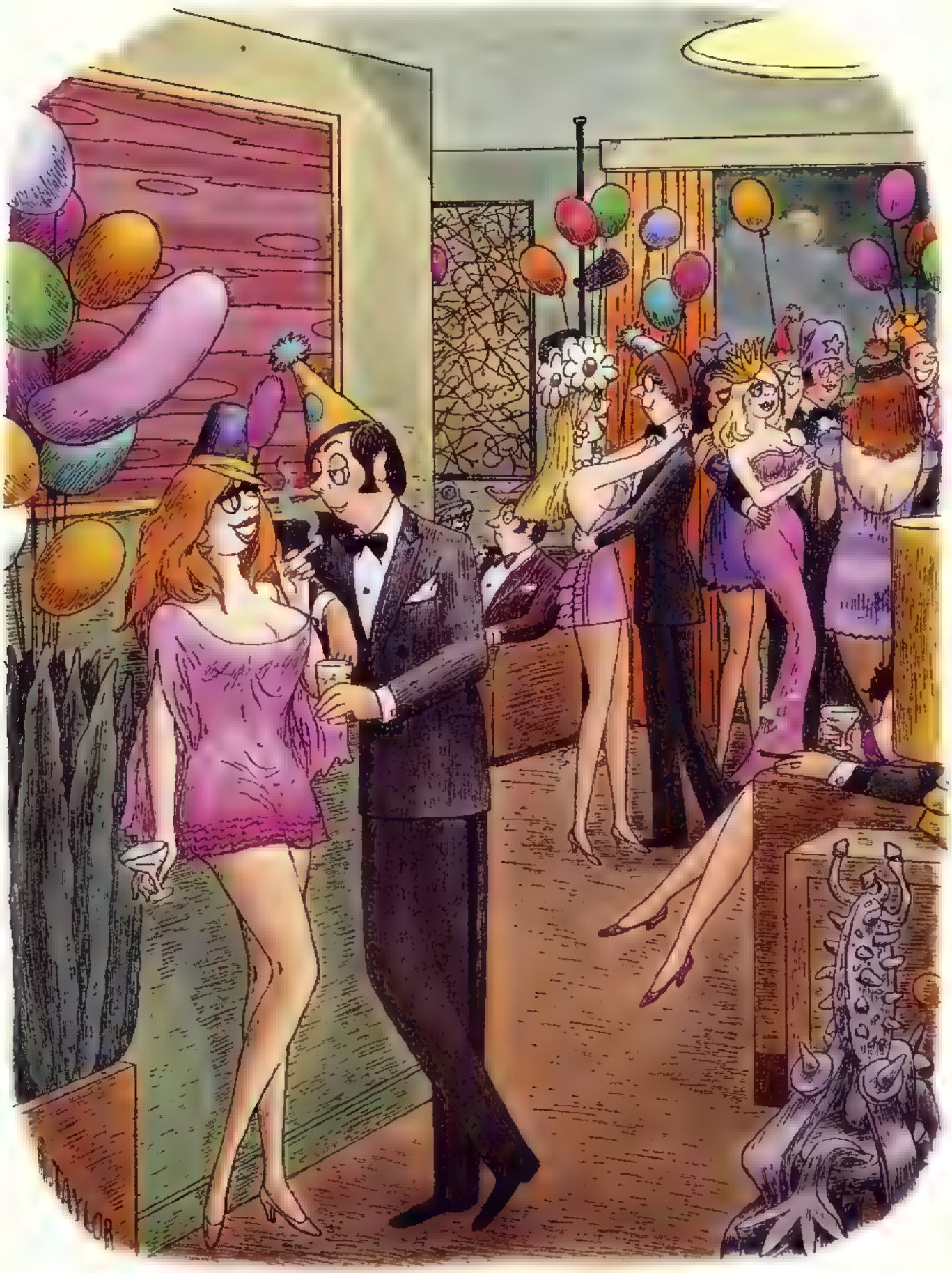
So there I sat in a sports car that didn't do 0 to 60 in 18 seconds—but more like 4. Before letting out the clutch for a spin around town, the late Ken Miles, one of motor racing's all-time great drivers, gave me some advice on how to drive the 289. He said, "Point it and punch it!" I took his advice to heart and spent the afternoon running around L. A., feeling my face muscles recede from the g forces as I went through the gears.

About that time, Corvettes with bigger engines were coming onto the scene and, theoretically, they were supposed to threaten the Cobra. They had fierce-looking hood scoops and a medallion depicting cross-purposes. The Ford people called them Brand X and their main customers were high school dropouts with enlarged right feet—the kind of children who want as much power as possible for their buck.

One day, I was to have lunch with Pete Brock. He is one of the leading automotive designers in California, a man who has reduced the complexity of Detroit to the simplicity of 20th Century needs. He came tooling up in a new Shelby Mustang with heavy-duty suspension and a modified 289 engine. While the pit crew swapped pads on his disk brakes and repaired his car, we threw him onto the table, changed his socks and fed him intravenously. Brock, who had designed the Daytona Cobra, announced to me the building of the ultimate weapon—the 427 Cobra. Amid such questions as "Has man gone too far?" he mentioned that its fully independent suspension had been worked out on a computer and that the car probably had about 500 horses, but Shelby couldn't advertise the fact, because the Government would figure he knew something the guys at Cape Kennedy didn't. Shelby is the only manufacturer who delivers more than he claims, which is the biggest threat to advertising that I can imagine.

A few days later, I went back to try a 427. Ken Miles took me out and demonstrated on a nearby airport runway that the 427 could accelerate from 0 to 100 in eight seconds. Then we went from 100 back to 0 in 13½ seconds—thanks to 11½-inch disk brakes. We also made a couple of passes at 150 mph; we cornered with no noticeable body sway and I discovered that the car will corner faster than the passengers can stand, because of the onset of nausea. I also discovered that we were passing jets taking off from an adjacent runway. When I remarked to Ken that the car was quick, he said, "It's adequate," and proceeded back to the garage. The Cobra open, with the wind in your face and the roar of the engine in your ears, reminds you of flying before it became automated. I can hear the critics now. "Why do you need to drive a car that powerful?" Well, how else are you going to get sexual satisfaction? I bought the 427 from Shelby on the spot and gave him a check, using my driver's license for identification. We both realized that that might be the last time either of us would see the document.

The only accessory that comes with a Cobra is a highway-patrol car in back of you—*way* back. It's not optional equipment. But in California, the fuzz aren't sporting enough to chase you. Instead, they'll radio ahead to the next car and say, "I have a snake under surveillance." And then about five miles down the road, they zonk you with the light and one approaches your car while the other one stays in the cruiser, looking at some papers. I always thought he was studying for the police exam. As you sit there, watching your accelerometer plunge back to zero gravity, here comes the Cossack in the helmet with a chin strap and an eagle on it (live, if possible) and a multidirectional-zippered jacket and a gun belt with a lot of bullets in it (in case of a prolonged siege) and boots with a Japanese ballpoint clipped to one side. Cops always say the same thing when you've been driving a snake. "Do you know how fast you were going?" I would always answer, "No, I was busy in the engine room." Then they would say, "Pump your brakes. The brake pedal doesn't come up high enough." And I would say, "I didn't buy this car to stop,



"My New Year's resolution is to stop cheating on my husband, so if you plan on anything you'd better hurry up.

I bought it to go. Besides, you can stop it by using the hood as an air brake."

After several months of this treatment, I became slightly paranoid. Every time I saw a Dodge following me, I'd stop for veterans in crosswalks and yield to dogs, and if I came to railroad tracks, I'd stop and turn the engine off and get out and look both ways for Indians. The cops would sit in back of me and laugh. The worst was when the Dodge would come abreast and I'd see that it was only a civilian in a black car with a long antenna, and what I'd thought was the outline of a red light in the rear window was just his kid with a round head.

Having a 1954 body, my Cobra had no door locks—which made it pretty fair game for thieves. And one day, sure enough, it disappeared. A few days later, I got the word from John McCaf of Shelby's racing team that there was an SC Cobra available in Portland. He added: "Don't give my name. I have relatives in Detroit." So I went up to Portland, dropped by the Ford agency and there it was. Shelby made only 25 of these babies. They had oil coolers and pop-riveted hood scoops. The battery was right in back of the navigator. The dash had an oil-temperature gauge and a speedometer that went to 180 mph. The tach was redlined at 8000 rpms. There was a switch that activated an auxiliary fuel pump and another for a differential oil cooler. It also had a 40-gallon gas tank and a stick to measure fuel, because there was no gas gauge. A roll bar was included as standard equipment. The exhaust was right out where you could see and hear it. Many an unsuspecting girl would burn her legs on those headers before the year was out. The engine had over 600 horsepower.

I bought the car and pointed it toward Los Angeles. All I can remember of the trip is that the acceleration kept slamming me into the back of the bucket seat and the Castrol fumes that came up through the steering column made me slightly euphoric. It was when I headed toward New Orleans for a real road test that I discovered anyone who sees an SC Cobra in his rearview mirror automatically moves over to let it pass. You don't need the horn. The horn is attached to the directional signal, which you need when turning, because if you extend your arm, you'll get lift. In fact, the car has so much torque that when you put your foot into it, you automatically turn to the right.

I drove all night with the top down and hit my first red light at Canal Street the following morning. Four kids jumped onto the hood and wrote in the dust on my windshield, "Wash this car." After a couple of days of slow driving in the French Quarter, I discovered that the heat from my Cobra's transistorized ignition was melting the crepe on my shoes, so I took the car in to be looked at, requesting that they also put in an AM-FM radio with headphone jacks. Anybody who sees you driving a Cobra with headphones on thinks that you're receiving take-off instructions from the control tower at the local airport. It's also against the law to wear them, because you can't hear sirens in the event of a sneak attack by the Red Chinese air force.

After a few more days of city driving, the plugs in the car were loading up, so I decided to blow them out by driving back to Los Angeles. As I left the mass of Louisiana and hit east Texas, I noticed I was losing oil pressure. I stuck the dipstick into the radio—where all the oil was being thrown—and found I was a quart low. Fortunately, I'd stored a couple of quarts of Kendall in the trunk. A few minutes later, I roared into Beaumont, Texas, and happened to notice a used-car lot. The dealer must have been smoking something, because he thought he was in Los Angeles. He had another Cobra on the lot and he was standing in front in an orange blazer, yelling, "Blow the horn! We buy by ear." Accelerating out of town, I was doing about 90 when I downshifted into third, stomped on it and did an inadvertent half doughnut. As I said before, the car had torque.

About 12 miles later, doing 120, I heard an explosion and thought that some frustrated small-town cop had decided to use me as a moving target. Then I realized that I'd blown my right-rear tire. I got out and tried to jack up the car, but there were no jacking points, because the body was all aluminum. So I called Dante Cardone at Cobra public relations and he said, "Why don't you call a guy from the auto club and once he gets under the car, looking for the jack points, you drive it up on his chest?" I said, "It's a rear tire." And he said, "You'll have to hold on. I've got somebody on the other line who's having trouble with the California Highway Patrol." I protested, "Why don't you make him wait?" He answered, "I can't, it's Shelby!" I finally changed the tire by using a Japanese electric jack. The damn thing didn't work too well, but it did have a radio in it.

Back on the road, I did another 30 miles in 17 minutes and heard a second explosion. It was the *left* rear tire. When I got under the car, I found that both tires, because of their width, had worn through the wall by rubbing against the chassis. Now, the nearest town was 20 miles away. I decided to drive on the rim at five miles per hour. Ford sedans are passing me and I'm shaking my fist out the window at them and yelling, "Your trips wouldn't be possible if guys like me didn't take drives like this to develop *total performance*." Four hours later, I came to a gas station—one with the Sinclair dinosaur in front, a symbol of the contemporary approach in east Texas. I bought two Cadillac tires from the attendant and stretched them to go onto my rear rims. They held for about 200 miles—just long enough for me to hit a four-inch snowfall. I bought two more tires and decided to keep going with the top down, even though the car sat so low that every time a truck would pass me, its prop wash would hit my windshield and freeze. I began steering with my right hand and scraping off the windshield with my left, using a Gillette Techmatic razor.

Going through New Mexico, some joker in a Maserati passed me. Then he downshifted, backed off his pipes and passed me again. I hate guys who do that. It's an obvious attempt to embarrass you in front of the other traffic. I want to point out here that he was the *provocateur* and that, like any Cobra driver, I was acting responsibly and was not driving in a dangerous manner. So we had this little race and were flagged down by the Arizona Highway Patrol, which used a device called Vascar to get a fix on speeders. If you want to know how fast we were going, the Maserati looked swift but the Cobra was a blur.

The day I got back to L.A., I parked the car and it was stolen exactly one hour later. I immediately went down to Hertz and rented a Shelby Mustang—which is now called the Cobra. Two weeks later, the SC was abandoned by a guy who was later arrested for stealing a De Tomaso Mangusta. There was a note on my windshield that read, "Thanks for giving me my start in the business."

I neglected to mention safety features. Well, my Cobra had seat belts, complete with a strap that goes over your throat. The new Mustang Mach 1, on the other hand, has a foam-rubber dashboard, a recessed steering wheel and a windshield made of Knox gelatin cubes. The car would never really hit anything; it would chicken out on the way. Recently, in Washington, a Senate subcommittee held a hearing on car safety and Henry Ford arrived in a Lincoln limousine without fastening his seat belt. Ralph Nader said that meant in case of an accident, Ford was ready to go down with the ship. Several Senators began discussing smog control. The Ford attorneys contended that putting an anti-pollution device on the Cobra would be like making a man run in the Olympics with a deviated septum. One of the attorneys went on to comment, "Surely, this rule doesn't apply to the Cobra?" And the Senator replied, "The rules of the Senate apply to reptiles as well as anyone else."

I've been a satisfied Cobra owner now for five years—and a total driving time of just over two months. As a matter of fact, I'm overdue for an appointment to see it. Mattel is working on it from nine to five every day and I like to take advantage of visiting hours.

POINTS OF REBELLION *(continued from page 161)*

all the wonders of nature being ruined, they ask, "What natural law gives the establishment the right to ruin the rivers, the lakes, the oceans, the beaches and even the air?" And if one tells them that the important thing is making money and increasing the G. N. P., they turn away in disgust.

Their protest is not only against what the establishment is doing to the earth but against the callous attitude of those who claim the God-given right to wreak that damage on the nation without rectifying the wrong.

There have always been grievances and youth has been the agitator. Why, then, is today different? Why does dissent loom so ominously?

At the consumer-credit level and at the level of housing the deceptive practices of the establishment have multiplied. Beyond that is the factor of communication, which, in the field of consumer credit, implicates more and more people who, no matter how poor, with all their beings want the merchandise on display.

Beyond all that is another, more basic reason. Political action today is most difficult, for the major parties are controlled by the establishment and the result is a form of political bankruptcy.

A letter to me from an American GI in Vietnam written in early 1969 states that bald truth: "Somewhere in our history—though not intentionally—we slowly moved from a government of the people to a government of a chosen few that either by birth, family tradition or social standing, a minority possessing all the wealth and power now in turn control the destiny of mankind."

This GI ends by saying, "You see, Mr. Douglas, the greatest cause of alienation is that my generation has no one to turn to." And he adds, "With all the hatred and violence that exist throughout the world it is time that someone, regardless of personal risk, must stand up and represent the feelings, the hopes, the dreams and desires of the hundreds of thousands of Americans who died, are dying and will die in search of truth."

This young man, as a result of his experiences in the crucible of Vietnam and in the riots at home, has decided to enter politics and run for office as spokesman for the poor and underprivileged of our nation.

Political action that will recast the balance will take years. Meanwhile, an overwhelming sense of futility possesses the younger generation. How can any pressing, needed reforms or changes or reversals be achieved? There is, in the end, a feeling that the individual is caught in a pot of glue and is utterly helpless.

The truth is that a vast bureaucracy now runs the country, irrespective of the party in power. The decision to spray sagebrush or mesquite trees in order to increase the production of grass and make a cattle baron richer is that of a faceless person in some Federal agency. Those who prefer horned owls or coyotes do not even have a chance to be heard.

How does one fight an entrenched farm lobby or an entrenched highway lobby? How does one get even a thin slice of the farm benefits, which go to the rich, into the lunch boxes of the poor?

How does one give HEW and its state counterparts a humane approach and rob the bureaucrats of a desire to discriminate against an illegitimate child or to conduct midnight raids without the warrants needed before even a poor man's home may be entered by the police?

Most of the questions are out of reach of any remedy for the average person. The truth is that a vast restructuring of our society is needed if remedies are to become available to the average person. Without that restructuring, the good will that holds society together will be slowly dissipated.

It is that sense of futility that permeates the present series of protests and dissents. Where there is a sense of futility and it persists, there is violence; and that is where we are today.

"Why, Mr. Bernstein, you didn't remember to kiss me."

wildly on a pier. A fish that no amount of beating kills, a fish one first and only wants to *still*.

Before long, of course, we *will* learn to still our minds—artificially.

Certain vestigial chemical reactions accompany our persistent sense of danger and insecurity. They were useful when we lived in a relatively unprotected state. Anxiety, palpitations, adrenal shock. Now these reactions are unnecessary. They live on uselessly, crippling people. We shall learn to cool them out. Our chemistry will be made appropriate once again.

Meanwhile, we find ourselves inventing games that promise to call forth our vestigial reactions, as if naturally. We must hope that our games will be able to expend them, to contain them.

If outside chemicals could eliminate guilt and fear—leave us pleased with our purposelessness—they'd have a huge and welcome effect. But they would also eliminate much that was dear to us. A curiosity about ourselves that could never be exhausted. Patience, which we took perverse pleasure in trying. A connoisseurship of our own symptoms. A certainty that every credit has its debit, every debt its credit; that the piper must be paid.

Still, the easiest thing to change about yourself is your name. *You* remain the same. You simply have a new name. You can change your nose, too, now, of course, if you don't like your nose. Like the new name, the new nose is yours—an appendage to the big immutable mind-body you.

Your eyeglasses are not exactly you. But your 20/20 vision when wearing them, that is you. Are contact lenses more you than eyeglasses?

Suppose we could change many important things about ourselves. Should we still be allowed to change our names? What, then, will identity consist of? How will we keep track of one another?

Say you are Miriam Rabinowitz with a hook nose. And then you are Dawn Thursday with a ski-jump nose; but still with small breasts, squat legs, frequent flu, poor memory, destructive temper, still lethargic, nervous, defeatist. Say that chemicals, electrodes, cosmetological operations, transplants, cyborg techniques can effect any changes you like. What, then, is the difference between a graft and you? Between a graft and your clothes? Between your clothes and you?

What is a body but this organ, this limb, this sense? What integer of personality will remain immune to our control? What remains immutable when we play even with the consciousness that orders our improvement?

When Dawn Thursday is finished and formed and ready to meet the world where will Miriam Rabinowitz be? And what will she, faultless, now worry about? What will 10,000,000 teenagers worry about, when they have perfect complexions, flower-sweet breath? The sense of blessedness that only "popularity" could formerly win?

Without the necessity of imperfection, our entire make-ups will be no more inalienable than our names. We will be able to redesign ourselves.

No one will have a fate. No one will be constrained by inevitabilities he does not impart to himself. A person's every aspect will become an appendage. But to what? What happens when everything—even the mind that is stipulating the rearrangement—becomes an appendage?

It will be more and more difficult to resist what others think of us. We may design ourselves, in fact, with others in mind, the way we now design our hairdos.

Say that one is no longer stuck—not simply with one's deformities but with anything. Say Dawn Thursday can play with her looks, her mood—her character. What, then, is fundamental to her? Only her experience.

Alongside what is changed through her will or experimentation, there must be something constant to which things happen. But Dawn will participate in fewer and fewer of her experiences. They will not be encounters, interactions subject to her influence. Other people will manufacture most of the experiences that occupy her waking time.

Dawn's power over her experiences will be primarily the power of veto. She won't be able to do anything much about them, except to tune them out.

Will that power be the sole meaning of her privacy? What kind of privacy can we have without a fund of uniquely personal experience to savor and protect? We may feel as transparent as glass, and as brittle.

Think of all the uses we once found for privacy. When the world was out to prove us foolish or inept, we could point inward and say, "Here is our dignity; *here* it doesn't hurt."

Official infringements of privacy may be arrested. The people may yet retain the power to roll back Orwellian invasions—sophisticated surveillance and eavesdropping techniques, computerized dossiers. Nonetheless, one of the main effects of our bewilderment—the plethora of options, the scarcity of "good" options—will be to leave us without any *sense* of privacy.

When chromosomes can be doctored, when simple decompression treatments during pregnancy can change the make-up of a child's mind, what sense will it make for us to work at character, at intelligence or talent?

We have feet of clay. Generations to come will have feet of iron. How may we hope to stack up against those new men? With the passage of years, they will surpass each other helter-skelter, leave forebears in the dust like hairy beasts.

Once, we might have dared to trade botched and hassled lives for immortality. But immortality will be no bargain if it cannot last a generation. Warhol predicted that in the future everyone would be world-famous for 15 minutes. Will anything we do make any difference when it can be forgotten in the twinkling of an eye? When our work is not long important to anyone, how will we pretend it is still important to ourselves?

We never coveted immortality for its flattery, but as a way of growing, sure that the meaning of our deeds would stay fixed and untouched. Sure that no one could meddle with our measure when we were gone and could defend ourselves no more. How many homers would the Babe have racked up had he been swinging at a jack-rabbit ball? What supermen would *we* have been, given access to our chromosomes?

Asked to choose an incipient characteristic of our time that would dilate, come more fully to characterize the future, one might choose a term favored by the Church fathers: *incuria sui*, or "lack of care of self." Not exactly a disregard for oneself, and certainly nothing like selflessness, but a failure to engage passionately with how one's soul is turning out. A certain incuriosity about oneself, though not yet free from agitation. The condition was frequently related to sloth, or "inquiet idleness." And deemed the opposite of peace, of the "peace which passeth understanding."

A: Why shouldn't I stay high all my life?
B: That would be too conclusive. Too impermissible an escape from reality.
A: Whose reality? Why is straight more real than high? I'm crazy when I'm straight.
B: Turning on is counterproductive. It makes you not want to *do* anything.
A: Who needs what I might produce? I'm traveling around, keeping my eye open. Soaking up the scene. What's so a priori heavy about *doing* something?
B: But stay away at least from freak drugs that pummel and twist your mind, turn you into someone else.
A: I must experience whatever's psychotic in me. Psychosis can be valuable. Drugs are only a catalyst. They don't introduce ideas or feelings.

There's an answer for every argument, an argument for every answer. Accusations—of madness, of deadness—fly across empty space, from one planet of presumption to another. The question—"Why not *stay* high?"—will arise more and more, in

ever wider-ranging circles. The ensuing debate will form a context for all our plans.

To dopers, it seems no one can make an adequate case for leaving one's head untampered with. Yet, they confront the prospect of perpetual intoxication freighted with ambivalence. But when the question seems to meet no resistance —why, then, maybe a lifelong stone would be suspiciously advisable. Why not? Have we been *bullied* into moderation by engendered fears?

How will we deny ourselves pleasures when only another pleasure might induce us to do so? What secondary or tertiary pleasure—one that arrives as a release, after self-imposed abstention—will compete with potions that directly romance the pleasure centers of the human nervous system?

Where will we find thought to deny ourselves? Where if not from denial itself? We shall see a kind of self-indulgence historically restricted to the few who had every privilege and no "constructive" ideas, and to some who had nothing, not even hope. We shall see that indulgence on a massive scale.

Thus far, it may be said, the problem has been technological. The chemicals themselves have fallen short.

"Every lust wants eternity," Nietzsche wrote. "Deep, deep eternity." The natural drugs, those that had been widely used (even worshiped) in pre-Christian eras, appeared, after a time, to turn against the user. The more so as his idleness flowered.

He could not get high as he remembered getting once; nodded off, grew logy and wasted, difficult to rouse. Finally, gratification became fleeting, elusive. After a day's first rush, he found himself unable to count upon a quarter hour's buzz. Turning on wasn't the difficulty; that was easy enough. The difficulty was getting off.

Can it be very long before science, investigating how humans come to feel good, synthesizes more deeply gratifying compounds? Gratification will become reliable and instantaneous. Even more alarming, it won't need to be temporary.

And yet, by definition, gratification *must* be temporary. Otherwise, it eliminates the need for itself. A lust desires its own perpetuation: to be explored and pampered, *indulged* but not satisfied. Every lust becomes incoherent once it has its eternity.

If you can get high whenever you like, and even stay stoned for the duration, then you are completely accountable for whatever miseries you feel. Grown accustomed to regarding misery as a state of chemical imbalance, you are at a loss to correct it nonchemically.

Dolphins and laboratory monkeys adore nothing so much as a well-placed electrode. It is also well known that rats will ignore sex, food and water to pound the bar that zaps them waves of pleasurable excitation. Pound until they collapse of exhaustion, expire upon bloodied paws. When pharmacology becomes a gourmet cooking of the mind, when brain electrodes can be located and charged with exquisite precision, shall many of us take a pass on them?

When men can arrive at that sort of self-containment become, in effect, closed-circuit pleasure systems—there will be no need to come to terms with one's intellect, nor with anything outside. Why even develop the ability to observe, when every sensation that accompanies observation can be extracted through artifice?

When one can be *assured* of gratification, self-mastery will be unnecessary as deodorant. There will be no sense to striving. Nothing worth winning.

Frederick Jackson Turner postulated that in the 19th Century, our Western frontier acted as a safety valve for social and economic dissension back East. Shall we herald drugs as the safety valve of our century?

When we begin to run over each other in the outside world, goes the argument, we can turn inward, and there find relief. Yet the metaphor suggests that some kind of freedom lies yonder through the valve. The hunkies who covered-wagoned to Colorado ended up as miners at Telluride and Silver City.

We can find clues watching where long-term heads come out, but not many. We may feel unable to trust in their reports. Our words will have lost all precision, all common definition.

When one who's socked himself away for 40 or 50 years leans back and murmurs, "Groovy," how will we decide whether he's talking about something groovy enough to turn our heads, or about something so groovy we could give our lives for it?

Once we knew we would have to overcome a certain amount of disappointment along the way. Our ability to bear that disappointment was constantly in doubt, but never so much in doubt that it could not be resourcefully proven. There was work to be done. A call for pluck, or grit. We knew as much as we could take. When we could take no more, we made ourselves stupid.

When too much is present to us, we must be stupefied a bit to restore our balance. Previously, we used compulsive activity, imaginary slights, dreams of revenge, as antidotes to secret pain. Our new antidotes will be more dependable.

Perhaps, then, in the future, the tragedies of suffering—Lear's or Willy Loman's—will seem completely avoidable. They may strike us as anachronistic legends of men who lacked the right tool —the right upper, or downer, or cooler-outer—at the right time. Men who missed their connection.

Will suffering come to mean *discomfort*? A simple state of mind, no longer possibly educating or uplifting; no purgatory along the way to higher sanity? An annoyance, merely to be avoided. Like flutter in the stereo, overcool air conditioning. Too many milligrams, too many volts.

If you knew discomfort to be correctable, and if you *still* felt discomfort after the adjustment were made, the pill taken —would you be sure you were insane?

Resolute misery will be too heady for future generations. It would demand of them that they knew how to distinguish the joyful and the miserable in themselves. They will plug into joy. It will have no honesty, for it won't need to be honest *about* anything. Their joy won't contrast with the trials that made ours a relief and a homecoming.

Men once valued suffering in more ways than we can now imagine. It provided no concrete lessons, of course, nor any instruction in how suffering was to be borne, but a kind of knowledge, to be sure.

Penitence and remorse once found their answer, or their issue, in suffering. We could foresee a time when something like repentance might overwhelm us, when we'd be forced to take hold of ourselves, in order to change. Or when deep change would burst upon us, effortlessly. Someday the ground might fall away from beneath our suffering. We could say—*someone* could say—when we had suffered enough. There would be some way of knowing.

But who, when suffering means discomfort, can tell us when we have felt discomfort *enough*? Enough, that is, to balance our guilts and debts. Will our remorse then be infinite? Who would tell us, say, that we had felt the blahs enough? What kind of forgiveness is there for discomfort?

Who will be left to *detect* our suffering, to ensure that we get some benefit from it? Who will demonstrate that it wasn't in vain—that it didn't merely succeed itself, like boredom, from one minute to the next? Suffering will have no tragedy.

The Stoics felt that men could not survive without protection against the future; more precisely, against expectations about the future. They called the proper state of mind ataraxia. It was somber and dispassionate, "still as light on the water." It held no brief for the future. As if it weren't itself a way of receiving the future, of trying to possess it in advance, before it happened. As if a state of mind could bend time to their will, as if time were itself only a state of mind. When we produce ataraxia in a test tube—won't that be a paradoxical suicide?

Criminals have always showed us what we don't dare, often what we don't dare even contemplate.

Our outlaws were outlaws, typically, because there was no other way for them to ensure that they wouldn't be abused. On balance, they traded into as many rights as had been traded from them. When they were caught, only the deranged made bones about whether their crimes had really been crimes.

The criminals of the future may be like Charlie Starkweather—not thrill or social killers but people who kill with his offhand logic. Because the neighbor was making too much noise. Because the husband failed once too often to juggle the latrine handle. Because someone else had the intriguing car. They'd find it easy to say, as Starkweather did when asked why he'd gone on his rampage, "Always wanted to be a criminal, just not this big a one."

To the extent that criminals fall into crime because of their revolutionary politics, there will be no agreement about what should count as law. What counts as criminal to one class will seem virtuous to another.

We will be able to invoke names like "justice" and "duty" only in the name of some particular idea of justice and duty, not in the name of every such idea. Justice, duty and the like will be so many epithets that a class uses to defend itself.

Spengler said that a culture's decline is the period of its greatest creative flourishing. We can foresee merely its greatest nostalgia. Only the poorest art can flow from nostalgia.

The future will be a time of miniaturists. Of small triumphs. Of artists who aim at nothing beyond the persuasion of our indolence—who needn't aim at more to win a title to beauty.

We believe today that our duties to art are discharged not in the works themselves but in our attitudes toward them, in how we feel they should be "experienced." Yet our immediate experience of the work no longer counts for anything. We are left at the mercy of our opinions. We cannot voice them with any confidence, nor even hold them stationary. Interpretation is disallowed.

"It's boring," one says of a Warhol piece. But one has no valid response until one can meet the predictable reply, "Well, that's just the point. . . ."

One can always be told that a fakable or reproduceable effect, a drip or a shout, is *supposed* to be fakable or reproduceable. No one cares to argue that these quiddities are wrong or bad. We don't want to convince anyone who is not already convinced; we don't care about *them* enough.

No artist can be uncertain for very long whether or not he is good; whether he is good simply by his own lazy notions of good or bad—whether the self that asks such questions is overreacting. Nor can he find out by testing his work upon a modern audience. Its response is more confused and fearful than his own, may even rely on his.

When art depends on effects, when a legitimate response requires interpretation—when the interpretation gives the work its legitimacy and not vice versa—then the appreciation of art becomes a kind of politics. Indeed, the methods of appreciation begin to resemble in their every detail the methods of politics. Artists may become as irrelevant as politicians.

"Can I help it if I'm just crazy about venison?"

Those who command attention, from whatever pulpit, will be talking to the people about how they should conduct their lives without falling into confusion.

The swaying power politicians once had is passing into the hands of circusmasters, spokesmen not elected but "happened," like Topsy. Their ancestors: Johnny Carson and Tim Leary. More people have spent more time watching and listening to Johnny Carson than to any human being in history.

Dealing with or filibustering on subjects of immediate peril, politicians speak perfunctorily, if at all, about the quality of people's lives. False statistics and strained cheer.

Circusmasters may rise and fade, linger or be forgotten. But during their time of influence, however brief, they will carry enormous weight. Their fatuous presumptions and remarks will direct millions of lives whose energies are up for grabs.

Just to stay in competition, politicians will be forced to become impresarios. Their votes and programs won't count much for or against them. Everyone will be so muddled, and so past caring.

Only presentation will determine the men for they receive showmanship. Even the radicals, with no hope left for meaningful change, will turn to "dramatizing" or "exposing." To performing theatrical acts upon their constituencies.

For a long while, we've not expected politicians to know how to solve our problems. We've not even expected them to enlist the people who might. But soon they will no longer have the crudiest picture of what the problems were.

As it grows increasingly difficult to find a private nook for our insanities, they will have to become more public. Since an insanity cannot bear to be seen in public, we will compensate by acknowledging them less. We will have to turn our eyes from them, an avoidance that is the root of all insanity.

Our politicians, in their explanation of Vietnam, have become the first to venture a public insanity. The first to be even *judiciously* insane. But if they aim only at working an effect on people, then they must know those on whom they are working their effect. Slight prospect. They are busy men, and their ignorance may have a terrible price.

Through our parents' youth, through part of our own, America seemed everyone's hope. Now her blindness, her gluttony and her failures of compassion have begun turning her into the most despised nation on earth.

Her empire of influence will be shrunk by the third world. We will come to feel isolated, furtive and nightbound. The violence that we have done a hundred nations will be regurgitated for us, and we won't quite understand.

It will make sense to us someday that we can be defended by a missile network that doesn't work, against missiles that don't exist, for reasons that are not made clear. It will have to make sense, whatever the risks. For we will be unable to tolerate its senselessness.

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

(continued from page 192)

scarers. It requires a certain amount of courage not to move to another perch but to sit on patiently and, if possible, read a book, during these preliminary skirmishes. With mordinate patience and by remaining absolutely motionless, it is possible to reverse the roles, so that the waiter in time acquires the courage to alight beside you and take your order. The traveler does well to remember, when such a happy conclusion is achieved, that most Russian menus are pure fantasy, and that such delicacies as baked hazel grouse or sturgeon roasted in silver paper, although optimistically still included in the choice of fare, have long ceased to be cooked in the kitchen. In point of fact, most restaurant food is as stodgy and unexciting as those who consume it.

In Leningrad, I did my best to escape the cultural hurly-burly, to stop shuffling up and down enormous staircases at the Hermitage museum. On my last evening before leaving Leningrad, I inquired of a stranger who joined me at the dinner table how he had spent his day. Had he, perhaps, swum in the open-air swimming pool, taken the trip to the university, visited the grave of Chekhov or walked through the Kirov Central Park of Culture and Rest located on Yelagin Island? He regretted that he had done none of these things. He had spent his time at a children's hospital. He was, I discovered, a very great expert in the field of brain tumors, who came to Russia often to lecture to students and confer with colleagues and sometimes to operate himself. He thought the Russians were ahead in certain fields of medicine, especially geriatrics and child care. He was not so enthusiastic about their nursing. I was embarrassed at having mistaken this sophisticated and distinguished fellow for a mere tourist like myself. I was reminded of a luncheon party in Australia when I had brashly inquired of my neighbor what he did. "I am," he told me, "the Governor General."

"Naturally," I assured him. "I am aware of that fact. What I had meant to ask was what you did besides."

His Excellency was not in the mood to permit a phased withdrawal. "Come off it," he told me, and I did.

On this occasion, my companion, perhaps sensing my embarrassment and determined to dispel it, volunteered the information that he was the son of the late Robert Benchley. He then encouraged a discussion of his father's career and provided a delightful account of Benchley's achievement as a parent. He was, he affirmed, the very best father a boy could have. He had not particularly wished his son to become a doctor, but once the boy had decided, did all he could to help him. We drank a toast to Benchley before we parted, and I was surprised weeks later to receive a letter from my new friend, apologizing for having misled me. His name was not and never had been Benchley. He couldn't explain the reason he had claimed such a distinguished lineage and begged forgiveness. If it was any comfort to me, he wrote, he still was, or believed himself to be, a brain surgeon.

In Bukhara, the hotel was abominable and full of East Germans. Nevertheless, I enjoyed myself. Except for a ruined mosque attributed to Genghis Khan, which I declined to inspect, it appeared that nothing was expected of the tourist save a visit to an institute devoted to research on karakul sheep. Believing it barely possible that I might prove to be their 1,000,000th visitor, and thus entitled to receive a karakul overcoat on the house, I accepted the invitation, climbed onto the bus and found myself acquiring during the ensuing three hours, and entirely against my will, a great deal of absolutely useless knowledge about the habits and adventures of these unfortunate ruminants, whose average life span is 12 years, at which age their teeth drop out, their last lamb is removed unborn and they become mutton *shashlik*. They demand a sparse diet of dried scrub and journey on hoof 20 kilometers every day in order to get enough of the stuff. I tried to work out how far they covered in a lifetime, failed and dozed off, waking only to hear the lecturer insisting that they drank nothing but brackish water. There was, naturally, never at any time the slightest suggestion of gift samples, and I shall continue to wear my all-purpose reversible mackintosh and count myself fortunate that I was not born a shepherd boy, or a research worker, or even a karakul sheep itself on the windy, desolate Russian steppes. I was wrong, however, in believing that the knowledge I acquired that afternoon was useless, as readers of this page will now have discovered for themselves.

I must have been about ten when I first saw a film called *Shanghai Express*. It was the start of my resolve to one day make the journey myself, following in the footsteps of Marlene Dietrich, Anna May Wong, Clive Brook and Warner Oland. I resolved very little in childhood besides this and nothing at all in youth and middle age. In one sense, therefore, you might say I am now fulfilled.

Irkutsk is located in Siberia and I reckoned that if I caught the Trans-Siberian Express and traveled on it to Khabarovsk, I would have done enough for my childhood vow. Ideally, I suppose, I should have boarded the train at Moscow, but I had heard alarming reports that made me cautious. The food ran out, the compartments were dirty and drunkards with balalaikas made sleep impossible. Those who had made the journey lately and to whom I talked, all agreed on one thing, however: There was no better way to get to know your Russian. The only trouble was that I wasn't at all sure I *wanted* to get to know him, and even so, might there not be such a thing as knowing him too well and for too long?

We left Tashkent just after nine P.M. and landed in Irkutsk at eight the next morning, having spent about four hours in the air and the rest of the time putting our watches forward. It was winter in Siberia and the sun shone warmly. I felt self-conscious, dressed for a blizzard in the arctic wasteland. Irkutsk is a pleasant place, even sophisticated by Russian standards. There are good restaurants serving delicious Siberian dumplings.

While there, I was encouraged to see a performance of *The Waltz King* and encouraged to leave almost immediately. The royal box contained, on the night of my fleeting visit, a magnificent array of cosmonauts, who watched impassively a performance that would have disgraced an amateur light-opera company almost anywhere else in the world.

The Trans-Siberian Express, when it steamed into Irkutsk and steamed out again with me on board, was quite the most unremarkable train I ever rode. The carriages were no whit different from the regulation *wagons lits* one can travel on in Europe, only a great deal older and shabbier. In my compartment, there were four bunks, a small table with a lamp, a strip of carpet (which was vacuumed three times a day by a large, gloomy lady who also fulfilled the duty of guard) and a retired California fruit farmer, who ceaselessly turned the pages of a Japanese travel brochure. He either couldn't read, I decided, or didn't want to.

He was not the most lively traveling companion I have ever encountered; but after a time, I became attached to him and did my best to allay some of his anxieties, the chief of which was that his ticket had not been returned to him since he boarded the train at Moscow and that he was missing his passport. He believed Russia to be a dangerous land for foreigners and was convinced that we were under constant surveillance by the secret police. He also had a presentiment that he would not be allowed to leave at the end of his trip. I pooh-poohed his fears, scoffed at his qualms, bought champagne for us both and was a good deal more surprised than he when, some days later, before boarding the steamer for Japan, he was arrested at the dockside and driven off in a police van. In point of fact, they did allow him to sail with us eventually, having held the boat two hours to try to discover why he had taken so many pictures of me stepping in and out of our

compartment at various wayside stations. But they had confiscated his film, just to be on the safe side. "They questioned me about you," he told me later, "asked me what movies you'd been in, but I was so nervous I couldn't remember. Do you think they thought you were a spy as well?"

"Possibly," I told him, in my best Warner Oland voice. "Or they might have thought I was a member of the embassy staff in love with a Chinese prostitute and determined to smuggle her out of the country."

In the morning, we reached Nakhodka and, after the contretemps I have just recounted, sailed for Japan. The sea was dead calm. As night fell, the fishing boats put on their lights to lure the sardines and the moon rose over the Inland Sea. I was not sorry to be leaving Russia. I felt I should have been.

I had no idea what I expected to find in Japan. A young bank executive I had met on board offered me a lift from Yokohama to Tokyo. I climbed in between him and a senior colleague, who had come down to welcome him and whom I naturally imagined would be prepared to point out the sights to us both. I have never put my trust in bank managers before and was foolish to have done so on this occasion. Neither of them drew breath nor looked out of the window at the strange landscape through which we passed. They talked shop.

I was thankful when we arrived at Tokyo. A beautiful Hilton hotel, standard-sized bath towels, a seat over the lavatory, television, room service, shoe-cleaning facilities. In a daze of excitement, I listened to the Armed Forces Network, leafed through the excursion brochures and decided to take a trip to Nikko.

In the lobby next morning, I awaited the guide. At 7:45, he hadn't arrived. In a panic, I tried to force my way into a limousine with two American ladies. I knew there was a deadline for the train. I was bundled out. When my own bus arrived, it was full. There was a scramble to get to the station. After that, it was just a question of following the flag. Our own guide carried a small blue one. We followed it up the platform into the train and, at Nikko, out of the train, into the bus. By now, we have badges pinned on us that read SUNRISE TOURS. At the shrines, the groups proliferate. Everyone is ticketed—SWISS HOTELIERS, HONDA DEALERS, TOKYO TRIPS, U. S. ARMED FORCES PAYMASTER. Japanese school children wear labels round their necks.

The temple carvings are pretty—what one sees of them, which isn't much. There is a celebrated carved cat. When the sculptor had finished fashioning him, they cut off his arms. Goodness, how we tourists enjoy torture. We are constantly taking off our shoes and I am constantly wondering if I shall get mine back on in time. It takes me longer than most to tie my shoelaces. I am back at school, the last child in the line, beset by anxiety, walking with the teacher. Shall I try walking with the guide? Where is he? Have I lost the blue flag? We are given minute cups of sake, but it is the temple dancing that really tests us. This dance is particularly popular, the guide informs us, but with whom he doesn't say. I have never seen such hideous women cavorting with such disinterest. We are then fed in droves at the tourist hotel and afterward taken on a bus ride. Forty hairpin bends, three waterfalls and a joke from the guide about the brakes. Oh, well, it's over at last.

Back in the hotel that evening, I met Mr. Jones. If, like me, you are an actor and sit around conspicuously in hotel foyers, sooner or later you are sure to be accosted by strangers anxious to add your name to their own personal-memory filing system. I told Mr. Jones my name, although he purported to be already familiar with it, and fell in gleefully with his suggestion that he should pay for dinner. We adjourned to a smart bistro, Western style, and munched Kobe steaks, a great local specialty. The cattle, so Mr. Jones informed me, are fed beer and subjected to a daily massage while still on the hoof. My Kobe steak was delicious and the meal was only slightly marred by Mr. Joe Di Maggio coming over from the next table and inquiring courteously whether I was Frances L. Sullivan, an actor who has been dead for many years. I was able to reassure him, but my host realized the effort it had cost me.

"Tomorrow, perhaps," he suggested, "you would care to eat Japanese style?"

"I really can't," I told him, "impose on you for another meal, unless, of course, you insist. What time and where?"

The next evening, he picked me up once more in the hotel lounge and transported me to Happo-En, where he had ordered a Japanese meal. Accompanied by a Japanese lady about to marry his general manager and the lucky fellow himself, we were ushered into a private dining room furnished with low tables, rush matting and cushions. I had, much against my will, already removed my shoes, remarking that in my country, rush matting stands up to shoe leather. The great need when traveling in Japan is for elastic-sided boots and darning wool—to save face and toenails.

When I was much younger and toured the English provinces, I was *accustomed* to living in bed-sitting rooms. The front parlor and principal bedroom suite in the houses would be occupied by the vaudeville artists. I was a straight man myself and, in those days, was not so prone to resent not having the best of everything. After all, the vaudeville chaps paid more and were entitled to superior accommodation. There was a sort of

"Look, Mischa, I'll set the policy here! You play at all tables."

rough justice in the plan. But in the Happo-En, I was certain that Mr. Jones was paying top prices and couldn't help wondering whether there weren't better rooms and later on, whether there wasn't better food.

The evening got off to a bad start when the Japanese lady who was to serve the meal appeared with a back rest for me. I can sit up as straight as the next man. I was disappointed, too, at the age of the waitresses. I had expected young, nubile maidens, but our personal staff looked as if they had stepped from a geriatric performance of *The Mikado*. During the meal, there was a moment of contretemps when Mr. Jones drew my attention to the fact that I was eating seaweed. Mistakenly believing that he was reprimanding me for a breach of etiquette and that seaweed, like parsley, should be left on the plate, I spat it out, only to find my fellow guests continuing to masticate theirs with enjoyment.

We finished the evening in a night club; the hostesses drank orange juice and persuaded us to buy them cuddly toys. It's a time-honored routine, older than temple dancing: the hard drink, the soft touch. It was very late when I got back to the hotel. Under my door, I found a note. "Dear Guest: We have been advised by the Tokyo Metropolitan Police that a student demonstration is slated to take place tomorrow within this area en route to the Diet Building. The time may be from six P.M. onward. The police department will provide adequate protection, but in the unlikely event that a few demonstrators filter through the police cordon, we would advise guests not to antagonize them, take photographs, or in any case leave the hotel premises while the demonstration is in progress. The Management."

When six P.M. came, I decided to reconnoiter. There was no sign of any excitement. In the foyer, I met Mr. Bagshot, an American professor at the university, who had been rehearsing his students in *The Glass Menagerie* since April, but still found them rather wooden. He was a patient, gentle fellow who had some years before gone native, but now once again lived Western style. His companion asked me whether I would like to go and look at the riots. "Not much," I told him. "Not at all, in fact. What's their purpose? Are they demonstrating against Nixon?"

"Nothing of the kind," said Mr. Bagshot. "They are demonstrating against the government, which is still holding their fellow students from the last three demonstrations."

They took me to the Shinjuku district for dinner. I have never seen so many pinball machines. The Japanese play with ball bearings. There was at one time a surplus of ball bearings and local ingenuity put them to good use. Baskets and baskets full of ball bearings were fed into the machines, recovered, counted and exchanged for cigarettes—an economy of its own. We ate mushrooms obtainable only at that time of the year and in small quantities, alas. Afterward we visited the "gay" bars. The Japanese tolerate homosexuality, live with it and, judging from the noise and laughter, learn to love it.

But of all the people I met in Tokyo, none explained Japan better to me than a fellow countryman called Seymour. It was he who drove me to Hakone, who insisted we take the river steamer across the lake and the cable car up the mountains, who showed me Fujiyama. "To see the sacred mountain on a clear day," he told me, "is a very great privilege." Nothing becomes Japan better than Fujiyama. I was prepared to dislike the Japanese. I am nervous of a people who laugh so frequently. I hadn't realized that in their own country they have so much to laugh at. Here, their gaiety is infectious. The British are preoccupied, the Russians are serene, the Japanese are happy.

Sunday in the Ginza in Tokyo is quite unlike Sunday anywhere else in the world. The enormous department stores decorated with tropical-fish tanks and huge chrysanthemums, their roof gardens taken over by the children, their restaurants and art galleries teeming with humanity. I leapt on and off the escalators, priced the kimonos, fingered the jade, coveted the cameras and bought the toys. "What is the secret?" I asked Mr. Seymour. "What makes Japan tick? Is it a bomb?"

"I don't think so," he told me. "I don't think it will all blow up. There is very little discontentment. You see, they never dismiss anyone and they are careful to see that no one loses face. If you run a business here, you must leave staff relations in their hands. The Americans and the British simply don't understand the system. Each year, when they hire new employees in the spring, they take on an obligation to them. It's something the Western capitalistic system has failed to do. Here, they consider us bad employers of labor. We drive people and when they break down, we sack them. Here, the emphasis is on keeping everyone and everything in running order."

I could have stayed a long time in Tokyo, but it was time to be thinking of getting home. On the way, I stopped off at Hong Kong. From my hotel bedroom there, I looked out on a cricket ground. Children in shorts were running round in a circle while a British games master hurled Rugby footballs at them. "Catch it, you clowns," he yelled. "Come along, fellows, don't slack."

The Hong Kong *Times* was full of announcements of the Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club's forthcoming race meeting and outlined the complicated instructions for those wishing to be admitted to the enclosures. The biggest and boldest type of all reserves the right of admission. The enclosure within the enclosure is what the British are always seeking for themselves. Elsewhere, electric signs advertising the honky-tonks proliferate and most of the city, in fact, seems to be nothing but an enormous brothel. The streets are full of stalls marketing shoddy goods, and the children never go to bed as long as there is still a customer. With a 14-hour day, without unions or compulsory education, everybody manages to get by somehow.

I spent an afternoon with the Hong Kong Water Police. They wear shorts and search the sampans and junks with the keenness of boy scouts. Only the Communist boats from Macao pass unchallenged. "We don't want to tangle with them," they told me. What they are looking for, usually, is dynamite. The Chinese have a habit of throwing it into the water to stun the fish, and another habit of taking it home with them in the evenings. There's a good deal of dynamite in Hong Kong as this is written. At dinner parties, the discussion is always about China. "If you want to know what is really going on there," they told me, "have a look at Macao."

I went there in a hydrofoil. Formalities were minimal. I wandered round and marveled at the squalor and that there could be so many crabs. It was the season for crabs. Everywhere men, women and children were tying them up with raffia and popping them into wicker baskets. In some stores, they held them up in front of an electric bulb, but I never discovered why. I drifted into the casino, which is moored beside the junks, and became absorbed in roulette. I only just managed to catch the hydrofoil back to Hong Kong. Although I had glimpsed China across the water, I had discovered absolutely nothing about it. I was no longer curious. It was time to go home.

One day, I shall publish the definitive guide on what not to see or do abroad. Avoid, for example, anywhere connected with a legend. "Here the simple fishermen threw themselves into the sea." They may have done so, but it will be a steep climb for the rest of us. Avoid towers and death leaps, plays in foreign languages and places entirely rebuilt since the last War. Avoid sports stadia and tea ceremonies and chrysanthemum shows. Beware of all arts and crafts and performances of works by Strauss, Gershwin and the gentlemen who wrote *My Fair Lady*. Limit yourself to one cathedral, one picture gallery, one giant Buddha a week and, for the rest, remember that a tourist is a tourist only as long as he obeys. When he defies his guide, he becomes a traveler.

"I'm sorry, Senator, it's some more of those crackpot conservationists."

RECONCILING GENERATIONS

(continued from page 132)

our young. In many ways, that revolution has already taken place. Polls and surveys repeatedly point to the fact that the brightest and best educated of our young people already hold attitudes significantly different from those of the generations that have preceded them. Biologists and sociologists tell us that our young people are maturing faster. They are ready earlier to take responsible roles in our society. Yet we deny them real participation in most of our institutions.

Young adults under 21 can vote in only four states, but 18 year-olds are subject to the fullest penalties of the adult legal code. Worst of all, our 18 year-old men are expected to fight our wars. It is long past the time when young adults should be not only listened to but urged to participate fully in our society. Young adults deserve a voice in the activities of our national political parties and in the selection of our Government officials. It is not enough, however, to urge participation. In too many cases, the institutions by which change is to be engineered have fossilized beyond the point where they provide any meaningful channels for the hopes of the young. My party—the Democratic Party—is a case in point. Through the Reform Commission, which I chair, created in the wake of the turbulent Democratic National Convention, we have been laboring to correct that situation to avoid a repetition of the 1968 experience, in which the constructive energy of the young encountered so much frustration. I cannot promise the young that political channels will be completely opened by 1972, that our institutions will be fully democratic and responsive, although that is the goal of my commission. But it is important that the leaders of our major parties—and of other established institutions in our society—understand that the question is not who will control these organizations but, rather, whether the organizations will continue to exist at all. We can be sure that unless there is a new responsiveness in the old institutions, the young people of this country—and others shut out by the atrophy of our democratic processes—will ignore them or seek to bring them down by their own improvised means.

Those institutions that serve the young must be especially open to renewal. Certainly, students deserve a voice in the government of their colleges and universities. Certainly, we must end the hypocrisy of a community of scholars demanding academic freedom while selling its brains and soul to a war machine. And surely we need to develop a mutually respectful dialog between students and faculty, to break the dreary syndrome of lectures, cramming, exams and grades. There is little prospect of peace on our campuses until there are substantial reforms in our national institutions, until the colleges and universities themselves provide vitally relevant experiences for our young people, until our national goals and priorities are restructured.

Indeed, the entire direction of our society, and even the tone of our leaders, is important if there is to be a reconciliation between the generations. As we know, it is not just the young who are alienated, there is a sense of national alienation, a sense of atomization and frustration among many, perhaps most, Americans. Richard Nixon may have sensed this when he adopted as a post-campaign slogan the plea of a sign carried by a young girl to BRING US TOGETHER. But more than slogans and rhetoric are required. I believe there will be no end to the alienation of the young nor to the disenchantment of adults nor to the rage of minority groups until there is a new direction in American society. That direction must be toward doing things *with* people rather than *to* them.

Young Americans have been among the most sensitive to these failures in American life. Lacking the awe of their fathers for the great technological advances of the past decade, young people are not able to substitute a sense of triumph over the moon landings, for example, for a true triumph of human concern over the welfare of those back on earth. That machines work, that computers compute, that the nation is wealthy that we produce more cars and television sets than any other country—all this is no solace. It is, rather, a mocking reminder to the young that their society has spent its time and money on gimmicks and not on people.

Translated to problems of national leadership, the priorities I have outlined call us beyond the systems and ideas of the past 20 years. President Nixon has taken one step in that direction by announcing a fundamental change in the welfare system. Rather than a simple dole, the President asked for a rudimentary system of national income maintenance, combined with an emphasis on 'workfare' rather than welfare. This change is a step toward greater dignity. Unfortunately, the President didn't go far enough. Where are the plans to create those jobs that the President wishes welfare recipients to assume? His scheme would, in many states, leave welfare recipients less well off than they are now. What prevented the President from making his plan real instead of rhetorical was money. His strong advocacy of the multibillion-dollar anti-ballistic missile system must be judged against the inadequacy of his welfare program. If a national commitment to human welfare is the key to reuniting our society, the President's criticism of Congress for adding a billion dollars to his meager education budget will do little to bring the country together.

The President and his lieutenants also seem intent upon gathering about the Republican Party all those Americans who are plagued with fear about disorder. In this effort, the President and, especially, Attorney General John Mitchell are doing nothing to quell the legitimate fears of the country about violence. Rather, lacking a serious dedication to law and order as a natural consequence of justice, the President is offering tough rhetoric and a few more policemen as solutions to a complex problem. We know the causes of violence on the campus, yet the Administration ignores them. Violence in the city is a result of the unspeakable conditions there, yet the President has offered

"Loosen up, Jack—I ain't asking for an organ transplant."

nothing substantive—other than campaign promises to promote black capitalism now ignored within the Administration—to remove the roots of that violence. Never has the Administration tried to explain that while the poor commit most crimes of violence, so are the poor most often the victims of personal violence. What can we expect of citizens long denied their fair share of the economic pie? The Administration in its first year set about slowing the integration process in the South. Can we expect tranquillity from Americans whose souls have been brutalized for 200 years?

Young Americans are in many ways forecasting a set of attitudes and values that will be increasingly shared by Americans of all ages in years to come. They will not settle for a national leadership that is less than candid and less than sincere in its devotion to improving the quality of life for *all* Americans. What must the young have thought when President Nixon last summer characterized the tragic war in Vietnam as "America's finest hour," or when he described our landing on the moon as "the greatest event since the creation"?

Young people, like a growing number of others in our society, are deeply but justifiably resentful. As Archibald MacLeish told students at the University of California: "[It] is not a resentment of our human life but a resentment on behalf of human life, not an indignation that we exist on the earth but that we permit ourselves to exist in a selfishness and wretchedness and squalor, which we have the means to abolish." When the President and other American political leaders fully understand Mr. MacLeish's point, Americans of all ages will begin coming together.

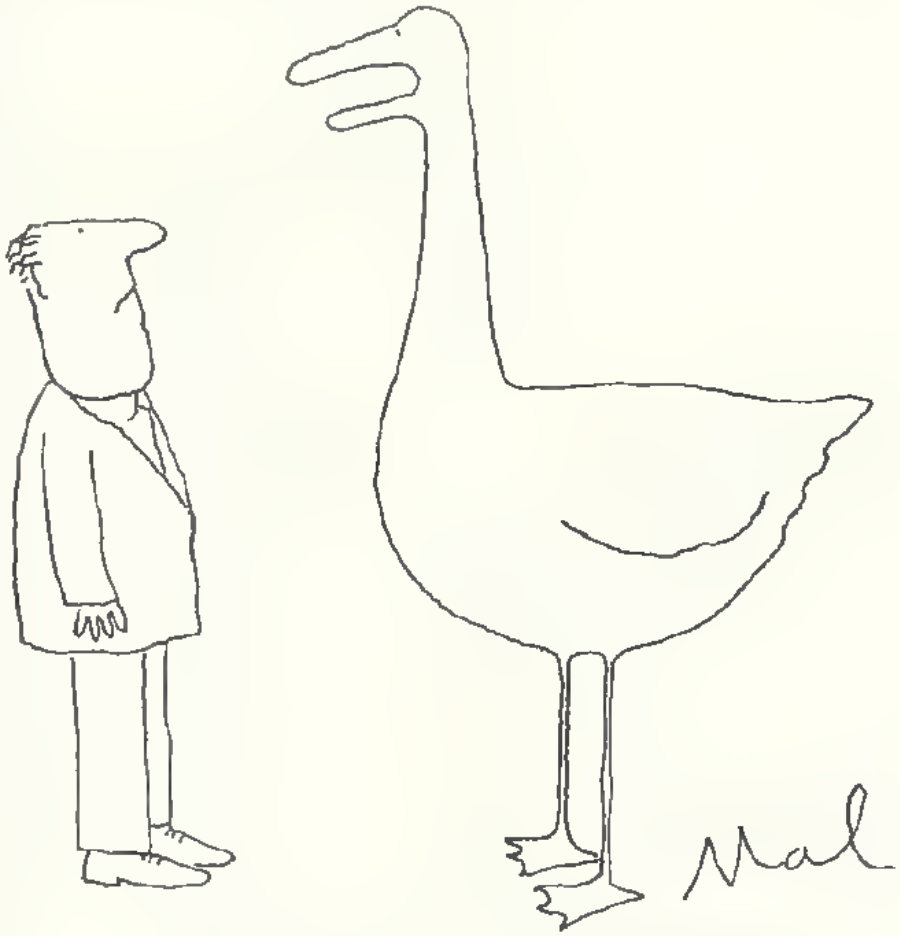
Having said all this to the nation's leaders, what can be said to the young themselves? The country is faced with a dilemma. At a time of critical need for change, its channels and procedures for bringing about change are malfunctioning. The millions of young people who worked for Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy accomplished a great deal. Surely, that effort is a model for political and social involvement. What the young people in the McCarthy and Kennedy campaigns did was to begin an unfinished revolution. Those two men represented a new departure from the prevailing mode of political action. Both men were in the process of putting together important new—although differing—coalitions of American voters. If there is to be a new direction in American society, it must begin with a new combination of voters interested in providing that new direction.

It seems to me that the most important challenge now before the youth of this country is to work toward forming such a new coalition—a coalition of the young, the poor and the oppressed minorities, of the workingman left in the wake of a changing technological society, of the educated affluent who now recognize that the goals of society are out of joint.

A voting "coalition of conscience" needs to be formed and mobilized. The energy and inventiveness of young people are absolutely indispensable to the success of such a coalition. Toward this end, I would urge young people to take an active part in every political campaign that they can reach. If there is no candidate that suits their interest, let them find out, help him organize his campaign, assist him in the research and writing of speeches and position papers, ring doorbells and distribute literature. Such efforts will no doubt produce frustrations, but fewer frustrations, I would guess, than those that come with physical confrontation. While confrontation can't be totally ignored, it can be contained. An activist coalition of involved citizens must be reckoned with by any candidate, whether he runs against it or with it.

Many of the young people who were disappointed in 1968 concluded that their cause had been beaten. Yet while their efforts fell short, it was, in fact, only the beginning. If the processes of American politics are atrophied, if the means to bring into reality the wishes of the people are now blocked, the only remedy possible is the election of men who will make the necessary changes. I would suggest to young Americans that the political process, with all its flaws, still offers the best hope of realizing the goals they are concerned about.

This kind of effort is a matter of work, of hard sacrifice, of laboring in the cause of men who may not be perfect but who offer the best prospect for remaking this country in an image acceptable to concerned Americans. I would urge young people to enlist in an unrelenting campaign against excessive military spending, against a foreign policy of mindless interventionism, in the effort to democratize our political process and to redeem the American environment, so that life is better for all Americans. The way to wage that battle is with political candidates. Every politician needs manpower and ideas—fresh and vital ideas rooted in the sensitivity that the young can best provide. "To influence men who struggle" as Jean-Paul Sartre has written, "one must first join their fight."



"I suppose you'd rather not be seen talking to a seven-foot goose."

AMERICANIZATION *(continued from page 116)*

there was more responsibility for these actions, for the decision making, they went along with it. They signed their names to false and empty reports, went through the motions of trying to improve a bad situation and decided to win the war on paper, if not in the field, and they encouraged the men under them to do the same. The lack of high-level resignations, the lack of anger, the lack of anyone's admitting that he had made an honest mistake would be a mark of those years. Similarly, too, those who had failed, who had misled the Presidents of the United States the most, would be rewarded, promoted, given even more important and powerful jobs. Were an American general to spend an entire crucial year in Vietnam misleading the President about how well the war was going, why, he would subsequently be promoted and put in charge of the entire American military mission in Thailand. Would, as far back as 1962, General Maxwell Taylor express to reporters his reservations about the commitment, the belief that, perhaps, we had entered too late into too sick a society; why, he would become, as that commitment became worse and worse, the most outspoken defender of the policy and its imminent success. The charade would go on and on, the higher the official, the greater the loss of personal integrity. Relentlessly, it would continue even into early 1969 when General Andrew Goodpaster, Nixon's favorite general, perhaps the next chairman of the Joint Chiefs, would arrive in Vietnam for a personal report to the President. Goodpaster visited a tough area north of Saigon, getting pessimistic reports for most of the day, and when he finally met one major who said, why, yes, everything was fine and, yes, the war was going very well, and yes, the Vietnamese were finally getting with the program, he turned to an aide and said, "This is the first time today I've learned anything." And as those who had averted their eyes from reality were promoted, similarly, those who had dissented from the policy or who had criticized it, albeit within the channels, were shunted aside, their careers damaged forever. There was much to be ashamed of. In the epitaphs of the South Vietnamese leaders of this generation, it might be said that no one ever believed in them or in their word or in their ability in the first place, that it was all an illusion and they were the first to recognize it. Of the American leaders of the same generation, the McNamaras, Bundys, Taylors, Bunkers, the epitaphs would be more severe: that they had, by their actions in Vietnam, made an entire country doubt not only what was happening there but what existed in America, that the commitment there would finally tell more about America than about Vietnam.

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From the time the foreigner first arrived in Vietnam, his beholder's eye told him more about himself than about what he saw. American misjudgments followed French misjudgments as surely as night follows day: worse, perhaps, because Americans had the French experience to study and learn from. The Westerner saw the Vietnamese as inferior intellectually, culturally, physically and morally. We were larger; thus, we were superior. We were more modern in our technology; thus, we were superior. We had higher health standards; thus, we were superior. We looked down on their accomplishments, never thinking, of course, that they had set out to accomplish different things. (There was much contempt of them culturally. Centuries ago, they sent poets to foreign courts as their ambassadors, but that didn't impress us.) A Vietnamese lieutenant deep in the Mekong Delta once came across a very old and withered man; the lieutenant noticed the air of distaste of the American with him and he said, "You think this is just an old man, an illiterate old man, but he knows nothing. But he knows poetry, old and great poetry", and he asked the old man to write some poems, which he did, then asked him to recite them. "We are older and we know more than you think," the lieutenant said. The Westerner looked down on the vague and permissive Buddhism of Vietnam; even a Westernized Vietnamese such as Ngo Dinh Diem thought of Buddhism as a religion that was not really serious, was barely civilized, almost pagan, in his view. The Americans never thought of Vietnam in terms of Vietnamese institutions and traditions. In 1969, Frances FitzGerald noted:

> Like a patient in psychoanalysis, the United States seemed preoccupied with the significance of its own actions. But perhaps the debate was only symptomatic. As the Vietnamese had never really been the subject of American journalism, so they had never really been the subject of American policy. That officials of the Kennedy and Johnson administrations continued to issue victory statements for seven years suggests that, in spite of all their talk about the complexities of Vietnam, they had made a picture of the country so simple as to exclude not only their enemies but also their own allies. Though the contours of the picture were not at all clear, presumably the officials, too, had followed Jean Luc Godard's advice to make a Vietnam inside their own heads and left it at that.

It started very early. The Westerners had always seen and heard what they wanted to see and hear. Joseph Buttinger points out that the first French missionaries who went there in 1857 assured Paris that the Vietnamese would greet the French as "liberators and benefactors." So it was. For over 100 years, the Vietnamese were dominated by French arms and French colonialism: to the French, those Vietnamese who rebelled always seemed the minority. Most of the countryside was silent, for it had no leadership and some of it, the upper class, acquiesced for its own material reasons. Thus, the French deluded themselves and saw love where there was only servility and well-guarded derision.

In 1946, the French Indochina War began, as the French tried to reassert by force the colonial authority that had relaxed during World War Two. In Paris, where Ho Chi Minh had gone for one last desperate attempt to gain some form of independence from the French, to avert a war, he was interviewed by David Schoenbrun: "If the French do not give you some sort of independence, President Ho, what will you do?"

"Why, we will fight, of course," he said.

"But, President Ho, the French are a powerful nation. They have airplanes and tanks and modern weapons. You have no modern weapons, no airplanes, not even uniforms. You are peasants. How can you fight them?"

"We will be like the elephant and the tiger. When the elephant is strong and rested and near his base, we will retreat. And if the tiger ever pauses, the elephant will impale him on his mighty tusks. But the tiger will not pause, and the elephant will die of exhaustion." A prophecy of what happened, of course. There was no shortage of tigers: indeed, if the French had been interested, they might have read what Marshal Tran Hung Dao had said earlier about other invaders: "The enemy must fight his battles far from his home base for a long time. We must further weaken him by drawing him into protracted campaigns. Once his initial dash is broken, it will be easier to destroy him." Tran Hung Dao had been writing about the Mongol hordes at the end of the 13th Century; the Vietnamese, of course, defeated the Mongols.

The French, the real French in Hanoi and Saigon, were shocked by the ingratitude of the Vietnamese, whom they had known so well and who were now trying to kill them.

There was an extraordinary sense of tragedy to the French Indochina War (an even greater one, if anyone could have sensed that it shortly would be repeated; but who would have dared think that?). The French, proud, brave, vain, jaunty, could only fight and die bravely, that and nothing more. The *nha*

"Well, at least that's one gift I won't have to worry about returning."

ques, les jaunes, lacking military superiority, had absolute political superiority they appealed to the highest motivation of the best of a generation of Vietnamese, to rid the nation of the white colonialist, to end the vast inequities of the mandarin system. The Viet Minh had few illusions about themselves or their enemy: they calculated the price coldly and honestly and then paid it. They searched for the French vulnerabilities (as they would more than a decade later against the Americans, joining battle in 1965 for the first time in the Ia Drang Valley. The Americans later estimated Ia Drang a victory, but they read it incorrectly. It was simply the North Vietnamese deliberately testing the American military machine and how to fight it. The answer, they discovered, was to close to 30 yards and nearer, neutralizing American air support. Militarily, the war was stalemated almost before it began.). The French war dragged on, the tide inevitably turning against them. ("Anything that is not a total success in Indochina," Lucien Bodard, author of the excellent book *The Quicksand War*, once postulated, rather accurately, "is doomed to be a total failure.") Having fought the Viet Minh for eight years and having learned nothing—the painful lessons of a bad war are learned only at the lowest level by the people who fight—still contemptuous of the enemy and his subtlety, his capacity to adapt to a war against a better-armed adversary, the French military command decided to bait a trap for the Viet Minh. The Viet Minh would walk into the trap and, *voila*, the best of Giap's forces would be destroyed. The name of the trap was Dien Bien Phu. The French set up their base in the valley. All around were high peaks. A friend of mine who visited it before the battle asked who controlled the high ground. The French officer shrugged his shoulders. And what if the Viet Minh were there and had artillery? my friend continued. They did not have artillery, the French officer replied, and even if they did they would not know how to use it. But, of course, they did have artillery, carried in, piece by piece, up and down the Laotian and Vietnamese trails at night. They had artillery and could use it. The battle was over when it started; that night, the French artillery commander committed suicide. The war was over. Dien Bien Phu would enter the lexicon as a synonym for a trap and a failure. Indeed, the Americans would spend their war endlessly talking about Dien Bien Phus, how to avoid them, sidestepping them, only to find if you take the real definition of Dien Bien Phu—a vast miscalculation, a serious overestimation of your resources, capacity and effectiveness, a concurrent underestimation of the enemy's reserves, bravery, intention and will, something that is easy to get into and virtually impossible to get out of—that the entire American war was one total Dien Bien Phu. Only after Dien Bien Phu did the French realize what had happened. After the Geneva settlement, Bodard sat in a Hanoi bar with a French colonel who had been captured at Dien Bien Phu.

> "It was all for nothing," he was saying. "I let my men die for nothing." His glare was as blind as a sleepwalker's. "In prison camp the Viets told us they had won because they were fighting for an ideal and we were not. I told them about my paras at Dien Bien Phu. I told them how they fought. And they said, 'Heroism is no answer.' In prison camp we faced the reality of the Viet Minh. And we saw that, for eight years our generals had been struggling against a revolution without knowing what a revolution was. Dien Bien Phu. Dien Bien Phu was not an accident of fate. It was a judgment."

In the French cemetery at Tanson Nhut airport in Saigon, where the crosses stand row on row, noting that Nguyen Xuan Chi and others are *mort pour la France*, there is one unmarked grave. Who is that for? a reporter once asked. "The French always said that it is for the first American soldier who will die in Vietnam," the Vietnamese answered.

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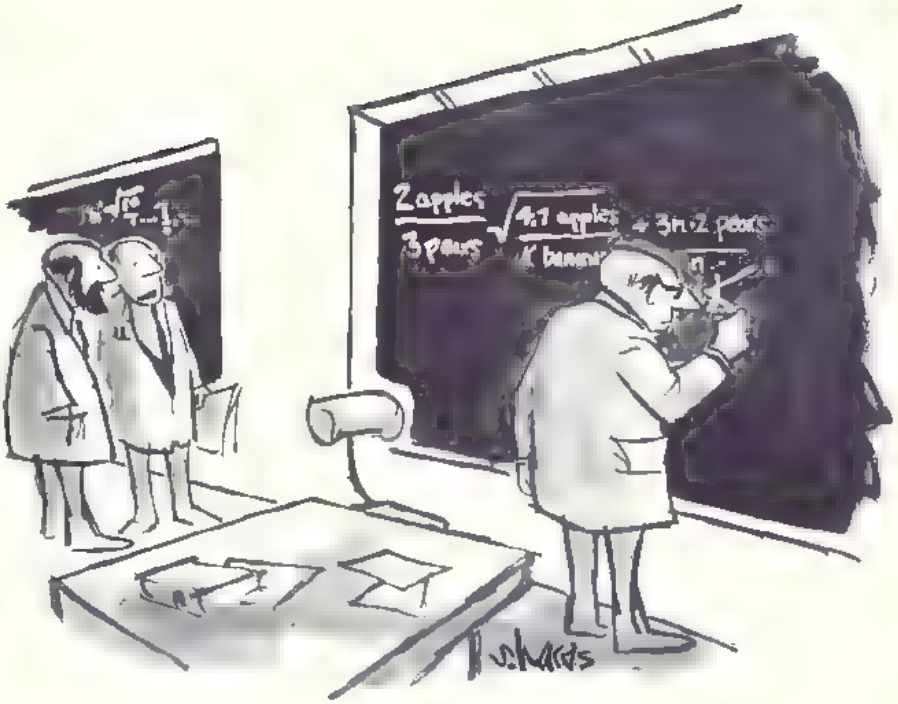
The American commitment to Vietnam was born of many things—arrogance, naïveté, blind faith in American power and American righteousness and an obsessive fear of the Communists. The commitment started in 1954, after the fall of China, immediately after the Korean War and the end of the McCarthy years. It was a time when the Communists were the enemy and, indeed, there seemed to be a Communist monolith that was evil and immoral and that acted in constant concert against us. In August 1954, Cardinal Spellman, one of the most powerful and influential sponsors of the American commitment, said, "If Geneva and what was agreed upon there means anything at all, it means taps for the buried hopes of freedom in Southeast Asia." Taps for the newly betrayed millions of Indochinese who must learn the awful facts of slavery from their cruel Communist masters! Now the devilish techniques of brainwashing, forced confessions and rigged trials have a new locale for their exercise." But one man does not make a policy nor, indeed, a viewpoint, and the American policy in Vietnam had the general concurrence of most American liberals. The liberals had been on the defensive in the American culture of the Fifties and they had evolved a philosophy that was at once liberal and anti-Communist, seeking to counter communism by political and economic means, opposing the Communists for intellectual reasons. (In *The Quiet American*, when Pyle talks about the Communists' destroying the freedom of the individual, the narrator answers: "But who cared about the individuality of the man in the paddy field? . . . The only man to treat him as a man is the political commissar. He'll sit in his hut and ask his name and listen to his complaints; he'll give up an hour a day to teaching him—it doesn't matter what he's being treated like a man, like someone of value. Don't go on in the East with that patriotic cry about a threat to the individual soul. Here you'd find yourself on the wrong side—it's they who stand for the individual and we just stand for Private 29987 unit in the global strategy.") In America, both groups—the hard-core anti-Communist right and the traditional liberals—found in Ngo Dinh Diem a man they could agree upon and they invented and created his government. That his qualifications were clearly more American than Vietnamese was significant. To the Americans, Diem was a hard and dedicated anti-Communist, a traditional and deeply moral Catholic (more a Spanish priest than a Vietnamese one, a Vietnamese noted), yet he talked the kind of vague liberal reform that liberals believed in, regularly mentioned land reform. To the Vietnamese, he was a Catholic in a Buddhist country, a Central Vietnamese in the South, a man of mandarin psychology at the time of a revolution that was in large part anti-mandarin, a man whose base of power was rich Caucasians in a country that had just won a war to drive the white man out: he was surrounded by American advisors. Indeed, Graham Greene would write of Him in 1955: "Diem is separated from the people by cardinals and police cars with wailing sirens and foreign advisors droning of global strategy, when he should be walking in the rice fields unprotected, learning the hard way how to be loved and obeyed—the two cannot be separated." One pictured him sitting there in the Norodom Palace, sitting with his blank brown gaze, incorruptible, obstinate, ill advised, going to his weekly confession, bolstered up by his belief that God is always on the Catholic side, waiting for a miracle. The name I would write under his portrait is the Patriot Ruined by the West." But a more typical and influential view of Diem, reflecting something of the American propaganda-generating mood of the time, was that written in 1959 by Wes Fishel, a young professor who had become Diem's personal intellectual aide and propagandist: "Is Ngo Dinh Diem a dictator' or a democrat? As one examines the structure of the Republic of Vietnam and the behavior of President Ngo, he learns that (a) Ngo Dinh Diem has all the authority and all

the power one needs to operate a dictatorship, but (b) he isn't operating one! Here is a leader who speaks the language of democracy, who holds the power of a dictator and who governs a republic in accordance with the terms of a constitution. The constitution was written at his request by a national assembly which he caused to be elected by the people of the republic." Diem had been installed in part by the CIA, and his skill in winning the first election was engineered with more help from the CIA. He was, from the beginning, an illusion to Americans; but the Vietnamese were not fooled. They understood what he was, who and what he represented, what his failings were; they judged the deeds and not the vague American-oriented speeches. Thus, the extraordinary deception—with the deceivers being the deceived. We made our case, it was a republic—we had it on paper, a constitution, an assembly, all documented, and we believed it. A vast array of somewhat embarrassed Vietnamese in their white suits would show up in the office of then ambassador Frederick Nolting, representing what was alleged to be the cabinet, knowing, of course, that they had no function or power, only to be amazed by their treatment from this foreigner. He quite clearly believed that the alleged foreign minister was, indeed, a foreign minister, that he deliberated long and hard on matters of state, that it was important to get him together with Rusk. Thus, the kind of illusion that subsequently justified so many mistakes, misjudgments and horrors. An army was created, and we who created it believed it was an army. It had generals and corporals; *ipso facto*, it was an army—and the Vietnamese must believe so, too, though, of course, they saw them as the same troops who had come through their villages alongside the French, pausing only to steal chickens and ducks and to help landowners collect their taxes. To this day, we think of the generals in Saigon as generals; the Vietnamese think of them as former French corporals. But the army was typical of the American role there. We created institutions and then believed they worked, and encouraged the Vietnamese to lie to us about them; we lashed out at those Americans and Vietnamese who did not lie, who broke through for quick, flashing moments of candor. But we believed all of our house of cards, that the Chamber of Deputies was a chamber, that the fact that Diem had arrested many political opponents had no effect on the political attitudes of the Vietnamese, since the Vietnamese were not interested in politics, anyway. We saw what we wanted and, of course, believed that the Vietnamese saw it that way, too. But the reverse was true: The Vietnamese saw everything created from 1954 on in the South as tarnished by white Western hands. Everyone who got ahead in those days and reached a position of power and influence, who received a decent education usually did it through some Western-supported institution. It was one of the great attractions of the Buddhists when they rose up in 1963 that they were so Vietnamese. They had received no foreign aid, had not been trained at Fort Bragg, more often than not spoke only Vietnamese, practiced an ancient and powerful Vietnamese religion. The Buddhists provided one of the few social structures other than the Viet Cong where a Vietnamese could rise on talent alone.



"If only he could think in abstract terms. . . ."

"Monsieur Diem's position is quite difficult," the North Vietnamese prime minister Pham Van Dong told author Bernard Fall in 1962. "He is unpopular, and the more unpopular he is the more American aid he will require to stay in power. And the more American aid he receives, the more he will look like a puppet of the Americans and the less likely he is to win popular support——"

"That sounds like a vicious circle," Fall interrupted.

"Not a vicious circle," said Dong, with a very small smile, "it is really more like a descending spiral."

The spiral went inevitably downward. The fine young Americans, brave, idealistic, went to Vietnam determined to help the Vietnamese. Whatever else they were, they were white, and they were not revolutionaries. The U.S. Army officer corps, whatever else it may be, is not noted as a training ground for the revolutionary spirit. They found themselves assigned as partners to pleasant young Vietnamese officers, captains and majors, and they dutifully went around trying to teach those captains and majors how to woo the peasants, little realizing that the good Vietnamese captains did not want to woo the population, to bridge the gap that separated them from the muck of peasant life, but, rather, to increase the gap. The base for the Vietnamese government was the Americans: the more the Americans gave the less the government depended on its own population for support. Inevitably, the proxy war was over, the Viet Cong in 1964 had defeated the American proxies. The men who made the decision about whether to send American combat troops to Vietnam were not men besieged by self-doubt. (Bill Moyers has recalled being at a cocktail party in Washington when someone suggested that the war in Vietnam might take the Americans as long as the British in Malaya, 12 years. "We are *not* the British," a high member of the Administration archly answered.) They were representatives of the successful areas of American life, they knew nothing about American social failures. "They were," says someone who worked with them, "about as completely misinformed as people can be about the ability of American technology to satisfy human desires. They felt that no matter what it was that was needed, America's capacity to produce could do it and fill the job. Was there a revolution? Then we could meet the revolution with more economic goods. Our kind of rice, our big, juicy pigs." They also felt that no matter how well the Viet Cong had fought against the ARVN and how well the Viet Minh had fought against the French, the enemy would collapse the first time an

"But in the bar you said you wouldn't mind making five big ones."

American combat soldier appeared, the first time American bombers flew over. We were simply too powerful for them and they would know this—some fighting, a test of wills, and then a trip to the negotiating table, America generous in victory once again.

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The 51st state is an extraordinary place, reeking of the American touch (even the good touch: The construction business has given employment to thousands of Vietnamese and treated them as American workers are treated at home). We came, we fought, we died and very little happened. John Foster Dulles in 1954 had called Dien Bien Phu a blessing in disguise, because we entered Vietnam "without a taint of colonialism"; Bernard Fall, a far better observer, would write regretfully that the past is not that easy to escape, that the Americans were walking in the same footsteps as the French, although dreaming different dreams. We created in a nation that had been technologically (though not ideologically) just tottering on the edge of the 20th Century one of the most massive and modern communications networks in the world, and it was useless. Washington called Saigon as easily as it called McLean, Virginia, and it learned nothing. The preconceptions and the illusions passed back and forth, all this gear, all this equipment, and it was never able to teach the lessons of this war to our leaders. The enemy would lack this kind of equipment; his would be primitive—perhaps only a runner crossing through paddy fields, or a crude radio network—but he would know what we were doing. We would have the most extraordinary mobility of any army in the history of mankind. We could move divisions in moments, transplant giant artillery pieces, and yet, we would miss contact, we would punch the pillow, while they, using at best motorized sampans, would strike suddenly and quickly, and more often than not be gone by daylight. We would take a great professional Army and train it to a fine peak in special uniforms to be lighter weight, with special weapons to fire more quickly and to weigh less in the tropics, with special anti-malaria pills, special meals, special boots, special courses on how to fight the enemy. But it would come down to the frustration depicted in Jonathan Schell's *The Village of Ben Suc*, when a giant American soldier looking for weapons in a thatched hut pointed to his own weapon and asked a young Vietnamese woman, "You have same-same?" That which could be built was built and built quickly, astounding and deluding those who had done the building. If Camranh Bay could spring up from nothing, an instant port, didn't that also mean that the war was going well, that the kill statistics were valid and accurate, that the Viet Cong must be suffering, that the pacification program was working, too? Roads sprang up, ports were built, barracks appeared overnight throughout the country, what had been desolate terrain became instant bases for jet fighter bombers. The lesson seemed obvious, that the American experience and genius were valid here, too. The smallest barracks in the smallest hamlet sprouted hot showers and flush toilets. There was an Armed Forces television station and one could fight the war in the morning and then, dog tired, still in combat gear, watch *Combat* at night. When I went back in late 1967, I remember registering the first night at the Caravelle and looking over at a huge television screen in the lobby. There was George Plimpton being interviewed; he was followed by the local weather girl, who gave not just the Da Nang and the Camau temperatures (hot weather followed by hot weather followed by . . .) but the temperatures for Los Angeles and Indianapolis. It was a new word, modern, electronic and futile. Electronic gear was everywhere: A new generation of American kids did not write letters to their parents, they simply slipped a cartridge into a small tape recorder and began talking. "Dear Mom, it's not so bad here as they say. . . ." Then they would go out for combat, slipping into a helicopter, flying over the land once distant and alien to them, now so close, yet still distant and alien, and they would fight and die. Occasionally, they would break for mail helicoptered in or hot pizza helicoptered in, and an American general would boast to a visitor how good the morale was; there was always a hot meal. Yet all of this was bewildering. And it did not work. An American brigade would move into a district and fight well, there would be much killing, heavy casualties on both sides; but finally, the enemy would move back and the pacification program would begin. The pacification program would be unusually successful, and soon the fine results would be mirrored on even finer charts, and Vietnamese colonels would proudly show to American generals the astounding results—one third of the district pacified a year ago, and now look: two thirds pacified. Then sadly, someone would need the poor brigade elsewhere and off it would go, and back would come the Viet Cong, and the fine charts would be useless. The Vietnamese colonel would not travel at night, and the pacification program would join all the other failures of the French and the Americans. The casualties were high for us, so we used air power, creating free strike areas—anything that moves, hit it—driving the population out of their villages. (To destroy the dense jungle cover that hid the enemy from our bombers, we saturated areas with an anti-crop spray so poisonous it produced fatal malformation in over 90 percent of laboratory animals who were given normal doses of it and has already caused deformities in Vietnamese babies.) Finally, the peasants did not sleep in the villages at night, because it was too dangerous. They slept out in the paddies and then, as it got worse, they left their villages to go to the new relocation centers. They were immigrants in their own land, cold-faced, even the hatred hidden forced off the land where their ancestors' ashes lay, while American social scholars improvised their theories to justify our actions. Yes, this is good, this is the urbanization of Vietnam, and this is something we Americans can understand and finally deal with, for we are an urban society ourselves, and it bodes well for the future. The new generation of Vietnamese was, of course, in the cities. It learned to speak English and to operate on the periphery of legality, sensing where the money was and how to get it, in the ports, in the bars and bam-boom parlors, in the export-import business. The best young men from the best families wore their hair long in protest, bought draft deferments or Saigon staff jobs, bought Hondas on the black market and carried their young girls off to the coffee shops in the afternoon, where they would sit and mock the Americans. Occasionally, they would slip off to Paris, where, being of good families, they would join the Viet Cong student groups, preferring the Viet Cong who did not have to fight to the Viet Cong who did. There were more of them every day, more cynical, and all the time paying more for their deferments. And in the American Embassy, yet another American ambassador, once more with a fine reputation elsewhere, would drone on about the new vitality of the Vietnamese, the new training programs, sending the ARVN into Laos, quoting some American general about the improvement in the attitude of the Vietnamese, saying always that they were a young nation, but we Americans must be patient.

I have a friend in Vietnam who has been there a long time and speaks the language well. He is a wry and funny man and has a reputation for excellent scholarship on Vietnam; this, plus a secure knowledge that the rational has become irrational, and vice versa. His work is much admired both in Saigon and at home, and he regularly receives letters from ambitious young graduate students who want to work with him. Recently, one was not content just to write him but showed up in Saigon one day, healthy, intelligent, eager to make a contribution. He would, he said, stay as long as needed; he would contribute. What, he asked, could he do?

My friend looked at him for a very long time and then he said, his voice very soft: "You could go home."

OUR BESIEGED BILL OF RIGHTS

(continued from page 194)

not disappeared. One might say we are 40 years and 7000 miles from such incidents and, generally, we are. But that statement is testimony to the effectiveness of the privilege, not to its superfluity.

That we still need protection against coercion is demonstrated by the amount of violent interrogation that has been discovered in the past decade. The Civil Rights Commission found violence directed at Negroes for many reasons, among them the obtaining of confessions. A study in New Jersey found coercion to be a common questioning technique, used with impunity against both white and black suspects. Lest anyone think that this represents the irreducible level of violence, the same study showed that in nearby Philadelphia, coercion was a rare phenomenon. The difference was attributed to the determination of Philadelphia authorities to respect the privilege.

Even when the zeal of law enforcers does not extend to physical brutality, threats and promises can be equally effective in breaking the will of a suspect. For the law enforcement resources of an entire state to close around a lone suspect and intimidate him into confessing is unseemly. And it is dangerous. If a little fear makes a guilty man confess, a lot might move the innocent to admit guilt. More likely it could make a minor criminal exaggerate his deeds, clearing the police files of unsolved crimes. These are too common realities, and judicial enforcement of the Fifth Amendment is the primary limit on their occurrence.

The Fifth Amendment privilege protects against more than physical and psychological brutality; it is intrinsic to the individual's right of privacy. The dwindling of privacy has been as frequently noted as the rise of crime. In the modern world, we have only belatedly realized that privacy is an increasingly scarce social resource and one that must be vigilantly protected against the claims of efficient social ordering. We have luckily, so far prevented the establishment of a national computer bank, for example. The projected uses of the computer seem perfectly legitimate. Some well meaning men want an efficient means of arranging all the information the Government already has, in order that it may be better used for the good of all. What is wrong with that? Simply this—that everyone has something to hide, not something that he is necessarily ashamed of yet that he wants for his own. That he once registered as a Democrat, for example, or made an improvident investment, or engaged in a youthful escapade not even criminal, or bought an Edsel. These are the sorts of facts that the state knows but that we do not want it to know too well.

Perhaps the best way to appreciate what the privilege against self-incrimination really means is to imagine a system without it. There are, of course, countries that have neither a Fifth Amendment nor tyranny. But they have developed other restraints in dealings between state and citizen. From the record of coercion in the United States, even with the privilege, it is apparent that we have developed no substitute for the amendment. And repeal in the present context would hardly provoke a search for substitutes. If we "liberate" our officialdom from the Fifth, it will not be because the officials have so internalized its values as to render it superfluous. Rather, it will be because we have decided we can no longer afford the restraints it imposes. Politically, repeal would represent positive encouragement to do what formerly the amendment prohibited. Post-repeal America would not be a non-Fifth society, it would be an anti-Fifth society.

What would happen without the amendment would seem to many a whole new order of police behavior. One can imagine the investigator calling the citizen in for a chat about the events of the past few days, weeks or years: "Come down to the station and bring your diary with you," he might say. "What crimes have been committed in your vicinity in the past month? Do you take a morning walk? Why that route?" At this point the citizen may keep silent, which will no doubt interest a jury, or he will have to defend his innocent private habits.

How many details of one's life are perfectly legal and honorable, yet personal? What is more totalitarian than having to report on these things at the insistence of some bureaucrat who naturally views his task as more important than your privacy? Yet it is only an explicit prohibition such as the Fifth Amendment that prevents the state from seeking such total knowledge. The ends are legitimate (investigating crime) and the means seem mild enough in the individual case (just a few polite questions). But if the interrogation is limited only by the number of crimes to solve, there is no limit at all.

But the Fifth Amendment does not merely protect us against embarrassment. It keeps us out of jail. Four hundred years ago, Montaigne wrote, "No man is so exquisitely honest or upright but he brings his actions and thoughts within compass and danger of the laws, and that ten times in his life might not lawfully be hanged." In the intervening centuries, the number of crimes for which we may "lawfully be hanged" has been reduced. But the number for which we may be imprisoned has multiplied a hundredfold. How many tax underpayments are the result of unwitting errors by the taxpayer? How much simpler prosecution would be if the taxpayer could be interrogated alone, without either his lawyer or his records.

There is a more insidious possibility for law enforcement in a post–Fifth Amendment era. Instead of investigating specific crimes in which a suspect might have been implicated, the state can call in people for general investigations. Who has not wittingly or unwittingly exceeded the speed limit or littered the sidewalk or crossed a street against the red light? When asked, "Have you committed any crimes?" what does one say? To say no is to lie. If done in court, this is perjury; out of court, it may be called obstructing justice. To confess is to pay penalties just because some official has singled one out for reasons that will never be known. In effect, the state can make either a criminal or a perjurer out of most anyone it chooses. Pity the unfortunate man who falls out of favor with his local district attorney!

In fact, today's large number of crimes necessitates some sort of selection by law enforcers, but the criteria of selection are never specified by the legislature. Some law-enforcement agencies concentrate on street crimes; others perceive a threat in subversion and question suspects about their politics; yet others spend their time enforcing civil rights laws. But the decision may as easily be made not according to what crime seems most important but according to what group one hates or fears most. Crime can be investigated while keeping an alert eye on ethnic or political minorities. Membership in one of these groups can become an invitation to inquisition. Political leaders, in fact, are inclined to define law-enforcement priorities in terms of the anxieties of their electoral constituencies.

Even those who fall on the right side of prosecutor discretion today ought not to be so sure that they can get along better without the Fifth Amendment. It was only 15 years ago that the clamor of McCarthyism threatened the privilege against self-incrimination. That campaign was not directed against street crime but against the right to hold one's own political beliefs, the right to believe differently from Senator McCarthy without being publicly harassed. McCarthy is gone, and the Fifth Amendment and we are still here, but that is no assurance that another witch-hunt will not occur. The Fifth Amendment is part of our essential insurance against that day.

Not only the Fifth Amendment but our whole heritage of individual liberty rejects inquisitorial law enforcement. Those who would tamper with this heritage argue that it will be more difficult to catch criminals if we cannot make them confess. Of course, there are times when no other evidence is available, although not so often as is frequently asserted. I must emphasize, however, that liberty is worth this small price. We should not rush to abandon our autonomy as individuals just because it creates inefficiencies in the apprehension of

criminals. Democracy may be an inefficient means for determining policy, but we do not rush to abandon democracy. We are justifiably concerned with crime, but the criminal's power is nothing compared with the power of the state.

Proponents of new measures argue that "adjusting" the Fifth Amendment will not unleash the entire force of the state. They claim that the Fifth Amendment that protects us against arbitrary intrusions by the state is something different from recent judicial interpretations. It is said that the courts have enacted a new code of criminal procedure under the guise of interpreting the Constitution. It is true that the Supreme Court has prescribed precise rules that, understandably, are not present in the Constitution. But such rules are the only way to make the Constitution a reality. When *Wolf vs. Colorado* left enforcement of the Fourth Amendment to the states, it was too widely taken as a green light to search and seize at will. The Court has not expanded the privilege against self-incrimination: It has created effective remedies and extended their protection to the poor and ignorant.

The test of the constitutionality of a confession has long been whether it was voluntary or not. A confession could not constitutionally be beaten out of a suspect. It *could* be extracted through more subtle psychological pressures playing upon the fears of the suspect. What the Court did in the *Miranda* decision was to apply the same standards to the reality that confronts the poor and the ignorant defendant. Organized criminals have their lawyers and know enough to call them when they confront the law. When they volunteer a confession, it is a bargain, exchanging help to the police for lesser charges and lighter sentences.

But a lawyerless defendant facing the law for the first time has no knowledge of such bargains. Ignorant of his rights, the suspect sees no limits to what his captors can do. Indeed, interrogation manuals suggest creating the impression of police omnipotence. And even if there are limits, who enforces them against the police? The suspect in this position frequently has no real choice in his behavior. This produces results for the inquisitor. It also provides an incentive for the police to violate other rights. Although the Fourth Amendment requires probable cause for arrest, the available fruit of information from the unwarned prisoner encourages the arrest of large numbers of people on "suspicion," in the hope that some of them will reveal incriminating information under the stress of custody.

Miranda is closely tailored to the coercive atmosphere in which interrogation occurs. The police are not forbidden to ask questions; they are not required to warn informants who are not suspects, and volunteered statements are perfectly acceptable evidence. What *Miranda* does require is the warning of a suspect that what he says can be used against him and that he has a right to remain silent and to have a lawyer—free, if he cannot afford one. These are not new rights. They are all means of effectuating the long-recognized privilege against self-incrimination based on the appreciation that rights are useless if the holder is ignorant of them. *Miranda* upholds the proposition that the poor first offender is as entitled as any of us to the right that anything he says should be voluntary.

If *Miranda* were overturned, it seems clear that the poor, disproportionate numbers of whom are black, would be most affected. Organized criminals, as we have said, do not talk, even in the face of illegal threats. The police are usually careful not to harass well-to-do suspects (who have lawyers, anyway). So, in effect, a separate system of interrogation is established for the poor. The counterargument—in favor of abridging the Fifth—is that all that is sought is an efficient system of criminal investigation that accidentally affects the poor somewhat differently than others. It is a fact of life that the poor suffer in many ways. A fact of life it may be, but not one we can overlook when the practical effect of a proposed rule change clearly would be even greater discrimination against the poor, who could be pressured to talk more easily than others.

The poor know that whatever happens to the Fifth Amendment, business-crime suspects are unlikely to be grilled at the station house. And this may explain why proposals to weaken the amendment come mainly from the better off. To establish this mode of law enforcement is to abandon something fundamental to America, equal justice.

We cannot afford to abandon equality. We have already seen some of the costs of a racially divided society. These costs include joblessness and riots and the very crime wave we want to diminish. It is true that equality is slowly achieved and will only slowly affect the crime rate, but it is essential to peace in our cities. Whatever short-term gains may flow from repression will not be worth deepening the alienation of the repressed. A state of siege cannot be the goal of law and order.

So far, we have assumed that the protection of the Fifth Amendment exacts its price through crime. But there has been no sufficient showing that abrogation of the amendment will significantly affect crime. Interrogation is a technique for solving crimes, not preventing them. Even in solving crimes, confessions are not usually essential. The district attorney of Los Angeles County has stated

"He's fifteen years old and very horny."

that *Miranda* type warnings have not significantly affected his conviction rate.

The Supreme Court is *not* one of the significant causes of urban crime, but the way our society handles the availability of addictive drugs and guns is. In virtually all of our cities, an appalling proportion of property crime is committed by addicts. We *can* do something constructive about this crime. Addicts commit crimes for money to support their habits. Simply prescribing maintenance doses of addictive drugs, either free or at a cost of less than a dollar a day, would eliminate a substantial cause of crime.

Uncontrolled ownership of guns also contributes to violence. The mere availability of a gun has turned more than one family quarrel into a murder. Easy access to guns paves the way for armed robbers. This is, again, a problem about which we have the power to do something yet refuse to act adequately. It is ironic that some of the most vociferous opponents of the Supreme Court also oppose gun control legislation. If they really wished to control crime and preserve liberty, their positions should be reversed on both issues.

Experimentation with such steps as dispensing drugs and restricting the sale of firearms is a practical approach to the crime problem, as is a determined effort to eliminate poverty and other underlying causes of crime. If such proposals do not work out in practice, they can be modified or abandoned. But constitutional experimentation is far more difficult. Constitutional restrictions serve a more complex function than to provide statute law and guide judicial decisions. The constitutional rule, by instructing officialdom as to its primary duties to citizens, inculcates a basic respect for individual dignity. To alter the rules every so often devalues the social policy underlying them. The entire relationship between citizen and state is altered, with results neither foreseeable nor easily correctible. Perhaps with this in mind, we have never fundamentally altered the Constitution. And we have never even tampered with the Bill of Rights.

Establishing the basic relationship between the citizen and the state is the greatest task of the constitution maker. It is a task difficult to do well, because the arrangement must last far beyond what the wisest man can foresee. Whenever adjustments are required, the immediate demands of the state always seem so pressing and legitimate. In any single case, it is difficult to resist the demands of necessity, as the Japanese-Americans who spent World War Two in concentration camps learned. What if the Bill of Rights had been written during that crisis? We are in the midst of another crisis now and it is an equally bad time to rewrite the Constitution. Especially, we should not rewrite it in response to proposals that trade away liberty for the illusion of security. In the end, we would be protected from neither the state nor the criminal. If we sacrifice only the least aware of our fellow citizens, we exacerbate the causes of violent conflict, without eliminating any of the symptoms. There are many ways of fighting crime, but neither for rich nor for poor are there many ways to protect the privacy and integrity of the individual—rights and values that are the very essence of constitutional liberty and security.

One of the tenets of the legal profession is that bad cases make bad law. Times of stress make even worse law. It would be bad law and bad policy to weaken the Fifth Amendment, for it is even truer today than it was 178 years ago that we can afford liberty. And we must preserve those laws that guarantee it.

"And they say chivalry is dead."

THE MOURNER

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truly lived. "And who can say this was not the case with the beloved Norbert Mandel, from his early service to his country in the Coast Guard, right along to his unstinting labors on behalf of the East Coast real-estate board; a life in which the unselfish social gesture was always a natural reflex, rather than something that had to be painfully extracted from him."

Hold it right there," said Gans, rising to his feet in the rear of the chapel.

"Shame," said one of the Philadelphia women.

"What's up?" asked the rabbi.

"You didn't even know this man," said Gans.

I recall making that point quite early in my remarks," said the rabbi.

How can you just toss him into the ground?" said Gans. "You haven't told anything about him. That was a man there. He cut himself a lot shaving. He had pains in his stomach. Why don't you try to tell them how he felt when he lost a job? The hollowness of it. Why don't you go into things like his feelings when someone said like to him the first time? What about all the time he clocked worrying about cancer? And then didn't even die from it. How did he feel when he had the kid, the boy who's sitting over there? What about the curious mixture of feelings toward his sisters, the tenderness on one hand and, on the other hand, the feelings he couldn't exercise, because you're not allowed to in this society? How about some of that stuff, rabbi?"

And they're just letting him talk," said one of the Philadelphia women.

"They're not throwing him out," said another. But Rose and Sylvia kept sobbing bitterly, so awash in sorrow the sisters appeared not to have even realized that Gans had taken over from the rabbi. Gans was concerned about only one person, the well-built son, Phillip, but, to his surprise, the handsome optometrist only buried his head in his hands, as though he were a ballplayer being scolded at half time by an angry coach. The rabbi was silent, concerned as though the new style was determined to be moderate and conciliatory, no matter what went on in the chapel. It's a big religion, the rabbi seemed to be saying by his thoughtful silence, with plenty of room for the excessive.

Up until now, it had been a kind of exercise for Gans, but the heat of his own words began to excite him. "Can you really say you're doing justice to this man?" he asked. "Or are you insulting him? Do you know how he felt? Do you know anything about his disappointments? How he wanted to be taller? To you, he's Norbert Mandel, who led an exemplary life. What about the women

he longed for and couldn't get? How he spent half his life sunk in grief over things like that. And the other half picking his nose and worrying about getting caught at it. Do you know the way he felt about yellow-haired girls and how he went deaf, dumb and blind when one he liked came near him? Shouldn't some of that be brought out? He wanted blondes right into his seventies; but did he ever get a taste of them? Not on your life. It was Mediterranean types all the way. Shouldn't you take a minute of your time to get into how he felt about his son, the pride when the kid filled out around the shoulders and became tougher than Norrie would ever be, and the jealousy, too, that made him so ashamed and guilty? Do you have any idea what he went through, playing the kid a game, beating him, and then wanting to cut off his arm for it? Then letting the kid win a game and that was no good, either. You act as though you've scratched the surface. Don't make me laugh, will you please. You know about his vomiting when he drank too much? On the highway. How do you think that felt? What about a little something else you're leaving out? Those last moments when he knew something was up and he had to look dead right in the face. What was that for him, a picnic? I'll tell you, rabbi, you ought to pull him right out of the coffin and take a look at him and find out a little bit about who you're talking about."

"There was a time," said Phillip, the sole surviving son, as though he had received a cue, "when he left the family for a month or so. He was around, but he wasn't with us. He got very gray and solemn and didn't eat. We found out it was because an insurance doctor told him he had a terrible heart and couldn't have life insurance. He called him an 'uninsurable.' That was something, having an uninsurable for a dad. It was a mistake—his heart was healthy at the time—but it was the longest month of my life. The other time that comes to mind is when he shut someone up on the el when we were going out to Coney Island. Shut him up like you never saw anyone shut up. Guy twice his size."

"Very touching," said the rabbi. "Now may I ask how you knew the deceased?"

"I used to see him around," said Gans.

"Fine," said the rabbi. "Well, I don't see why we can't have this once in a while. And all be a little richer for it. If the family doesn't object. Do you have anything else?"

"Nothing I can think of," said Gans. "Unless some of the other members of the family would like to sound off a bit."

"He had a heart of solid gold," said one of the sisters.

"He was some man," said the other.

"Sounds like he was quite a fellow," said the rabbi.

* * *

Gans had no plan to do so originally but decided now to go out to the burial grounds, using his own car instead of accepting the offered ride in one of the rented limousines. After Mandel had been put into the ground, Gans accepted an offer from one of the sisters, whom he now knew to be Rose, to come back and eat with the family in a Queens delicatessen. Gans' own mother had always been contemptuous of that particular ritual, mocking families who were able to wolf down delicatessen sandwiches half an hour after a supposedly beloved uncle or cousin had been tossed into the earth. "They're very grief-stricken," she would say, "you can tell by their appetites." Gans, as a result, had developed a slight prejudice against the custom, although the logical part of him said why not eat if you're hungry and not eat if you're not. There seemed to be a larger crowd at the delicatessen than had been at the funeral. And it wasn't delicatessen food they were eating, either; it was Rose's cooking. Evidently, the family had merely taken over the restaurant for the afternoon, but Rose had brought in her own food. Gans had some difficulty meeting young Phillip's eyes and Phillip seemed equally ill at ease with him. Gans could not get over how wrong he had been about the boy. He had had an entirely different feeling about what a Brooklyn optometrist should look like. This fellow was central casting for the dark-haired hero in Hollywood Westerns. Even the right gun slow and sensual; Gans wondered if he had ever thought seriously about a career in show business. Gans ate a hearty meal, and there was something in his attack on the food that seemed to indicate he had earned it. He sat at the same table as Phillip, who ate dreamily, speculatively, and seemed, gradually, to get comfortable with the mysterious visitor who had taken over the funeral service.

"You know," said Phillip, "a lot of people never realized this, but he was one hell of an athlete. He had two trophies for handball, and if you know the Brooklyn playground league, you know they don't fool around. And a guy once offered him a tryout with the Boston Bees." The boy paused then, as if he expected a nostalgic anecdote in return from Gans.

Instead, Gans took a deep breath, tilted his chair back slightly and said, "I have to come clean. I never met the man in my life."

"What do you mean?" said Phillip, hunching his big shoulders a bit, although he seemed more puzzled than annoyed. "I don't understand."

Gans hesitated a moment, looking around at the sisters, Rose and Sylvia, at the cousins from Philly, who seemed much more convivial, now that they were eating at the rabbi, who had come over for a little snack, and at the other mourners. He complimented himself on how easily he had fitted into the group, and it occurred to him that most families, give or take a cousin or two, are remarkably similar, the various members more or less interchangeable.

"I don't know," he said, finally, to the blindingly handsome optometrist, sole surviving offspring of the freshly buried Norbert Mandel. "I read about your dad in the paper and I had the feeling they were just going to throw him into the ground, and that would be the end of him. Bam, kaput, just like he never lived. So I showed up."

"Now that I think of it," he said, reaching for a slice of Rose's *Mohn* cake and anticipating the crunch of poppy seeds in his mouth, "I guess I just didn't think enough of a fuss was being made."

"So? Crept into any good tents lately?"

man at his leisure

(continued from page 210)

with juicy olives and bedded on a carpet of spice, fruits and vegetables.

Next comes a mutton course made from a sheep roasted on a spit or baked in a clay oven and cooked throughout the preceding day. After you have disposed of these openers, a plate containing something that looks like half a football will be placed in front of you. This is *bstila*, a giant confection of flaky pastry (more than 100 layers when cooked by experts) that dissolves at the touch of a fork. Inside are eggs, butter, sugar, flour, chopped almonds, pigeon meat, raisins, onions, ginger, coriander and a variety of spices. It takes days to prepare, but under the hands of a skilled diner, it vanishes in minutes.

If you're still conscious after the *bstila*, you will be ready for Morocco's staple dish, couscous, which is granulated flour steamed over a broth. It's served on a silver or copper platter and decorated with choice cuts of meat and vegetables and has the consistency of a light rice. In a Moroccan home, you would eat from a communal dish with the other diners, using neither knife nor fork. With the thumb and first two fingers of the right hand, you scoop up a portion, along with some meat and sauce from adjacent dishes, and then, by a form of expert one-handed juggling, shape the portion into a ball and flick it with the thumb into your mouth. Couscous is followed by a mountain of fresh fruit—citrus, plums, grapes and bananas—which, in turn, is followed by that most delightful Moroccan custom, the drinking of mint tea. After a series of ritual tastings by the teamaker, the brew is served in small glasses and the company sits back to savor the result and nibble on light pastries of honey and almonds.

In the Mohammedan religion, alcohol is forbidden and wine is not normally taken with meals. There are a few Moroccan labels to sample, however, and while none is sensational, they deserve to be tried. Among the best are Valpierre, Sidi Larbi and a cabernet strain, all red. There is also a Moroccan rose that has a pleasant bouquet but is unique among all wines we know, in that it loses its flavor the moment it passes the tongue, like the aftertaste of a glass of water.

From Rabat, our route leads south, following the Atlantic coast line, and stops first at Mohammedia, a resort of mixed but diverting blessings. There is a large golf course, a casino with baccarat, *chemin de fer* and roulette, a few very smart hotels and a beach that, most regrettably, sits in the shadow of a colossal oil refinery. If you choose to stay overnight, check in at the newly built Simar, where the clientele is usually on the safe side of senility. The luxury Miramar hotel is a grand but somewhat melancholy establishment set in formal gardens and the guests mope around like passengers on a cruise who can't wait for the liner to reach the next port.

But there is a redeeming note in this somewhat dismal picture of Mohammedia: the Sphinx, an elegant and very respectably managed bordello-*discotheque*—or *sexothèque*, as it is known by admirers. There is nothing enigmatic about this particular Sphinx. Customers drive through double gates, past a red neon sign, and find themselves in the courtyard of a private house. The gatekeeper admits them through the garden, and at the door, they are greeted by a handsome, middle-aged French madam dressed in formal black, who looks like the keeper of a select private hotel on the Right Bank.

Inside is a well-fitted *discothèque* with a bar at one end and expensive tables and chairs arranged around the circular floor. On a typical night, there are a couple of girls at the bar, a massive-jawed butch polishing glasses behind the bar and a young American in Ste-Prest chinos, polo shirt and Guccis, who sits against the wall and looks about as nonchalant as an expectant father. The girls are young and pretty, usually French. When the customer makes his own arrangements with the lady or ladies of his choice, they go to one of the many private suites on an upper floor and do their thing. Fifteen dollars later, he is ushered downstairs and into the night, followed by a chorus of farewells from management and labor. Business is never very brisk. On an outside wall, some sly wag has inscribed the slogan DUNCAN HINES ATE HERE.

Next stop, Casablanca—less than an hour's drive south of Mohammedia. Although it is the only city in Morocco with a population of more than 1,000,000, it need occupy little time—one or two nights at the very most, enough for a skin-deep exploration, a few meals and a leisurely expedition to the Arab market. The town looks and feels European, full of roaring traffic, tree-lined streets, sidewalk cafes and airline offices, and though it is more appealing than its detractors would admit, there are grander sights to be seen elsewhere in Morocco. The *medina* is sprawling and colorful, but the prices in the markets have been inflated by the town's popularity as an air and sea terminal (cruise liners disgorge their shop-

"She's on her way here for a second opinion, is she? What's the matter with her?"

starved passengers here); and since it is principally a business city that takes its business seriously, it goes to bed early, leaving visitors who have enjoyed a fabulous dinner and are seeking further pleasures little alternative but to make the rounds of a few seedy belly-dancing joints and a couple of dreary night clubs.

Ideally one should arrive in Casa—to use the popular abbreviation—close to midday and check into a downtown hotel. The El Mansour and Marhaba hotels are luxury skyscrapers, partly air conditioned, with roof-top restaurants and the standard creature comforts of good hotelmanship; these are the two best in town; but the truth is that while the service at both is friendly and efficient neither one holds a candle to Morocco's best efforts. Casa's most distinguished hotel is the Anfa, in a quiet residential district of big villas and manicured gardens. It is fairly removed from downtown, but it has a commendable restaurant and a very pleasant swimming pool.

If you don't feel like observing the local custom of an afternoon siesta, you can drive to one of the nearby beaches and catch a few rays before the town wakes up. Or, if even this is too strenuous, wander along to one of the many cafés that stay open in downtown Casa. La Chope, a sidewalk bistro, is one of the busier spots at this time of day. There is a steady hum of conversation, the clinking of glasses and the aroma of Moroccan cigarettes at tables nearly always filled with young locals and visitors who may sit for hours over a mint tea or an Oulmès mineral water while they size up the passersby.

This soothing pastime can easily take up a couple of hours, whether in La Chope or one of the ice-cream parlors that abound in Casa; and the passing traffic rarely fails to provide novelty for the onlookers. Newsboys shout the latest catastrophes; shoeshine men, lottery-ticket sellers and vendors of incongruous plastic trinkets pass among the tables, carefully keeping beyond the reach of beady-eyed waiters, while an exotically garbed water carrier, apparently oblivious of his location, stands by the outer tables, trying to sell water by the brass cupful to customers who can get it for free. Oddly enough, some of the people buy anyway and the water carrier moves on, jingling his two brass cups and shouting his mission as he goes.

There is a fairly steady stream of very attractive girls, some carrying long French loaves and laughing with their friends, and others who ride as miniskirted passengers on the backs of the scooters that are seen all over the country. Women in robes and veils glide along the street, and most men are so intrigued by the dark, luminous eyes peeping above the veils that they usually fail to notice that these beautiful apparitions from another age wear the latest styles in Parisian footwear.

The veil is worn in most parts of the country and covers every part of the face except the eyes. In the strict tradition of Islam, it used to conceal—and still does in some countries—the entire face, because it was thought that no part of the female anatomy should be seen by any man other than the husband. In Morocco, women of all ages wear veils either for tradition's sake or because (as in the case of the younger girls) they know they look mysterious. It would be unwise to attempt to photograph a veiled female of any age, however, because in most cases she would be seriously offended.

After La Chope, lunch. If you're not dining at the hotel (both El Mansour and Marhaba have excellent kitchens) and you have a craving for something French, try Chez Pierre. It's for gourmets only. More of the same, but for less demanding palates, at the Tournebroche and the Bar de l'Industrie. Oysters are the pride of the house at La Chaouia, while at La Mer au Petit Rocher, which is south of Casa on the coast highway, the chef's pan-stirring endeavors can be savored in an idyllic seaside setting. Further variations on this international theme include Spanish at La Corrida and Las Delicias, smorgasbord at the Viking, three styles of Chinese at Nid d'Hirondelle, Vietnamese at the Hanoi and the Vietnam (the stomach knows no politics) and Italian at the Chianti.

Moroccan food is found at Al Mounia, a delightful garden restaurant, and at Rissani, which is our favorite, because of its engaging atmosphere and its superlative floorshow. Like any self-respecting Moroccan restaurant, Rissani serves all of the best domestic dishes, but consumption is a lengthy process that can't be rushed. When dinner is over, people lie back on their couches and catch the scented breeze that drifts in through the open French windows from the mimosa in the garden below. They admire the colors and patterns of the carpets and the delicate tracery of the pierced stonework. There are slender carved columns and graceful arches and lowering patterns of tile. All are objects to be contemplated in leisure after dining. When everyone is comfortable, the entertainment starts.

"Have you ever thought of making it the six or even twelve musketeers?"

It is introduced with a dance by two voluptuously beautiful girls, Fatima and Jilala, whose sinuous duet usually evokes a chorus of appreciative howls and bizarre chirruping sounds from some of the Arab audience. Then a few musicians wander onto the stage and one of the girls will dance in front of a bongo player in a routine that is best described by comparing it to the jazz technique in which one soloist swaps fours (four bars of music) with another. Except that at Rissani, the exchange is an erotic one. The drummer sets a fairly slow pace to begin with; the girl replies with her hips; but as faster time the drummer increases the pace and the girl responds with her breasts, setting an even faster beat, and they continue to alternate until the girl's half-naked body is a glistening blur in the dim reflection of the candles.

After she leaves the stage, it is time for the *guedra*, a stirring and enigmatic

dance that is usually performed by a woman of Goulimine, the small southern village where the dance was born. The *guedra* is also a small earthenware jar with a skin stretched across its mouth, and the dance to which this drum gave its name is supposed to symbolize what happens when a tribal caravan stops to rest in the desert. About a dozen men and women gather in a semicircle around the solo dancer, who kneels in the center. Her palms and soles are dyed a deep blue-black and she is almost completely covered by a robe.

The men and women chant and beat out a rhythm that steadily grows faster until the upper body of the kneeling woman is a gyrating blur of restless abandon and her two outstretched hands are snapping to and fro in fierce spasms. Her knees pound out the same rhythm as the drummers' and at certain breaks, one of the veiled women in the semicircle will deliver a spine-chilling ululation, a high-pitched scream made by rolling the tongue rapidly over the roof of the mouth. At a point where the tension becomes unbearable, the dance is suddenly finished and the diners, startled by the unexpected silence and the abrupt transformation of the dancer from a wild creature into a shy, smiling woman, break into spontaneous applause. It is a custom in some private performances of the *guedra* for the woman to slip off her veils, exposing one breast midway through the dance; but at Rissani it is, unfortunately, a custom that is not observed.

Outside of Casablanca, on the coast road leading south, are a string of very swinging popular beach clubs, mostly *discos*, the best of which is Abrewvour, which is operated by a charming young thing from Baltimore, whose bar is equipped with swings attached to the ceiling, rather than with conventional floor stools. Nearby are the Calypso, an amiable tavern for young singles, and La Noue, an intimate *disco*-restaurant that serves Moroccan, Viennese and French food on the patio. Should you wish to stay on the beach rather than in town, try the Bellerive Hotel, which, in addition to having a fine kitchen of its own, is in the middle of the beach-club district and offers balconied suites overlooking the ocean.

The beaches above and below Casablanca are fine golden affairs lapped by long Atlantic breakers, but most of the sea resorts close to town are for family style day outings, rather than extended stays; and visitors seeking a few days of pampered self-indulgence usually bear south to the Club Mediterranee at Agadir. About 40 of these clubs are in operation in different parts of the world, and the one at Agadir is one of the more spectacular successes. It can be reached either by air or by road. From Casablanca, it's about 325 miles, and the entire trip can easily be accomplished in daylight, although there are numerous hotels en route for anyone wishing to break the journey overnight.

Room and meals and a host of incidentals are included in the club's modest terms. Sailing, yoga instruction, judo, fishing and tennis are all free; and in the evenings, there are classical concerts, cabarets, movies and two *discotheques*. Guests pay extra only for drinks, using colored beads that they buy on arrival. Accommodations aren't too luxurious, but since the small and somewhat poorly equipped bungalows are used only for sleeping, people rarely complain. Some of the cottages overlook the sea, but most are scattered around the grounds among eucalyptus and other shade trees. There's a large marquee tent for bridge contests, a couple of ping-pong and chess tables set in a quiet dell next to a peacock house.

Meals include such Lucullan entrees as whole roasted suckling pigs, dressed salmon, fish roasted over a slow fire and a display of meats, cold buffets, cheeses, salads, three varieties of unlimited wine juices and a mountain of fresh fruits. Chamber music is played throughout the meal, which may be taken alfresco around the swimming pool or in the dining room, and everybody can return to the tables as often as they wish. Moroccan food is served regularly and on ceremonial occasions, such as the king's birthday or Bastille Day, dinner is served on the beach in caravan tents and guests loll around on cushions and layers of carpets, wearing caftans and jellabas and watching snake charmers and Moroccan dancers. Best of all, from the male viewpoint, is the surplus of young single women and the complete absence of any kind of regimented activity.

Seventy kilometers east of Agadir is the medieval walled bastion of Taroudant, which is surrounded by crenelated ramparts 20 feet high. It's one of the most picturesque towns in southern Morocco and should be visited on Thursday or Saturday, when the weekly *souk* (market) is held and tribes from both sides of the Atlas Mountains fill the narrow streets.

East of Taroudant, the highway forks to the north, across the High Atlas and on to the imperial city of Marrakesh, third largest city in the country and one of the most romantic in the world. On the fringes of the old town and in the newer section, along the ubiquitous Avenue Mohammed V, are the artifacts of a newer civilization: air-conditioned hotels, shiny cars and tourist buses, but in the *medina*'s labyrinth of alleys and the clamorous market, the laws of time and space have been suspended in another remote age.

There are three five-star luxury hotels in town and more than a dozen of lumbler station. The most famous is the Mamounia, which has an immense swimming pool, tennis courts, gardens and acclaimed suites that look out across the palms to the snow-capped peaks of the High Atlas. Other luxury digs are the Es Saadi (which has excellent food, much better than the Mamounia's pathetic offerings), the Menara and El Maghreb, both on the small side. Most Marrakesh hotels are full during the skiing season (December to April), when thousands of Europeans flock into the area for the snow at Oukaimeden, about 60 miles south. The gambling casino in Marrakesh opens

"It's been taken care of. . . ."

at about the same time (for roulette, baccarat and boule) and so do the half dozen night clubs in town.

All of the larger hotels serve European food, but for the best Moroccan cooking, go to the *medina* quarter of Riad Zitoun, where you can dine regally in a former palace at the Dar-es-Salam, or at the Gharnatta and the excellent Maison Arabe. Check in advance to see which restaurants are staging a floorshow; the Dar es-Salam's is usually the best. The Taverne and Le Poussin d'Or lead the field in European cuisine.

The biggest show in Marrakesh is one that can't be seen anywhere else. It's been running daily for centuries and takes place in a vast square called the D'emaa-el Fna. It starts early in the morning, when merchants, medicine men, beggars, fortunetellers, water carriers and purveyors of every conceivable commodity, from *kif* pipes to caftans, open for business. One man will have an inventory consisting of a pair of battered sandals, probably taken from his own feet or from those of a sleeping relative, another will sit behind a mountain of single false teeth. A couple of old women pore over the palm of a nervous youth and cackle secretly at the misfortunes they read there; a teamaker dispenses mint tea to customers who squat around the gleaming apparatus and exchange opinions about the correct brewing procedure; and charcoal braziers glow in a dozen food stalls, where hunks of lamb and vegetables simmer slowly on spits.

In the late afternoon, most of the merchants pack up and go home, leaving the square to magicians, minstrels, snake charmers, fire-eaters, acrobats, storytellers, gamblers, side shows, contortionists and thousands of gaping spectators, who travel in from the mountains and beyond. Mauritian dancers and musicians perform black African routines that provide a rumbling echo to drums to the wailing songs of the mountain Berbers; a giant of seven feet teaches tricks to a baby crocodile and acrobats form tottery human pyramids while small boys wind themselves into knots and a bald-headed man rides backward on a bicycle, reciting some involved story about a handsome prince and his sweetheart. At dusk, portable acetylene lamps throw a smoky yellow glare over the brightly colored merchandise; there is a pungent reek of roasting meat, mint and *kif* smoke in the air and as the night wears on the drums grow louder, the shell game operators shout for more customers, the fables of the storytellers become more bizarre and the eyes of the children who sit and watch grow ever wider.

Behind the square is a mass of streets and alleys that form the Marrakesh shopping center, with its jewelers, cloth merchants, tailors, leather craftsmen, potters, armorers, weavers, dyers and spice sellers. Donkeys loaded with untanned sheepskins are herded through the crowd and shopkeepers reach out to tempt people to stop for a glass of tea and perhaps to buy a carpet or a gold necklace before they leave. A guide is essential, if you're in a hurry. He can bargain for you, show you the best sights and lead you through the short cuts. Fees should be worked out in advance. It's about a dollar for a couple of hours, a little more if the guide speaks good English.

Farther north, along a highway skirting the shadow of the Atlas, is the medieval city of Fes, a mosaic of white roofs and slender minarets in the historic heart of Morocco. Fès is the most ancient of the four imperial cities (the others, Marrakesh, Rabat and Meknes) and today is regarded as the intellectual capital of the kingdom, just as Meknes, 40 miles to the west, is its architectural pride. Both towns are steeped in the country's roiling past, and anyone passing through for more than a cursory glance should carry an authoritative guidebook.

Hotel space is comparatively limited (Fes has only one five-star establishment, the Palais Jamai) and advance reservations in winter are advisable. In Meknes, stay at the Transatlantique or the Hotel de Nice. The Mernuides and the Zalagh in Fes both have swimming pools; but the Thermal Hotel, nine miles out of town in the oasis at Sidi-Harazem, is a breath-takingly modern construction with hot springs and a pool surrounded by palms and oleanders. Dine at least once at the Palais de Fès for tourist-oriented Moroccan specialties; and if you've a taste for something Continental, try the Grand Hotel's Normandy restaurant.

North of these fabled towns and running parallel with the Mediterranean littoral lies the Rif, which until not too many years ago was an inaccessible region of harsh, forbidding mountains populated by a proud and hardy people who even today can still boast that their land never fell to a conqueror's sword. Many tried and failed. Now the invaders arrive in peace on new highways that carry them through a wondrous landscape of cedar forests and snow-capped mountains to the silver beaches and crystal waters of secluded resorts such as Al Hoceima, and to the romantic fortress of Tetuán.

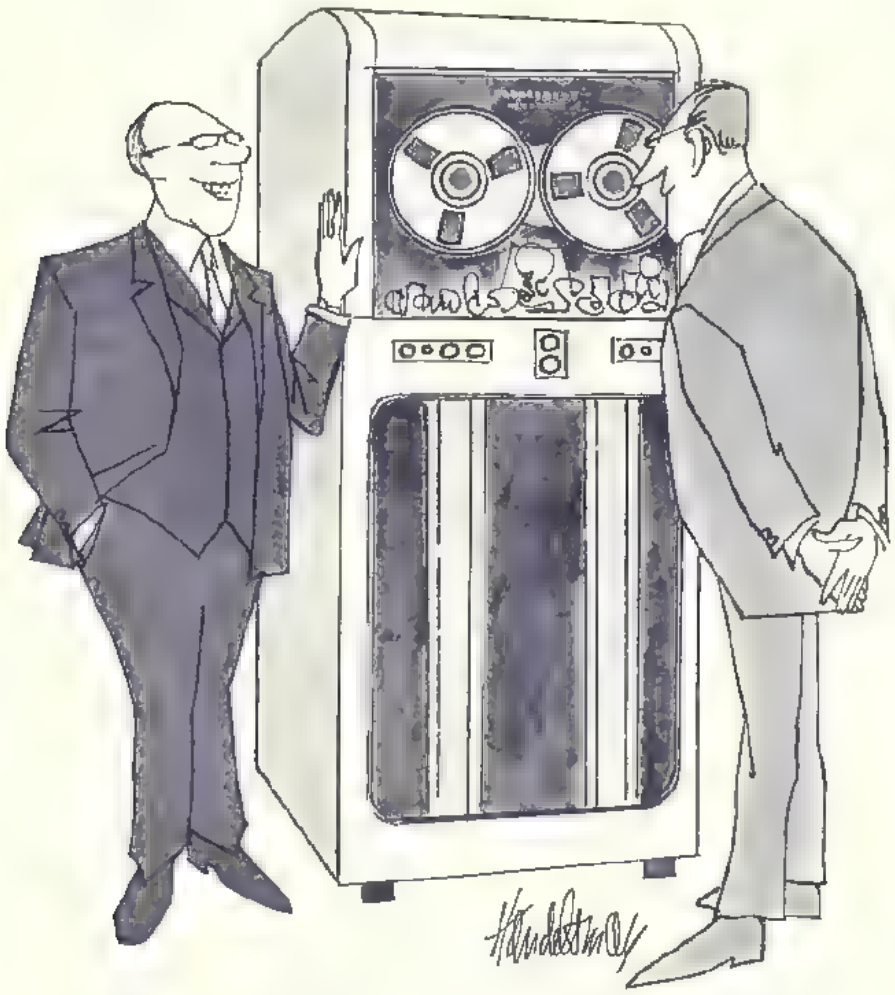
At the western tip of the Rif is Tangier, the last stop on our itinerary and departure point for homebound flights via the Continent and for the busy ferries that connect Africa to Europe. Between 1906 and 1956, Tangier was a port under international jurisdiction and spies, smugglers, gold traders and crooks of every quirk worked their schemes in blissful serenity. But 18 years have passed since the town became Moroccan territory again and most of the heavies have fled for more fertile pastures, leaving a hardy core of small-time currency speculators, dope traders and millions of disappointed tourists, who came expecting to see Sydney Greenstreet and found Andy Griffith.

One of the few remaining links with

the good old days are the cafes around the Petit Socco, a scruffy square that at almost any hour of the day or night is an open-air crash pad for strung-out junkies, bright-eyed closet queens and an indeterminate species of seedy transients who run errands. Money-changers, desk hustlers and dope pushers ply their crafts outside the Café Central, dodging from table to table, looking for prospects, swooping every now and then to drain a departed customer's unfinished coffee. Police occasionally check identity papers and round up a few bedraggled victims, but nobody rocks the boat too hard or too often.

Beyond the square is a town largely devoted to catering to the needs of tourists who don't stay very long. Neither of the two best hotels, El Minzah and the Rif, quite deserves its five-star rating, but they both have swimming pools, night clubs and the usual amenities found in good hotels. El Minzah is preferable. The Grand Hotel Villa de France and the Velasquez Palace are fairly pleasant and renowned for their kitchens. There are dozens of restaurants. The Détroit with its superb Moroccan food, is our favorite, but *bstilla* fanciers will prefer the Mamora), a handful of *discos* and cabarets and a sorry collection of B-girls, who seem to live on a diet of colored water. There's also a municipal casino a short walk up the hill from the beach.

Tangier may not be the city of intrigue it once was, but there is still an air of mystery and menace in the winding streets of the *medina* and a hint of untold stories in the stern faces of the silent old men who gather in the shadows. Tangier does not readily divulge its secrets, and neither does the rest of Morocco. The tremendous growth of tourism and the advent of the space age have made few very deep impressions on the ancient kingdom of the Moors. It slumbers still, not in the apathetic sleep of some indolent lay-about but with the watchful, wakeful alertness of a wise old patriarch who has learned too much to remember. Its mood was best summed up by a traveler who went to Morocco in the closing years of the last century. "Abide motionless in time past," he wrote. "Long may your sleep continue, your ancient dream persist."



"Once you've programmed one of these little fellows, you know it will always share your basic assumptions. That's more than you can say for children."

LEFT-RIGHT COALITION

(continued from page 140)

administrative agencies of the American system. If well financed, these smaller units might prove more effective than a centralized national Government; at the least, they are closer to the citizenry, so that, theoretically, they would be more responsive than Washington's vast machinery and more flexible in identifying and remedying local needs. The crucial questions are whether sufficient funds can be found to make revenue sharing mean anything and whether the Federal bureaucracy can be browbeaten politically into permitting anything like real operating autonomy at state and local levels.

The second major Nixon program, welfare reform, represents creeping motion toward an income rather than a relief system. In present circumstances, that makes sense, too, if not quite so obviously as revenue sharing. It plays to the right-wing revulsion against "bums on the welfare rolls" and to the left-wing revulsion against the state policing of the poor, which is a feature of the present system. By providing immediate money incentives for people not working to get jobs and earn something, as well as vital assistance to the marginally employed in their efforts to keep working and improve their lot, the income approach actually builds an economic-aid program on a free-enterprise base; it is no more a "handout" than certain tax incentives or farm-subsidy programs, and it has the same purpose. But here, again, it remains to be seen whether welfare reform will be pushed into a genuine anti-poverty program.

Revulsionism can have questionable political effects, too. Mr. Nixon's relaxed policy on school desegregation is no doubt mollifying some of the right-wing revulsionist pressures against severe Federal control of Southern school districts and may be quashing symbolically the irrational notion that the blacks are getting too much, too fast. Interestingly enough, old-line liberals such as Roy Wilkins seem more angered by Southern school developments than do black or white militants. That suggests one large paradox in the consequences of right-left revulsionism. Local community school control in the South is advocated by most whites in order to maintain as much as possible of a segregated social system; local community school control in the city ghetto is advocated by some blacks in hopes of improving the education of their children through greater community participation in the schools. That paradox makes one revulsionist point—that local problems vary in a vast and complex nation and require a

variety of local solutions, rather than a Federally controlled national program. At the same time, it suggests how difficult it is to get left and right in bed together for any kind of concerted action.

Mr. Nixon contended in his 1968 campaign that there was a "new majority" in America made up of Southerners, black militants, liberals (by which he apparently meant the New Left, rather than the New Deal variety) and Republicans; it was founded on revulsion against an oversized Federal Government, he said, and could dominate politics. Maybe it could, numerically; but in winning and exercising power, Mr. Nixon's particular majority—and a narrow one, at that—has consisted more nearly of what he calls "the forgotten man": the well behaved middle-income suburbanite who pays taxes, goes to church, works hard and wants law and order. The forgotten man is often a revulsionist, all right, but he usually wants nothing to do with black militants and New Leftists, whom he is likely to call "hippies."

Whatever is happening in our politics is not likely to result in an organized alliance or coalition between New Left and radical right. We need not look for Barry Goldwater and Eugene McCarthy on the same ticket: the Northern inner cities and the Southern state capitals are likely to have their differing reasons for wanting community school control, for quite a while; and if General LeMay and Dr. Spock are both disgusted with the war in Vietnam, they would not yet agree on what ought to be done. What is far more likely is a gradual but continuing and significant response in the dominant center to the new pressures from the far-out wings. That is the way political change has usually come about in America, and both the election of Richard Nixon and his first year in office suggest that nothing more drastic is in store today.

Mr. Nixon can hardly be expected to give things a stronger lead. Not only does he believe, as he told Theodore H. White last year, that "this country could run itself domestically without a President; all you need is a competent Cabinet to run the country at home. You need a President for foreign policy." But even if he did try to take a stronger leadership line in domestic affairs, it would inevitably run counter to the basic revulsionist notion—on the left as well as the right—that the Presidency is already too powerful, too nearly out of control. On the other hand, the revenue-sharing plan is about as far as any President is likely, any time soon, to go in diffusing his own powers.

Nor can the political parties make much of revulsionist politics, except negatively. The George Wallace brand of revulsionism, embodied in his American Independent Party, in fact only weakens by dividing the forgotten-man revulsionism of the Nixon Republican Party. And since the pivotal figure in the Democratic Party, Edward Kennedy, is for the moment eliminated from national competition the chances are strong that left-wing revulsionism will also be splintered. It is at least an even bet, in fact, that in 1972, there will be a regular Democratic candidate—it could well be Hubert Humphrey again—and a fourth-party candidate representing the old 1968 McCarthy-Robert Kennedy faction of the party. All of which would guarantee nothing but Mr. Nixon's reelection.

The best that can be hoped for, oddly enough, may come in Congress. There, the disillusionments of Vietnam already have combined into a concerted resistance to the Pentagon—at least in the Senate—as was demonstrated in the extraordinary closeness of the anti-ballistic missile defense system vote and in the continuing guerrilla warfare against such military items as the C-5A, nuclear carriers, chemical warfare and our mysterious involvement in Laos. Almost as a by-product, Congress seems to have got the bit in its teeth on such purely executive and bureaucratic concerns—as they seemed only yesterday—as tax reform and foreign policy. And one of the landmarks of revulsionist politics so far is the so-called "commitments resolution"—a remarkable Senate document that attempted to establish the doctrine that a President could not make a "national commitment" to another nation or group of nations without prior approval of Congress. This was a direct and astonishing assault on the citadel of the Presidency.

There may be real hope that in the left-right reaction against powerful centralized Government, the liberal establishment and the activist Presidency fostered by both, the major development will be a newly vital and active Congress, actually fulfilling its historic mission as both check on and balance against the Executive branch. If that kind of Congress actually functions in coming years, Americans need scarcely fear either the Presidency or the vast Federal bureaucracy spawned by the liberal establishment in the post-Depression, post-War years. It may be, therefore, that the politics of revulsion will have its greatest effect in this kind of institutional development, rather than in new parties and new programs—that, as in the past, a little evolution is still the most to be hoped for from the American system.

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ZINSMEISTER

(continued from page 180)

coldest. Sullenly, we lugged our trays through the murky gloom of the chow line. Two 40-watt yellow bulbs lit the entire dim bat cave of the mess hall.

"No wonder they don't put no lights in this joint. If you really could see this manure they feed us, you'd heave for a week." Elkins had given the same speech every morning since he had come into the company months before. He banged his tray with his spoon, to give it a little musical accompaniment. The K.P. behind the counter, ladling out burned oatmeal, had a large wet splat of it expertly on Elkins' fatigue jacket.

"Hold yer tray still, you horse's ass. Yer lucky I didn't hit you in the yap."

Elkins said nothing, moving on to the next K.P., who was flinging out watery prunes with abandon.

"I take it, Elkins, that you do not appreciate this splendid porridge, prepared from the succulent seed of the noble and ancient oat plant." Zinsmeister was always at his best in the mess hall.

"Cow flop!" said Elkins a little too loudly.

Banjewski, the mess sergeant, was always on the alert for signs of discontent among his clientele. He dealt with their complaints individually when the indiscreet customer, as he invariably did, eventually drew K.P. The louder the bitch, the crappier the job. "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." The mess sergeant was a religious man and believed in justice. Fortunately for Elkins, he was absent this morning.

I carried my tray toward the rough wooden tables, unaware that this was to be anything but another routine day in the salt mines. We sat huddled together—Gasser, Edwards, Zinsmeister, Goldberg, Elkins and I—shoveling in the oatmeal.

"I must compliment Banjo Butt on his Lucullan bill of fare this morning," said Zinsmeister to nobody in particular.

None of us answered. It was too early in the morning. I gulped some of the strong black coffee that was the best thing our mess hall ever served and washed down a prune pit by mistake. I heard it rattling down through my rib cage.

"Yes, indeed, Banjo Butt has the state of our lower colon always in mind." Zinsmeister was in high gear now. "You will note, men, that oatmeal is a specific curative for loose bowels, while the humble prune is highly effective in dealing with constipation. Thus, Banjo Butt has this morning created the perfect panacea for those suffering from stomach distress."

"Road apples!" muttered Gasser as he surred a handful of prunes into his stirred oatmeal, making a murky stew, as he did every morning.

"AT EASE, YOU GUYS." Kowalski, our first sergeant, stood near the door of the mess hall. He was rarely seen this early in the morning and *never* in the mess hall. "I SAID AT EASE, GODDAMN IT, AND WHEN I SAY AT EASE, I MEAN IT!"

The hubbub died down to a tomblike silence. Kowalski haranguing us at breakfast was a new twist and we were instinctively on guard. His green Air Corps sunglasses glinted as the massive display of stripes on his sleeve flashed authoritatively.

"Lieutenant Cherry has instructed me to tell you guys that the first platoon an' the third platoon, as of twelve-hunnert tomorra afternoon, right after inspection, will be issued a weekend pass good to eighteen-hunnert Sunday night, for a fifty mile radius of the camp. Any guys what gets gigged between now an' then, just forget it. The rest of the company will be confined to the area as usual, an' will be given passes next week."

He turned and was gone. For a few seconds, we sat stunned at this totally unexpected turn of events. There had been not the slightest hint of a rumor about passes. A giant wave of sound roared through the mess hall. A K.P., his mouth hanging slack in disbelief, absentmindedly poured a stream of scalding coffee on Gasser's tray.

Edwards, sitting opposite me, had gone ashen. "I told you. It's Burma! They always give you a pass before you get shipped out. Oh, my God!" His palsied hand shook badly as he clutched at his coffee cup.

"Well, I'll be a son of a bitch." It was the first time anyone had heard Zinsmeister use the coarse language that passed for wit among the rest of us.

Goldberg was transformed. All vestiges of his perpetual lethargy had miraculously disappeared. He sprang upward, knocking over a pitcher of slightly sour skim milk, his eyes glowing. Even his Zeppelin-like waistline seemed flatter. He struggled to get over the bench seat and fell heavily to the floor. He leaped up and headed toward the door.

"Where the hell you going, Goldberg?" Gasser called after him.

"To the barracks. I want to start pressing my uniform and everything."

Goldberg's famous sloth was matched

"Your mother and I think he's very nice, dear, but isn't he just a little bit old?"

only by his monumental sloppiness. His very being reeked of ketchup stains, pipe ashes, sweat and general crud. Goldberg had never once passed an inspection without at least five demerits. His pipe alone was a tiny, constantly fermenting, overheated little sewer, spewing out volcanic ash and noxious fumes day and night.

After breakfast, our barracks hummed with tense activity. Beds were made and remade, we swept and dusted, straightened up lockers, did all the things we were supposed to do but usually ignored. We were taking no chances.

The morning was spent, since it was raining again, listening to lectures and assembling and reassembling the M-1. At noon we were back in the mess hall. Elkins, a practiced chow hound, who was always at the head of every line, called out, "Oh, boy! Salmon loaf and pickled beets! My favorite!"

It was the first time any of us had heard Elkins say a good word about GI food, even in sarcasm, though he invariably shoveled in giant quantities of everything Banjo Butt set before us. He ate like a human vacuum cleaner, inhaling his food between bursts of profanity. Around the table, a happy little clan from the first platoon had their plans.

"I'm gonna grab the first broad I see. Even if we're in the middle of the street, I'll——"

"Hey, there, Gasser." Zinsmeister cut in. "One would think you were not the cleancut American lad that we all know you to be. You must remember that you are speaking in front of Private Edwards, who is still growing and unaware of the grosser things."

"Oh, excuse me, Edwards. I forgot you were listening." Gasser's voice dripped with sarcasm. "By the way, Edwards," he continued, "what're *you* gonna do this weekend?"

Edwards, who had been silent all morning, looked around the table solemnly and finally spoke. "I'm not gonna take my pass. A guy from Headquarters Company told me you gotta have a pass before you get shipped overseas, and if you don't take your pass, they can't ship you."

"Where the hell did you hear that?" Elkins asked.

"From a guy at battalion headquarters. A lifer."

"Really?" Elkins looked thoughtful.

"As for me," Zinsmeister began to speak slowly, after portentously clearing his throat several times to gain our attention—"I intend to get as far away from the military as possible. Let us say a splendid, airy, private room in an elegant hotel and an unassuming dinner. Perhaps a very rare *filet* with a garden salad and Roquefort dressing on the side, a modest yet endearing white wine, topped off with a cup or two of coffee and a snifter of brandy. I will then stroll about the town and absorb the rich atmosphere of the area. And then I will enjoy the companionship—platonic, of course—of a young lady."

We sat hacking away at the salmon loaf and drinking in Zinsmeister's beautiful words.

"I will then repair, at a reasonable hour, to my delightfully air-conditioned room. I shall adjust the temperature to exactly my choice and no one else's. I will play soft music, of my own choosing, on the radio. After a long, soaking bath during which time I will read a few chapters of a good novel. I will crawl between the snowy sheets. There will be two of them, one below me and one above, in sharp contrast to our surroundings here in Company K. And then I will drift off into dreamland, the only place where we are all equal—generals, Pfcs, Presidents and kings."

He paused, his eyes half closed, and sipped from his gross GI cup before continuing. Gasser listened with a strange smile. Goldberg solemnly chewed his beets, with the look of a man listening to a major religious statement; and Edwards looked even more worried than usual.

"Yes, men, while others pursue the more obvious pleasures of the flesh over the weekend, I shall at long last enjoy the luxurious rest, the untroubled sleep of a civilian. And gradually, I will awaken, as the Sunday-morning light filters through the drawn blinds. I will then stretch, turn over and go back to sleep for another hour or maybe three. And then, for the first time in many, many months, I shall arise at a civilized hour, let us say one P.M. I will pick up the phone and call room service. I will instruct them to bring me a plate of lightly basted fried eggs. The yolk will be exactly right, not too soft and yet pleasantly liquid. It will not be broken. A half dozen strips of crisp bacon, some toast and marmalade, a beaker of coffee and I shall be ready for the day. I intend to spend the day, in case you're interested, enjoying the sights of the town and engaging in pleasant conversation and, for once, doing whatever comes into my head, with no plan or direction. And certainly no orders."

He settled back contentedly, his face in repose. It was the longest discourse that anyone in Company K had ever heard or delivered—certainly the longest without a single four-letter word.

"You know, Zinsmeister, that was beautiful, just beautiful." Gasser wiped away an imaginary tear and sniffed loudly with emotion. Zinsmeister, our resident intellectual who had attended college and was known to read full-length books that contained no pictures, had said it for all of us.

"Don't stop," I urged. Zinsmeister had got me where I lived, and I wanted more of it. He smiled benignly, as he chewed on a stalk of limp celery.

"Very well. Perhaps I may also attend a concert. They're always nice on a Sunday afternoon. Or I may enjoy a film. But there is one thing I *know* I am going to do." He paused, inviting questions.

Gasser obliged him. "Well? For Christ's sake, what?"

"I'm glad you asked that, Gasser. I intend, above all else, to avoid the sight of GI uniforms. Naturally, I shall be wearing

"Hey, boss, you know the ad we ran for a 'hard-hitting, take-charge, aggressive' sales manager . . . ?"

my own but that cannot be helped. For what seems like ten years now, we have been surrounded by a minimum of a hundred thousand GIs, marching in platoons, in company formations, in battalions, even in divisions. I have seen enough soldiers for a while—present company excepted, of course."

"Zinsmeister, are you looking for a buddy on your weekend?" I asked.

"I would be honored if you would care to join me at the revels."

That night, we slept the sleep that only men who are getting out of camp the next day for the first time since they were drafted can sleep.

Before dawn, like a swarm of demented ants, we crawled for the third time over every inch of the barracks on hands and knees, rubbing and polishing things that were never meant to be rubbed and polished. Even Goldberg toiled over his bunk and footlocker with the care and concentration of a man who is going for the one big chance. His wife, Marsha, was meeting him in town. He was the only one in the company known to be married, which kind of set him apart from the rest of us.

"Goldberg," said Gasser, "if you get this barracks gigged, I personally will make cole slaw out of you!"

Thanks to his natural shiftiness, Gasser never got gigged. Goldberg didn't answer but continued to arrange his rolled up socks and underwear in the top tray of his footlocker with manic intensity. Goldberg didn't use the system of footlocker flimflam that most of us did. Like everything else in the Army, there was a precise way to arrange every item of equipment in the footlocker. The field manual had diagrams that showed to the fraction of an inch how the tray should be laid out.

Company K still bore the scars of one totally idiotic inspection, where the executive officer, one Lieutenant Wheeler B. Snively, a hatchet-faced zealot with bad skin, who had gone on to get his own company as a result of his skill at harassment, had measured the distance between every rolled sock, toothbrush and comb in every footlocker one black Saturday morning. While the company stood at stiff attention, the gigs piled up to astronomical totals. Sergeant Kowalski followed behind him, keeping score on his clipboard, gopher eyes gleaming in pleasure from behind his green sunglasses.

After completing his meticulous labors, Snively walked to the door of the barracks, turned and, in a soft voice, said simply, "Of course, you realize that takes care of any leaves or passes for the next month at least."

We never forgot it. Since that time, most of us had bought a second set of underwear, socks and so forth, and glued them carefully in position on the top tray of our footlockers, never to be used except for display purposes. The other set was kept in our barracks bags and used the way God intended.

Goldberg was now measuring his tightly rolled underwear with micrometer precision. Propped up beside him was a field manual. Zinsmeister carefully brushed an o.d. blouse. For the third time, I made my bed, stretching the blanket as taut as a trampoline.

By noon Company K was ready—as ready as it would ever be. We milled stiffly around in the barracks, afraid to sit because of the creases, which were razor sharp, afraid to smoke because of the stray ash and rapidly going into a state known to medical circles as pre-inspection shock. This is characterized by an ashen color, marked melancholia and extreme paranoia, in which the victim is convinced that unseen forces are about to attack him. The sequence of events that followed is recorded forever on the clipboard of my memory.

12:05: Door at far end of barracks slams open against foot of bunk. Kowalski, wearing dress uniform, shouts. "ATTEN-HUT!" Instantly, barracks galvanized. Lieutenant Cherry follows Kowalski inside. Carries pair of white gloves in left hand. Ominous sign. I stand at attention, eyes front, gut pushing against backbone.

12:08: Insane itch beginning between shoulder blades. Haven't itched for a month. Why now? Kowalski and Lieutenant Cherry at far end of barracks.

12:09: Barracks so quiet can hear my own heart beating. Am I having heart attack? They are getting closer. Lieutenant Cherry says nothing. Looks mean.

12:13: Kowalski, pencil ready, holds clipboard high, eager to gig. Goldberg stands rigid directly opposite me. Nose sweat dripping off his nose. Seems to have stopped breathing. Possibly dead?

12:15: Gasser to left of Goldberg keeps swallowing, causing tie to move up and down. Terrible itch starting on my left kneecap. Feels like something crawling up my leg inside pants.

12:18: Desire to scratch irresistible. What is crawling up legs? Do I have crabs?

12:19: C.O. stops before Goldberg. Kowalski licks pencil. Lieutenant silent. Stares at Goldberg's shoes. Works up to Goldberg's belt buckle. First time ever shined. Lieutenant examines each button on Goldberg's shirt. Goldberg turning green.

12:23: Lieutenant carefully examines Goldberg's chins. Goldberg shaved three times this A.M. Still bleeding.

12:28: Kowalski disappointed. Also astounded. Goldberg not gigged. My turn. Lieutenant smiles slightly. Very dangerous sign. Can he see crabs? Entire body itching. Bottoms of feet burning. Am feeling faint.

12:32: Lieutenant and Kowalski move on. I have escaped!

12:36: Lieutenant standing on footlocker, checking top of window frame with white gloves. Nothing.

12:37: Kowalski looks in butt can. Frowns. Nothing.

12:41: Lieutenant abruptly opens door, stalks out. Kowalski stands in doorway, pauses, says tonelessly, "At ease. Pick up yer passes at the orderly room after chow." Leaves.

12:42: Goldberg falls sideways onto floor. Barracks in uproar. We've made it!

"Quick, get some water!" Gasser bent over the crumpled form lying on the floor next to Goldberg's bed. Goldberg's mouth was working like a bullhead out of water, in short gurgling gasps.

"I . . . made it! . . . No gigs . . . even my belt. . . . Oh, God!"

Gasser, with large dramatic sweeping motions, fanned him with a GI towel. Edwards and Elkins led the rest of the barracks in a brief cheer for Goldberg's miraculous deliverance. Our company slob had come through.

Half an hour after chow, Zinsmeister and I, passes tucked carefully in our wallets, Dopp-Kits clutched in hand, spirits soaring beyond all known heights, headed for the number-two PX, where the bus left for town. It was a good, long walk, since the number-two PX was in a foreign part of the camp, far removed from Company K's ghetto. We passed row on row of white barracks with strange battalion designs. Mile after mile we trudged, amid a growing throng of migrating, snappily uniformed GIs. We passed an elegant row of officers' barracks, resembling closely a middle-class retirement community somewhere down in Florida. Compared with our barracks—stark, grim and functional—these buildings glowed with a dignified, opulent splendor.

"I hear they have individual stalls in the latrine," I said confidentially.

"Really?" Zinsmeister looked toward the B.O.Q. with respect.

"With doors that close."

"Where'd you hear that?"

"I dunno. I just heard it around."

We continued past an enormous post theater, rounded a corner and got our first setback of the day.

"Holy Christ!" I gasped. Zinsmeister said nothing, just took a deep breath and straightened his tie.

A closely packed line three abreast wound itself several times around the number-two PX and continued down the gravel road, disappearing behind a chapel. It did not appear to be moving. Even as we watched, a couple hundred more GIs converged on the line. A sign in the orange-and-white colors of the Signal Corps read,

BUS TO TOWN DEPARTS EVERY 30 MINUTES FROM THIS POINT. FORM ORDERLY LINE.
PROVOST MARSHAL

We fell in with the rest of the waiting horde, so far back in the line that the

PX had disappeared from view. The camp had one bus stop and this was it. There was one town that the bus went to. There were other towns within the 50-mile radius, of course, but to get to them, you had to go to this one first.

It was now 1.45. By four P.M., we had progressed to within M1 range of the chapel. By six, we had sighted the PX itself. Night had almost fallen and the barracks around us were beginning to show squares of yellow light. Zinsmeister, who had been uncharacteristically silent for the last couple of hours, shifted from foot to foot as we waited. Fifty feet ahead in the line, Goldberg looked as drawn and anxious as a fat man can. Gasser, Elkins and Dye, some 15 yards behind us, were a tiny knot of sardonic gaiety. It was close to 8.30 when Zinsmeister and I finally climbed stiffly up the steps of the rusty rattletrap and began the dark journey through the Ozarkian wilderness toward the promised land.

Once inside the bus, our spirits zoomed. After all, an eight hour wait is a small enough price to pay for consummate bliss and escape from everything the Army stood for. In the darkened bus, the weekend had already well begun. The heavy pungence of contraband whiskey scented the close air.

Zinsmeister muttered quietly to me, "When we get to town, we'll get as far away from all this stuff as we can."

When we had arrived at the camp three months before, late one grim wintry night, we had seen a few street lights in town from the muddy troop-train windows and that was all. Now, outside the bus window, a few gas stations showed up, a few dark houses and a street light or two. The bus rattled on and then, suddenly, we were there.

'AWRIGHT YOU GUYS. LET'S MOVE OUT. I AIN'T GOT NO TIME TO WASTE." The bus driver slammed open the door and the unruly mob charged out into the street. We were free! We were back in real life.

For a few moments, the bright lights, the noise, the movement stunned us. Like pale fish from an underground river, we blinked confusedly in the unaccustomed brightness. For months, our ears had heard only the sound of distant bugles and rumbling half tracks. We were thrown off balance by the roar of Saturday night in town. We stood before the bus station, looking up the main drag. Neon signs—red, yellow, blue and green—crawled like some mad electronic fungus up and down the walls of the low, sullen buildings that hemmed in the main stem. The sidewalks were jammed from curb to doorway with a moiling, wild-eyed throng of GIs on pass. They eddied to and fro like a pack of anxious mongrels sniffing for scraps. A pair of MPs, their white helmets glowing scarlet from reflected neon, strode along in front of the dilapidated bus station.

C'mon, move on, you guys. Keep movin'."

The shorter of the two, a buck sergeant, flicked his billy at Zinsmeister's ribs. His partner, glancing at the patch on my arm, said, "Let me see yer pass, sol'jer."

We weren't in town five minutes and already we were on the ropes. We dug out our passes and waited obsequiously while the sergeant pored over them in the glare of the neon sign behind us that read EAT. I noticed that his lips moved as he read.

"Look, Al," he said scornfully to his partner. "These guys are from one a' them fuckin' radar companies."

Al snorted loudly. "Goddamn fairies."

Zinsmeister shifted slightly. He had been a Big Ten swimming champion before Company K glommed onto him. The sergeant tapped me on the chest with his billy.

"Look, buster, when yer in this town yer gonna act like real sol'jers. We don't want no trouble from you." He tapped harder, rattling my dog tags against my chest. 'You play ball with us an' we'll play ball with you. Y' unnerstand?"

Yes, sergeant." I understood all too well.

Now get movin'."

We turned to leave.

"I said, MOVE!"

He swatted Zinsmeister on the rump with his club. Zinsmeister grunted in surprise.

"What was that, sol'jer?"

It was Al this time, his MP arm band bright and sharp under the lights from the street.

Nothing, sir. I mean corporal," said Zinsmeister flatly. For a long instant, Al

"This should make an amusing footnote for my biographers!"

looked into Zinsmeister's eyes, waiting for a false move.

"You heard what the sergeant said. MOVE!"

We did, as though on eggs. The weekend was truly under way.

Ahead of us, three soldiers linked arm in arm wove from side to side, yelling discordantly a song about the sexual prowess and total availability of somebody named Gertie. It had a rather catchy tune and it was a new one to me. I always liked good music. Flexing their billy clubs, the MPs moved in for the kill.

In the gloom above the storefronts, pale faces looked out on the stream of revelers. We had proceeded several yards into the throng when Zinsmeister pulled me into a doorway.

"Let's look for a place to stay before it gets too late."

A tech sergeant, wearing the patches of the Army Ground Forces and an infamous armored division on his torn shirt, crawled past our doorway, whistling softly to himself. We watched him struggle by, shoelaces trailing in the dust.

"We gotta ask somebody," I said, too wimpy for anything better to say.

Zinsmeister thought that over. "I guess you're right. There must be a couple of good hotels in town."

We plunged back into the uproar, edging a mob of enlisted men who were cheering on a fistfight between two hulking WACs, who swore steadily as they flailed away at each other.

As far as the eye could see on either side of the street there were nothing but bars and Army supply stores selling Purple Hearts, good-conduct ribbons and flyspecked suntan uniforms. We paused under a gigantic green-and-orange flickering pineapple wreathed with the words HOWIE'S HAWAIIAN BAMBOO JUNGLE INN. The sound of twanging guitars and raucous merriment rolled out of the portals, which were encrusted with plastic bamboo leaves and orchids.

"Hey, Zins, this looks like a great place! Let's go!"

Zinsmeister hesitated for a moment, as he peered upward at the buzzing pineapple. The guitars rose in volume a high pitched feminine laugh rode the crest of the wave. Without another word, the two of us headed into the most notorious clip joint this side of the Place Pigalle.

"Well, you just come right in, boys, and join the fun. I'm Howie."

A short, beetle-browed citizen dressed in a threadbare tuxedo herded us into the heady darkness of the Jungle Inn. At the time we didn't realize it but we were on historic ground. Thousands of GIs before us and countless who came after were to be plucked as clean as Christmas turkeys, with an astounding adroitness that was later to become legend. Wherever Signal Corps men were to meet in the years after, the Hawaiian Jungle Inn provided the subject for countless stories of vice and chicanery. Each booth bore the carved mementos of nameless multitudes of victims who had fluttered like doomed moths into the bright flame of Howie's bamboo trap.

The beams from orange, yellow and amber spotlights revolved constantly on the walls and ceiling, creating a peculiar hypnotic effect as the smoke and the din rose in waves to the fake-thatched ceiling. The booths, encased with thick bamboo and rustling vines, partially concealed the debauchees from public view. Waitresses dripping sweat hurled themselves through the rosy darkness carrying trays high above their heads. They wore Hawaiian grass skirts below rubbery waists, on the tip of each pendulous breast, over a strip of jungle-colored tulle, was a gaudy paper poinsettia and in their piled hair was the crowning touch—a teetering still life of artificial bananas and grapes. At the far end of the cave, four musicians squatted on bamboo stools, playing Hawaiian guitars, their flowered shirts soaking with sweat as they struggled in vain to be heard above the tumult. They looked Italian to me but I suppose on a Saturday night in rural Missouri, it's any Hawaiian in a storm.

We were shoved into a booth that was already occupied by three other GIs.

"You fellas won't mind movin' over and makin' room for a couple of thirsty dogfaces, will ya?"

Howie really believed he spoke the language of the GI. For a moment, I couldn't see a thing, the booth was so dark. But I began to pick out details after my eyes had got used to the gloom. A corporal, his head lying peacefully on the table, slept soundly in a puddle of beer. His two friends, a Pfc and another corporal, argued over the check.

"Hiya, boys. What'll it be?"

We looked up into the moon face of our waitress, her brass-colored hair thick with lacquer and gleaming like wire, her lips a gaudy moist scarlet, her drooping eyes rimmed with streaky eye shadow. For a fleeting instant, I thought, I'd remind Zinsmeister of his modest yen for dear white wine, but I figured it was still a little early in the evening for bitterness.

"How's about a specialty der la mayzon?"

The corporal, asleep in the beer, had begun to snore insistently, blowing up a light froth of foam. His friends continued to check and double-check the figures on the bill, using a stubby pencil.

"Is that a French drink?" I asked the waitress. I heard Zinsmeister snort in the darkness.

"Honey, we call it Howie's Aloha Hoki-Loki Jungle Juice Blaster."

"What's in it?"

"Don't ask questions. Take it from me, it works. We only allow two to a customer." She leered at us meaningfully.

"Let us throw caution to the winds," said Zinsmeister nonchalantly. "Bring us two, my good woman."

"Y' won't regret it, boys."

The waitress scurried off, her grass skirt rustling loudly. For a moment, we sat together, saying nothing, watching the corporal slowly drowning in his beer. Finally, Zinsmeister spoke to the Pfc., who seemed to be almost sober.

"Excuse me, but are there any good hotels in town?"

The Pfc looked blankly at Zinsmeister for a moment, his cap on the back of his head. Then, belligerently: "What'd you say, Jack?"

"I said, are there any good hotels in town?"

Zinsmeister spoke slowly, in a loud voice, as though to a deaf person. The Pfc's eyes narrowed as he half rose from his seat and leaned toward Zinsmeister, breathing heavily in his face.

"You putzin' me on, fuckhead?"

Zinsmeister said nothing. He just sat and peered at the Pfc.'s nose, which was inches away from his. As the Hawaiian guitars swung into *Sweet Leilani*, Zinsmeister and the Pfc. remained nose to nose for what seemed minutes.

Finally, Zinsmeister said in a low, even voice, "Mack, are you looking to get your ass busted?"

There was something in Zinsmeister's voice that told the Pfc. he had pushed it far enough. He sat down heavily, kicking the corporal, who drowsily began to snore. The other corporal heaved himself to his feet.

"Let's clear out of this joint."

They both grabbed their beer-soaked buddy by the arms and dragged him from the booth.

"Here they are, boys. Two ice-cold Aloha Blasters."

The waitress, with a practiced hand, lowered a tray to our table. Two colossal creations lit up the surrounding darkness. The drinks, which came in painted wooden pineapples, were fully a foot tall. Sliced oranges, lemons and grapefruit protruded from the top, and a mound of crushed ice. A huge purple swizzle stick with a plastic bird of paradise stuck out at a jaunty angle, and two three-inch Japanese paper umbrellas topped it all off.

"Drink 'em slow, boys. They're mean," the waitress advised, and left us alone with our joy.

One of the Italian Hawaiians was moaning into a microphone festooned with artificial orchids. The ringing feedback blended discordantly with the twanging guitars. I sipped my Aloha Blaster through its red, white and blue straw. For a split second, I was conscious only of an icy fluid in my mouth. I sloshed it around over and under my tongue,

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savoring its coolness. It had been a long, hard night, and I was dry. I sipped another mouthful and then became conscious of a spreading furriness. My tongue and gums seemed to have become encased in some kind of fuzzy felt. Tentatively, I sipped another drag through the straw. Again, the liquid was tasteless, cold and paralyzing.

"Zinsmeister . . ." I said with difficulty, since my tongue seemed to have swollen to the size of a small salami. He sat hunched over his drink. I noticed that his eyes were watering.

"Yeah?" he answered finally.

I continued: "Do you have any idea what Novocain tastes like?"

He laughed a weak, hollow laugh. "Not until now."

We sucked at our straws. I looked down into the icy concoction, my eyes focusing on a bobbing lemon rind. The Japanese umbrellas scratched my forehead as I doggedly drank on, feeling the numbness move down to my larynx and then slowly into the thorax.

"Well, boys, ready for another?" The waitress was back, peering sardonically down at her two victims. Since my ears were ringing slightly, I let Zinsmeister answer for both of us.

"Uh . . . no. I believe that'll be all."

"OK. You're the doctor." She smiled broadly and slapped down a piece of paper. "Here's the check, boys."

I leaned forward. So did Zinsmeister. Magically, in a single stroke, we were both stone-cold sober. *Eighteen dollars!*

"Excuse me, but there must be some mistake. You gave us somebody else's check." Zinsmeister smiled politely.

"Oh? I'm sorry, boys," said the waitress cheerfully, scooping up the check and peering at it under a revolving Oriental lantern.

"Sure enough. You're right."

She erased and rewrote the check. Zinsmeister smiled with satisfaction, nudging me in the ribs and whispering into my left ear:

"You've really got to watch them in places like this."

"Here you are, boys." Again she slipped down the check.

"I forgot to add the service charge. Thanks for tellin' me about it."

Together, we peered bleakly at the bill. Now it was *21* smackers.

"Uh . . . how do you figure that?" I asked weakly.

"Well, let's see," she said briskly. "Two Aloha Blasters—eight dollars. Five-dollar cover each and, of course, the service charge. Which, naturally, includes the gratuity."

We were dead and we knew it.

Company K had been paid the week before. After laundry, the company fund, the cleaners, GI insurance, a War Bond payment, a statement of charges for two platters and a cup I had broken on K.P., my total pay for three months of slavery had come to $51.73. Zinsmeister, because he was a Pfc., got four dollars more. In one chomping bite Howie and his Aloha Blasters had grabbed about three weeks' pay. Silently, we extracted ten dollars apiece from our wallets. We counted out our change to make up the extra buck.

"Thanks, boys. It's been a pleasure to have ya. We make a special thing of GIs here at the Bamboo Inn. You just come around any time."

As we struggled out of the booth, three new fresh-faced privates were being escorted to our place by Howie. No wonder he became known to generations of Signal Corps men as The Grim Reaper.

Back on the street, our education now well under way, two older and warier GIs fell in with the by-now roaring mob. During the half hour we had spent in Howie's Hawaiian Bamboo Inn, more busloads had arrived, not only from our camp but from others for miles around. Medics, infantrymen and engineers mingled in one vast river of uniforms.

"Hey, Zinsmeister, look! A girl!" I grabbed his elbow excitedly.

Ahead, a girl, wasp-waisted and broad-beamed, wearing high-spiked shoes, her hair sending off rays of platinum light from the reflected neon, sashayed down the sidewalk. Hundreds of GIs followed her every movement with their eyes, as she undulated along the concrete. It was the first actual girl we had seen in over three months—barring, of course, the fruit-topped waitresses at Howie's, the bull-dyke WACs we'd seen slugging it out down the block and the two sexless crones who worked in the PX.

"Wouldn't you know it?" said Zinsmeister with resignation.

Then I saw what he meant. Beside her, casually holding her arm, was a razor-creased lieutenant, his golden bars gleaming arrogantly. The only known girl in town had been grabbed off by an officer. Naturally. His elegant tailored uniform contrasted sharply with our sacklike Government Issue shirts and blouses, our clumpy GI shoes, our rope-like ties, our tinny brass.

Ahead, next to the Victory Bar, a sign swung in the shadow of a neon American flag emblazoned with a huge red V and the word BOOZE. The Victory Bar

"It's been pretty hectic—pompon girl to sorority pledge to political activist to dropout all in one semester."

was at least honest about what it sold.

"There's the U. S. O. Let's ask 'em where we can stay." Zinsmeister drove hard through the crowd.

The U. S. O., an ex-poolroom, was packed from wall to wall with sullen yardbirds. The faint aroma of pool chalk and old spittoons still lingered on. Behind a counter, two elderly ladies served coffee from an urn and handed out leaden doughnuts. A bulletin board on the wall was plastered with announcements of the gala events available to GIs:

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING. FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. ALL INVITED.

COMMUNITY SING. THE LADIES' VOLUNTEER AID SOCIETY SPONSORING. GUEST SPEAKER: REVEREND W. D. BLANBLOSSOM.

"Excuse me, lady, but what's the best hotel in town?" Zinsmeister spoke up respectfully over the din.

"Tuna salad's all we've got, sonny." A short lady with blue hair, she flashed her store teeth brightly, eyes twinkling behind her bifocals. She shoved a plate of sandwiches toward us as the mob surged around the coffee urn.

"No, thank you, ma'am. I'd like to know where we can rent a bed."

The sound level went up ten decibels as a redheaded staff sergeant gave a hotfoot to a fat Pfc. who was trying to write a letter.

"What's that, sonny? You say you want to go to bed? Emily, call Joe from the back. Here's another one of them bad ones."

The second lady, her teeth clattering rhythmically, piped up.

"Flora's old enough to be your mother! Aren't you ashamed?" Zinsmeister faded into the crowd. I followed. Now what the hell would we do?

"We gotta get a place to stay," I said with a note of desperation.

"OK, you try it. But watch out for Flora."

I struggled back to the counter.

"Is there a hotel in town?" I shouted at Emily.

"Sure, sonny. Try the Château Elegante Arms." From beneath the counter, she whipped out a purple-and-red postcard picturing the hotel lobby.

"Sure looks like a nice place. Thanks very much."

"Don't mention it," she said with what can only be described as a sinister smile.

Five minutes later, after we had battled our way several blocks along Main Street past two shooting galleries, a tattoo parlor, three bowling alleys, 87 bars and a used-car lot, we stood in the lobby of the Château Elegante Arms. Right away, it was obvious that the picture on the postcard had been taken on the occasion of Diamond Jim Brady's visit when he and Lillian Russell stopped off on their way to the opening of the West. A half-dozen potted palms, strategically placed to conceal the holes in the carpet, cast a somber gloom over the cracked tile floor. The ghosts of countless traveling drummers drifted through the murky haze beneath the tarnished brass Gothic chandelier that hung from the fly-spotted ceiling. It was crowded with soldiers coming and going, and men in shiny black suits carrying cardboard suitcases. Zinsmeister whispered to me as we waited in line at the registration desk behind a pale Episcopal minister and two red-faced GIs.

"It looks like we'll be lucky to get a place here. I'd better handle it."

"An' naow, whut kin ah do fer yew boys?" The clerk, a jug-eared specimen in a stained vest and wearing a huge yellow elk's tooth, shuffled papers and talked without looking at us.

"My good man, we would like an airy room with a western exposure. Double beds and a bath with shower."

The old Zinsmeister was back in the saddle, his fastidious delivery commanding instant respect. The clerk hesitated, one eye quickly taking in the two of us.

"Well, naow, it sure is a pleasure to talk to men who know whut they want in a good hotel."

He cleared his throat juicily, hawked twice and shoved a registration card toward us. His voice lowered to a conspiratorial tone.

"Ah kin tell yew boys ain't the ordinary run a' GI. Ah got a son in the Army maiself. Yer in luck. It so happens ah *do* have a double left. Been savin' it fer a colonel who just called in cancelin' his reservation."

Zinsmeister nudged me while the clerk hunted for a pen. We'd hit the jack pot.

"That'll be seven bucks apiece. In advance. Ah'm givin' yew the Armed Forces discount." We both coughed up seven dollars.

"I believe, sir, we'll go out and have a bite to eat and perhaps take in a show before we turn in for a good night's rest." Zinsmeister pocketed the key. Now we had a place to sleep. Things were looking up.

"By the way, sir, would you recommend a good restaurant?"

"Well, naow, whut're yew hankerin' fer in the way a' eats?" The clerk, his heavy jowls oscillating as he spoke, was obviously a man who knew eats. Zinsmeister gazed rapturously at the brass chandelier, his face lit with an inner light.

"I see a succulent porterhouse sizzling on a pewter plate. Perhaps an inch and a half thick. Charred properly—rare. With just the suggestion of garlic." He paused thoughtfully, then added, "Ah, yes. And *petits pois* with bay leaf. Do you have a suggestion, sir?"

The clerk shifted his cud of tobacco and squinted at Zinsmeister.

"Well, naow, ah would recommend the Blue Moon Diner. Down at the end a the street. Next to the feed store."

"The Blue Moon *Diner*?" Zinsmeister's voice rose dubiously.

"Yep. Yew damn betcha! Best hash house in town. Yew tell 'em ol' Luke sent cha."

Since the line was getting long behind us, he indicated that the interview was over. Without a word, Zinsmeister plunged across the lobby toward the street. He seemed almost frenzied. We struggled through the mob, past a long line of silent soldiers who stood patiently before a darkened doorway, Zinsmeister moving like a halfback, picking up speed as he went. I struggled to keep up with him. After months of Company K mess hall chow, at last, by God at last, no matter what the cost, we would have

one real and true *meal*, and then they could do what they wanted with us—feed us into the cannon.

Face flushed, perspiring heavily, Zinsmeister muttered to himself as he ran, "No, I think I'll make it a *filet mignon*. Yes, yes, a *filet*! Center cut!"

Above us, the neon lights unreeled dizzily. BIG ED'S BAR, JESUS SAVES, BEER, ACE ARMY-NAVY STORE—blue, red, green, yellow, in a kaleidoscopic blur. MPs, GIs, hound-dogs spun past us as we galloped toward our rendezvous with ecstasy.

We skidded to a stop. The warning glint of brass twinkled in the night air. It was the clean-cut lieutenant in his natty pinks, with the only actual girl we had seen in town still on his arm. Instinctively, in snappy unison, we both saluted. We were taking no chances. The lieutenant threw a casual highball with the studied insolence of the true aristocrat. The girl, her baby-blue eyes sending out waves of worship at her hero, noticed us for the first time.

"You men enjoying yourselves?" he asked, with a faint smile playing over his chiseled features.

"Yessir!" we barked.

"That's good. I'm always pleased to see the men enjoy themselves in their own way."

The girl's blue eyes scanned us both coldly, as one would scrutinize a particularly noxious breed of reptile.

"Thank you, sir!"

"Straighten that tie, soldier." The steel came into his eyes.

"Yes, *sir*!"

We both straightened our ties. The girl's cornflower blue eyes grew colder by the second. We weren't reptiles anymore; we had turned into insects.

"Proceed, men. And try to stay out of trouble." This last was delivered with the inflection of one instructing a two-year-old that it's time for potty.

"Good night, sir! And thank you, sir!" we belted out in perfect synchronization. The lieutenant and Blue Eyes strolled on.

As they receded, I heard him say, "You've got to watch them every minute. They're like children, you know."

The musical lilt of laughter from the Ozark's finest flower was the last we heard from them.

A few steps farther and we were there. A crescent of flickering blue neon lit up the cracked sidewalk before us. A red neon arrow jerked up and down, up and down, pointing at a bull's-eye outlining the magic words. EAT! EAT! EAT! The heavy thud of a jukebox pouring out of the pitted stainless-steel sides of the Blue Moon Diner jarred the fillings in my teeth. Zinsmeister stood quietly, gazing up at the blue-neon moon as hunger pangs gnawed deep into my being. We hadn't eaten since noon. Then, taking a deep breath, Zinsmeister pushed in through the swinging doors.

A powerful swamp gas of wet cardboard, French fries, fermenting dishrags, busy urinals and sputtering grease washed over us like lukewarm bath water. A row of burly forms, some in uniform, others wearing the jackets of cross-country truckers, bent low over cupped blue crockery, shoveling steadily. The booths behind us were packed with lank-haired, slack-jawed teenagers. The jukebox, fully 14 feet tall, cascading with blue and yellow waterfalls as tiny bubbles floated forever upward through fuchsia glass tubes encrusted with trumpets, roared out an unintelligible wall of thrumming sound.

We sat on the only two empty stools at the counter. The guy behind it, his white cap fingerprinted with ketchup, shoved a menu across the counter at us.

After scanning it with a mixture of revulsion and resignation, Zinsmeister said quietly, "A cheeseburger, please."

"Y' want onions?"

"No, thank you."

"Somepin' to drink?"

"Coffee."

"How 'bout you, bub?"

"I'll have the same."

We sat numbly, listening to the jukebox. A brief scuffle broke out in one of the booths. The cook banged a length of rubber hose on the pie case.

"Shuddup, you bastards, or I'll knock a few heads!

The cheeseburgers arrived. The cook shoved two cups of coffee at us. I peeked under my bun. Nothing. I rolled it back further. Still nothing. Ah, there it was! A tiny, wizened pastille of charred material dabbed with orange cheese. Zinsmeister didn't even look at his. Silently, we ate the buns, then washed them down with coffee.

"Any dessert?" asked the cook, who was running the entire diner. I glanced at the pie case. Two cracked, petrified slabs of rubbery yellow pie and one dish of watery purple Jell-O was all they had.

"I guess not," I answered.

Zinsmeister said nothing. The cook ripped out a check from his dog-eared book and put it in front of Zinsmeister. A buck fifty for each cheeseburger, 25 cents for the coffee. We paid and headed for the door, just as another fight broke out. The rubber hose slapped down hard on the counter.

We were on the street again. An MP car screamed past, its red lights flashing, heading to some spot where the action was heating up. We stood under a street light for a couple of minutes, just looking around at nothing in particular, shifting from foot to foot, occasional puffs of poisonous exhalation from the cheeseburger drifting up from my mouth to my nostrils. The usual misty rain began to descend.

Finally, I spoke: "Listen, I got an idea."

Zinsmeister lit a cigarette and said, "Please reveal it to me."

"How 'bout taking in a movie? Something with a lot of big fat jiggling boobs."

"Not a bad idea. Not a bad idea at all." For the first time since our miserable bus ride, Zinsmeister began to perk up. "Ah, the cinema. How it moves us, uplifts us, raises our hopes. The one-and-only true escape. . ."

"Yeah, but I wanna see a *movie*!"

Zinsmeister laughed. "My boy, you are nobly upholding the splendid cultural tradition of Company K."

"What do you mean by that?" Vaguely, I sensed a needle.

"Come, let us away to the flickering land of the shadow play." The old Zinsmeister was back in charge. He hailed a passing native clad in worn Big Yank overalls, red bandanna, rubber boots and vacant look.

"Excuse me, sir."

"Huh?"

"Could you tell me the location of the movie houses here in town?"

The red-faced rustic, almost a dead ringer for Slim Summerville, only not as funny, shot a thin stream of tobacco juice at our feet.

"Ah don't cotton to sin."

"Sin?" Zinsmeister was caught off guard.

"Yup. Shameless wimmen an' unbridled lust are the damnation of the evildoer." His voice rose to a quavery fortissimo, the evangelical zeal of a veteran Bible thumper ringing clear and true. He stopped and shifted his cud to the other side of his adenoidal face, taking a deep breath to launch another broadside.

"I agree." Zinsmeister cut in. "I would like to know where the movie houses are in town, so that I can take this young soldier here, who could easily stray into the paths of unrighteousness, I wish to show him the flesh-pots to be avoided."

Thus was a new side of Zinsmeister I had not suspected. He spoke the native's language.

Well, now, that's different. He *does* have the look of one about to fall. There's only one Hollywood vice den in town: the Bijou Thee-ayter. It's around on River Street, two blocks past Main an' turn left at the fire house."

"God bless you, brother." Zinsmeister smiled piously in the yellow street light, the misty rain adding a soft-focus religiosity to his profile.

"May the Lord keep you, too. Amen, brother." The native spat expertly and clumped away.

We rounded the corner onto River Street. Zinsmeister slammed on the brakes. A long line of GIs stretched before us for a block and a half at least. At its head,

"Well, if it's not having snow at Christmas, Mr. Jensen, just what <u>do</u> you miss?"

in the distance, the marquee of the Bijou Theater glowed whitely. I squinted to make out the lettering.

"It says, *See . . .* something." I squinted harder. "*See Here . .* uh. . . ." And still harder. "*See . . . Here . . Private* something."

OH, NO!"

Zinsmeister, an avid cinema buff, bellowed in pain and outrage.

"*See Here, Private Hargrave!* Oh, Christ, no! An ARMY movie!"

He sat down on the curb, his feet amid the beer cans and cigar butts that littered the street, and buried his head in his hands, just the way John Barrymore always did in moments of distress. He rocked silently for a moment, his body racked with theatrical sobs.

"*See . . . Here . . . Private . . .* Fuckin' . . . *Hargrave!* What the hell *next?*"

Pounding his fist on the curb, he threw his head back and laughed a hollow, braying laugh.

"The Blue Moon Diner . . . the Château Elegante Arms . . . *Private Hargrave* . . . Howie's Hawaiian Jungle Inn. Christ Almighty, what have I done to deserve this?"

"AWRIGHT, BUDDY, ON YER FEET. WE DON'T WANT NO DRUNKS CLUTTERIN' UP THE STREET."

The two MPs had materialized out of the darkness. One of them kicked Zinsmeister heavily in the rump.

"Get up, you slob. Yer disgracin' the uniform."

Zinsmeister stood, a bit of dog dung clinging to his posterior. He brushed himself off, discovering that the dog dung wasn't as old as he thought.

"Straighten up, you drunken son of a bitch," the sergeant snapped, thwacking his night stick smartly across Zinsmeister's stomach. His white MP helmet glistened in the rain, his .45 Service automatic resting low on the hip.

"I'm not . . ."

SNAP TO, SOLDIER! You'll talk when I tell you to!"

Zinsmeister stood as much at attention as he could.

"And you, wipe that grin off yer map, Mack!" The sergeant, moving like a cobra, caught me totally off guard.

"HIWUNK!"

A seething bubble of nausea roared up from down around my groin. For a moment, it felt like a grapefruit was loose in my chest. My tongue shot out of my mouth; my eyeballs seemed to push up at the top of my head.

"Get out the book, Al."

The sergeant slid his long wooden billy back into the leather holder on his webbed belt.

"Awright, name, serial number and company. And if you give me horse-shit names, I'll really have you snappin' shit."

Between gasps, we told him.

The sergeant's rich vocabulary had caught the attention of a strolling couple, who paused to watch our humiliation. Out of the corner of my eye, which was just beginning to refocus, I saw that it was the sharp lieutenant and Baby Blue-eyes. The lieutenant, after accepting the salutes of the MPs, said quietly:

"These men have been causing trouble all night, sergeant. I've had my eye on them."

Yes, sir!"

The sergeant saluted again, as the couple moved on toward the head of the line at the moviehouse. Officers never wait.

We produced our passes. The sergeant laboriously pored over them, again under the dim light of the street lamp, his lips moving as he read. Al, writing with a stubby yellow pencil, took down the information in his notebook.

Yer C.O. will be notified, and the next time you guys show up here in town actin' like drunken bums, I will personally throw you in the can. Y' got it?" He stuck his face right up to Zinsmeister's nose. "I said, *Y' got it?*"

Zinsmeister said nothing.

Mister, you *talk* when I ask you a question!"

Yessir, yessir, I understand, yessir!"

Don't sir' me, soldier. My name is sergeant."

Yes, sergeant, sir, SERGEANT!"

All right. Now, move on."

We shot for the open sea. Seconds later, we cowered behind a Bull Durham billboard. Whimpering and nursing our wounds, we sat there amid the weeds and tomato cans for what seemed half the night.

Finally, Zinsmeister stood up, kicked out at an old truck tire, took a deep breath and said, "Well, there's one thing we've got sewed up, anyway."

I was busily retying my matted tie, which had somehow gotten twisted around to the back of my neck.

"We sure are lucky," he continued, "that we've got a good hotel room. We can at least get a great night's sleep, away from that crummy barracks."

Yeah." I adjusted my cap, which was beginning to drip water down my spine. "Let's go, old buddy."

Zinsmeister struggled out of the weeds and I followed. We walked a block or so in silence. Finally, Zinsmeister spoke up.

"I can hardly wait to get between a set of snowy sheets and rest my battered head on a soft, fluffy pillow. I'll drift off into a dreamless sleep, unmarred by visions of marching figures, yelling sergeants and trays of S.O.S." His voice trailed off with a sigh.

Ahead, we could see the yellow light bulbs of the Château Elegante Arms.

"You got the key?" I asked.

"Have I got the key! They could strip me of my dog tags, my honor and whatever else they wanted, but they'd never get this key!" He patted his breast pocket. "It is the key to solitude and peace."

The lobby was almost deserted now. A few dozing soldiers sprawled out under the potted palms. The blue-jowled night clerk, wearing bifocals, squinted studiously at a ragged copy of *Spicy Detective*. He looked up as we came in.

"You registered?"

Zinsmeister fished out the key and read off the room number from the beat brass tag that hung from it. "803. The clerk relaxed.

Go right on up, boys. You turn left out of the elevator. It's about halfway down the hall. You can't miss it." A truth we were soon to confirm.

The elevator was a cage made out of iron bars. As it clanked upward through the black shaft, it occurred to me that this was the only kind of elevator they would have had in Transylvania, hauling people up and down from the dungeons. It creaked to a stop. I struggled to shove the sliding door back and finally succeeded, crunching my thumb nicely. I cursed under my breath as we walked down the dim, seedy hallway, reading off the numbers on the doors as we went: 799 . . . 801 . . . 803. A faint rumble seemed to be flowing from under the door and out of the grimy transom.

"Are you sure that key says eight-oh-three?" I asked Zinsmeister as we stood before the door, carrying our Dopp-kits. He checked the key in the dim light. There was no mistake.

"Give it a try."

Zinsmeister slipped the key into the lock.

"At last," he said as he turned it, "peace and privacy."

The door swung open. A blast of sound, a flood of light roared forth. For an instant, we were both too stunned to take in what was happening.

Welcome to good old eight-oh-three, boys. Come on in. And close the goddamn door." From wall to wall, the room was packed with folding Army bunks. A dozen or more GIs lay and squatted about the room, which was filled with billowing tobacco smoke and the aromatic stench of beer suds.

"Join the club, suckers. You got took by that old babe down at the U.S.O., too!"

A weedy-looking GI wearing nothing but one sock greeted us. Zinsmeister stood framed in the doorway taking in the tableau, which included a string looped between the light fixture and the curtain rod, from which swung a couple of pairs of dripping underpants and some old socks. Two PFCs wearing quartermaster patches Indian-wrestled over the bare sink, which hung from the dingy buff-slip-gray wall.

Zinsmeister threw his head back, his

eyes flashing in the reflected light from the ceiling fixture, and laughed that long maniacal laugh, which I had come to know so well. The Pfcs stopped Indian wrestling and looked up curiously.

"Of course! It all fits! It had to be! There was no other way! The little old lady at the U.S.O.! A *shill*! It's too good to be true!" He laughed again.

"Hey, Zinsmeister," I dug him in the ribs. "You better cut it out. One of them guys might be an MP. You know what that sergeant said. We got enough trouble already."

But Zinsmeister wouldn't stop. "Seven bucks apiece! Oh, my God!"

"HEY, YOU JERK! CLOSE THE GODDAMN DOOR!" yelled a burly soldier from one of the bunks. He threw a beer can in our direction. It clattered against the wall, sending up a shower of suds.

"WHO THE HELL YOU THINK YOU'RE SQUIRTIN'?" shouted another prone figure.

"Ah, dry up! Yer lucky I didn't throw the can at *you*!"

Since we were the latest to arrive, naturally our two cots were the worst in the room. The head of mine stuck into the empty closet and extended out into the maelstrom. Zinsmeister's was jammed up against the wall, and he had to walk over four other cots to get to it.

"I thought they said a double room," I said rhetorically.

Fifteen juicy raspberries resulted. Zinsmeister face flushed and eyes glazed, crawled over the lumpy beddothes to his cot. I sat on the edge of mine and unlaced my shoes. There was a kind of mad, hopeless gaiety in the room. We had all been caught in the same net and felt the universal empathy of one victim for another. I pulled off my soggy pants, yawned and shook my head to clear it. The full effect of the Aloha Blaster had not yet worn off. It would last for days.

Somebody hollered out. "I wonder where that goldamn lieutenant is sleeping tonight." A ragged cheer at this witticism rattled the worn Venetian blinds.

"How 'bout that broad?" Another cheer.

"I'll bet *they* ain't sleepin' forty to a room!"

FER CHRISSAKE, CAN IT, WILL YOU, GUYS! I'M TRYIN' TO SLEEP!" This came from a bundle of blankets huddled in the corner cot.

"FUCK YOU, MACK!" Five buddies gave the only possible answer.

"Grrrr...ahhhk . . . ork . . . ork . . . ork . . ." came from the bathroom.

"Hey, Blotski, are you heavin' or just tryin' for laughs?"

An ashen, sweat-dripping figure tottered from the toilet and wove unsteadily into the room. His red-rimmed eyes blinked at the light like some subterranean animal unexpectedly unearthed.

"Now, here's a company offering excellent starting salary and benefits, and they swear they're not making a thin dime off Vietnam."

"Feeeepp!" he squealed, grabbed his stomach and staggered back into the john, slamming the door behind him.

"Jesus, what a load!" someone laughed. "He's got all that Hawaiian roigut spread all over the floor in there."

Someone farted long and hard. Immediately a roar of appreciative applause rose.

"What d'ya do for an encore, Fatso?"

Fatso, who sat on the floor in his O.D. shorts, reading comic books, showed us all what he did for an encore, topping even his first effort. Even Zinsmeister was impressed. He felt that artistry of any sort should be encouraged.

A knock on the door broke up the shouting. The crowd sat for a minute in silence. Another knock.

"Well, fer chrissake, stupid, open the door!" someone finally said.

Stupid, the tall, skinny guy with the one sock, got up and dramatically swung the door open. Instantly, the room was in total uproar. A short, curvy WAC stood trapped in the blaze of light like a rabbit caught in the headlights of a car, her eyes wild with confusion.

"Is . . . Mary here?" she stammered.

Eight GIs made a lunge at her and she fled, terrified and screaming, down the corridor, out of our lives forever.

"Well, that's our sex for tonight, boys," one of the GIs cracked.

He was right and we all knew it. We knew a lot of things by that time of the night, although they were things you'd rather not talk about.

Someone passed around a bottle without a label.

"No, thanks." I waved it away.

One soldier, who had said nothing throughout all this, fell heavily off his bunk, onto the floor.

"Christ, that's the fourth time he's done that. Why don't we tie him to the floor? He's gonna bust his goddamn neck."

The GI crawled heavily back onto his bunk. The door to the toilet inched open again. Blotski crawled out of the darkness on all fours, his head hanging low over the tattered rug, his dog tags dragging on the floor.

"Blotski's sure havin' himself a great weekend, ain't he?" said one of the revelers.

"Hey, Blotski, look up, so's I can get yer picture. Yer mother would like to see that her baby boy is havin' a good time."

Blotski, unheeding, struggled bravely on toward his bed, stopping about three feet short and sinking to the floor, out cold.

"Now, here's officer material, ain't he, men?"

As I sat engulfed in this madness, I couldn't help remembering Zinsmeister's vision of the perfect pass.

From the far corner of the room came the sound of steady, rhythmic, primal snoring. At least one GI can be found

sleeping under all circumstances. This one, in a state of deep coma, slept through the whole night's uproar. He probably slept his way through the whole War.

The bottle went around again. And finally, everything began to quiet down.

"Hey, is everybody sleeping?" asked the tall, skinny GI finally, in a quiet voice. At the time, it sounded innocent.

"HOW THE HELL CAN YOU SLEEP IN THIS NUT HOUSE?" some one hollered.

"Who the hell wants to sleep on a pass, anyway?" someone else chimed in. Zinsmeister lay stretched out on his rack, eyes closed. God knows what he was thinking. The skinny GI was fishing in his musette bag, which hung from the end of his cot.

"You got some booze in there, Mack?" someone asked.

He drew out his hand and sat upright, cross-legged on his bunk, fist clenched.

"How 'bout . . . a little action? Just to pass the time." In a quick motion, his hand swept across the bunk. Two gleaming white objects spun and danced for a moment and then slid to a stop. His voice was low and sensual—the siren call of sin. For a minute, no one answered. Then Fatso, a cigarette dangling from his lips, heaved himself to his feet.

"Why, I do believe I see a pair of gallopin' dominoes."

He lumbered toward the bed. The skinny GI scooped them up and rolled them out again. The faint skittering, clittering sound they made filled the sudden silence that engulfed us all. A sleeping GI instantly awoke, his finely tuned inner ear responding to the call. Blotski rose to his knees, his ashen face now showing a bit of color. The skinny GI silently crossed over to the door and snapped the safety latch.

"Y' can't be too sure. Them damn MPs are everywhere."

He returned to his bunk, stripped it to the bare canvas, carefully laid a straight backed chair on its side at the head of it, draped a threadbare blanket over the whole conglomeration, smoothed it down with his hands, straightened up and looked around the room. His pale-blue eyes issued the age-old challenge that has been heeded by the privates who followed Hannibal's elephants with shovels, who curried Richard the Lionhearted's charger, who polished Napoleon's boots at Waterloo, who rowed Washington's boat at Trenton, who worked the garbage detail for Sherman at the siege of Atlanta, who pulled latrine orderly under Pershing at the second battle of the Marne. A ruffle of drums, a trumpeting of phantom bugles, the mutter of distant artillery pieces and the roll of a pair of bones are the eternal lot of the enlisted man.

Now, as it must to all common soldiers in the ranks, the call came loud and clear to Zinsmeister and to me and to all the others in that moldy hotel room in the Ozarks. I had heard of Army crap games but had seen them only in the movies. For one reason or another, Company K had never been involved in this ancient Army vice. An occasional rack of pool in the day room and the interminable ping pong game was about the extent of the sporting life I had known in the Army. The same was true of Zinsmeister, who was now sitting half upright, leaning on his elbows, a look of intense interest in his eyes.

"All right, boys," said the skinny soldier, "I'm rollin'." Again, his right hand lashed out in a cool, sweeping underhand movement. The twin cubes shot over the bed, sucked up against the blanket-covered chair seat, spun, for a moment and stopped dead.

By now, the entire crowd, including Blotski, who seemed to have been sobered up by the sound of the dice, had formed a semicircle around the bed. Wallets had appeared, someone had turned off all the lights in the room except a single bulb over the arena. Great shadows loomed on the gray walls. I edged into the crowd. Zinsmeister moved in on the other side.

"Little Joe!" the skinny soldier clipped out with ruthless pleasure.

This puzzled me. I had heard no one in the room called Joe.

"I'll fade."

"I'll take a chunk of that."

"You name the bad news."

Quarters glittered in the air and flipped onto the bed. I edged closer as Fatso lit another cigarette and took a deep drag. His eyes were glowing like twin coals in the shadows.

"I say Little Joe. Little Joe's my point."

More quarters spun onto the bed. The skinny soldier looked around at the circle of faces, snatched up the dice, slowly massaged them between his palms. He seemed to be praying, his Adam's apple rising and falling like an imprisoned yo-yo in his long, scrawny neck.

"Say, Zin," I whispered, "this looks like fun."

"Yeah!" he answered hoarsely.

"I say Little Joe, where are you?"

The dice slammed against the chair, spun and stopped. Before I could even

"If it wasn't for Christmas, I'd leave the Church."

read the dots, the skinny soldier's hand whipped them up.

"I'll fade you, Dad."

"I'll take some more of that."

More quarters rolled onto the bed.

"Come on, Little Joe, I say Little Joe."

Again, the dice streaked across the blanket.

The skinny soldier, his veins standing out in concentration, hissed, "Yeah! Little Joe from Kokomo, you ain't let Daddy down!"

His left hand scooped up the coins and tossed them into his musette bag all in one smooth motion. The crowd muttered, cheered and cursed.

"Oh, ah feels hot tonight," he said, again massaging the dice.

"Is this anything like bunko?" I asked Fatso who had just thrown a dollar onto the bed. He blew a cloud of smoke in my face and answered in a gravelly voice, "Yeah like bunko. Why don't y' toss in, kid? Nothin' to it."

"It certainly looks interesting." It was all I could think to say.

"It is, kid."

He lit another cigarette from the butt of the one in his mouth. Gingerly, I extracted a dollar from my wallet and tossed it onto the bed as I had seen the others do. Zinsmeister followed suit.

"Yeah!" The skinny soldier, eying the dough, blew his hot breath long and hard into the cupped hands cradling the dice. "Daddy's on the center track tonight. Y' hear me, you two little sweethearts? You hear me good?" His eyes rolled toward the ceiling, beseeching the great god of craps.

"And-a here we go!"

The bones spun and stopped.

"Ho-*ho*!" he chirped. "Ol' Daddy's flung an eighter from Decatur. Yessiree. Who wants a piece of that action?"

"I'll back you."

"I'll fade y', dogface."

The skinny soldier scooped up the dice and talked confidentially to them.

"Eighter, old eighter, y' hear me? From Decatur. Let's see them spots. We are hot tonight. Eighter-o!"

The dice rolled again. By now, I was thoroughly confused. All I remember clearly is seeing my money disappear. Zinsmeister had edged over around to my side of the crowd.

"What does eighter from Decatur mean?" he whispered.

"You've got me. First it was Little Joe from Kokomo, now eighter from Decatur."

More money was exchanged. There was a flurry of excitement and somebody else held the dice. More action. Then, mysteriously and without warning, I found the dice in my hand. I had watched the others yell, cajole, pray, sweat; so I tried to imitate the experts. The bones felt hot and slippery. I blew on them and tried to roll them the way I had seen the skinny soldier do, with a neat sidearm flip. One disappeared into the john, the other bounced under the bed. I felt redness coming up and washing over me in a hot wave. Somebody gave out with a raspberry. One soldier dashed into the john and flipped the lights on to read the die. Another crawled under the bunk.

"Snake eyes."

"Snake what?" I asked.

"Snake eyes. Y' thrun snake eyes."

More money down the drain, in more ways than one. I seemed to have lost again. I never knew why.

The dice were tossed to Fatso. His style was dramatically different from that of the skinny soldier. He hunched low over the bed, his head almost touching the blanket, his naked belly hanging low. Sweat dripped from the matted hair on his chest. His dog tags clanked as he flipped the dice. He held them in both hands, as in a bowling ball, shaking them fiercely and then rolling them out like a bowler, with a low pendulum motion. The dice seemed to slide, as though on slick ice, and then hop high into the air at the end, when they hit the chair. As he bowled them out, his eyes closed tightly and he let out a low, animal grunt.

"Natural!"

More money drifted down from the circle of faces, like beautiful green snow. Fatso threw again, grunted again, and again the money drifted down.

Blotski, speaking for the first time, said simply, "You ain't makin' it this time, Fatso."

"Let's see yer dough, Blotski." Fatso answered without taking his eyes off the dice.

Blotski threw a ten into the pot. A low murmur went up from the assemblage. Even I could understand a ten-dollar bill. More side bets were laid. Fatso puffing steadily on his cigarette, sweating as though he had just stepped from a steaming shower, tossed the dice.

"Holy Christ!" That's his third straight pass!" someone shouted. Another hubbub.

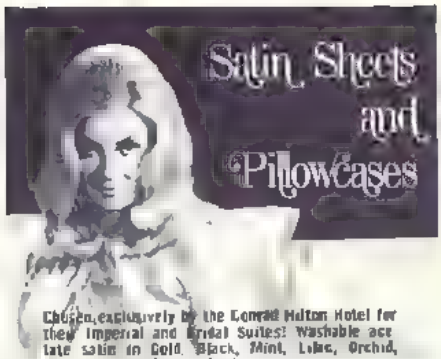
Blotski, his face once again its normal ashen shade, muttered, "I'll be a son of a bitch."

By now, a large stack of money had piled up in front of Fatso.

"Here's a twenty says you don't throw another pass." The skinny soldier returned to the fray, his $20 bill joining the pile.

Zinsmeister suddenly said, "I'll go with that." He drew a $20 bill out of his wallet and tossed it in.

I cannot explain what happened in the next five minutes or so, since the human mind is so constructed that truly disastrous moments are often veiled in a smoke screen of incomprehension. I remember involuntarily placing bills of



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various denominations into the kitty. The dice leaped. Fatso swore and grunted, over and over. The skinny soldier's Adam's apple at times dipped all the way down to his thorax and the temperature soared, or at least it seemed to. Sweat poured into my eyes. Body odor rose from our huddled forms like shimmering heat from a pavement in August. I was gripped by an insane excitement such as I had never known. I vaguely understood, or at least thought I did, that if the right things happened with those accursed white cubes, I would come into a considerable portion of that growing stack of the elusive spondulics. Zinsmeister, too, swirled in the same maddened maelstrom.

Fatso kept rolling the dice and grunting. One GI, his eyes popping, hissed, "Twelve straight passes! I never seen nothin' like it!"

"Oh, my God, no! Ya fat bastard! Ya busted me!" one soldier cried out, toppling over backward, his last cent gone.

Suddenly, Fatso stood up. "Boy, am I dry! I can't stand it. You fellas mind if I knock off for a couple minutes and run down and git myself some coffee down in the lobby?"

Uproar.

"Look, you fat bastard, you ain't gonna run out on us now, with you holding all the dough!" The skinny soldier, his voice dripping with malevolence, glared at the fat one, who was gasping histrionically in protest.

"Well, I'll tell you, fellas. I just *got* to have some coffee. It's on account of my sinuses. Doctor says I gotta have coffee."

"How 'bout room service?" I asked.

"Are you kidding? Room service! This joint don't even have no bellboy."

"I'll tell you what, Fatso. I'll go down stairs with you, to make sure you come back and give us a chance to win our dough back." The skinny soldier, a heavy loser, sounded threatening.

"Sure. Why not? You can even hold the dough," Fatso agreed, but his innocent eyes showed pain and hurt.

"You damn betcha I'll hold the dough! Any of you guys want coffee?"

Nobody did. Fatso and the skinny soldier put on their uniforms to go down to the lobby.

"I'll watch old Fatty here. He ain't gettin' outta my sight," the skinny soldier drawled reassuringly. He gathered up the pile of succulent lettuce, folded it into a wad, stuck it in his pocket and the two disappeared through the door.

A vague, undefined fear oozed out of the musty back rooms of my mind. "Boy, this sure is fun, isn't it?" I said uncertainly.

Zinsmeister nodded silently, his eyes never leaving the door. Five minutes ticked by. The GIs milled restlessly, went to the john, coughed, scratched their ribs. Blotski had returned to the floor and was now snoozing lightly.

Ten minutes. Fifteen minutes. Twenty minutes. It came over us all at almost the same time, like some silent jungle telegraph. We all knew.

Blotski, lying prone, opened one eye and said it for all of us. "Men?"

Someone said, "Yeah?"

"We been blued, screwed and tattooed."

A tired-looking corporal in horn-rimmed glasses said to no one in particular, "Them bastards were workin' as a team. They prob'ly don't even have a room here at the hotel." He flopped back onto his bunk, limp with disgust.

Surreptitiously, I pecked into my wallet. Two skinny one-dollar bills remained. The bus fare back to camp was a dollar and a quarter.

Outside, it was beginning to show gray light. Zinsmeister pulled on his pants, his eyes puffy with fatigue, his jaw black with stubble.

"Where y' going?" I asked.

"Let's get down to the bus station early. Then we won't have any eight-hour wait."

Numbly, I dressed, a faint, low hum drumming through my brain. The Aloha Buster, the cheeseburger, the crap game, all had become a sort of hazy blur. It seemed years since we had stood inspection and Goldberg had come through so miraculously and made this ecstasy possible.

"Zinsmeister, what does 'fade' mean?" I asked, as we rode down in the elevator.

"Damned if I know."

We walked through the silent streets, past a dreary little park. GIs were snoring in the bushes. From someplace, a flock of chickens had appeared and were pecking and clucking around the sprawled soldiers, scooping up titbits left over from the night's revelry.

Twenty minutes later, we struggled aboard the first bus bound for camp. It was packed. Till Gasser and Edwards—who had decided at the last minute to take his one last fling, after all, before being shipped to Burma—sat in the back just behind us, staring moodily out the window.

After about 15 minutes of silence, Gasser leaned forward, his eyes bloodshot, his voice low and fuzzy: "How'd you guys make out?"

"Shall we tell him, buddy?" Zinsmeister asked me with a conspiratorial nudge.

I took the cue. "Oh, I don't know. You shoulda seen the WAC that came right up to our room and *demanded* to be let in."

"A WAC . . . came up to your room?"

"You bet. She was really something!"

"You mean . . . you actually got a female?" Edwards' face shone with admiration.

"I would say more like she caught us, right?"

"Right!" I chimed in.

Zinsmeister pounded it home: "And we didn't sleep a wink all night after that, did we?"

"You might say that."

"Holy Kee-rist!" Gasser, fully awake, his eyes wide with respect, turned to Edwards. "I told y' we shoulda stuck with these two, but no, goddamn it, you knew better. I shoulda never listened."

Edwards, slightly riled, said, "Well, how the hell was I to know these two was gonna hit the jack pot?"

"And how 'bout that meal?" Zinsmeister dug me in the ribs. "We had a splendid repast in the finest restaurant in town."

Again, Gasser, his voice trembling with rage, attacked Edwards. "You and that damn chili joint! Yeah, you know all about where to go. That chili'll be comin' up on me for a month!"

Edwards remained silent, his ears brick red.

"Well, Gasser, I don't wish to pry, but how did *your* pass go?"

Gasser hesitated and glared at Edwards again.

"Me and this meatball just messed around, that's what! We never even *seen* a girl. . . ." His voice trailed off. "Or nothin' else, either, except the Dreamland Bowling Alley, where this horse's ass dragged me."

"Well, you didn't have to go!" Edwards muttered weakly.

"Balls!" was all Gasser said.

"In fact," said Zinsmeister, his voice ringing out loud and clear, so that the other dogfaces from Company K who were scattered around in the bus would be sure to hear, "at one point, our bonhomie became so intense, our merriment so public, that we were detained by the MPs."

Gasser, all color drained from his face, was now totally agog. Edwards just stared off glumly into space.

"You mean you raised so much hell you got pinched?"

"You might say that," Zinsmeister answered with just the right note of understatement. He fastidiously flicked a speck of dog manure from his shirt.

The bus rattled on toward camp, toward the sanctuary of the PX, the day room, the post theater—our home away from home for a brief slice of time in the limping history of Company K.

"Boy, I gotta hand it to ya. You guys really know the ropes." Gasser laid on his highest praise.

Zinsmeister smiled his old, quiet, knowing smile. The buzzing in my head had picked up a bit. I sat very still and tried to smile the way Zinsmeister smiled, like William Powell in *The Thin Man*, about to name the murderer. A legend had begun.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

AS WE ALL KNOW, AMERICANS ARE CREATURES OF HABIT. OFTHAND, SOME HABITS WE CAN THINK OF ARE PREMARITAL AND POSTMARITAL SEX. AND THEN THERE ARE **BAD** HABITS--LIKE SMOKING AND DRINKING AND DRUGS. UNFORTUNATELY, OUR HEROINE EXAMINES THE LATTER AND NOT THE FORMER.

LOOK AT THE WAY HE LIGHTS UP AND EXHALES THROUGH HIS NOSE! BEAUTIFUL! LOOK! HE'S EVEN GOT ANNIE HOOKED.
LOOK! HE TAKES A DRAG ··· TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS ··· CRUSHES HER TO HIM ··· THEIR LIPS COME CLOSER ··· CLOSER –
HAK!
HAK!
HE PRESSES HIS MOUTH TO HERS··· AND COUGHS
HAK!
HAK!
HAK!
HE CERTAIN LY IS IMPOSSI- BLE !
CIGAR- ETTES MAY LOOK GOOD, SWEETIE, BUT CIGARS ARE A LOT HEALTHIER
ALL TOBACCO IS A FILTHY BUSINESS. IF YOU NEED A HABIT, FIND ONE WITH ELEGANCE AND SOPHISTICATION. I'LL PICK THE BUBBLY OVER THE PERNICIOUS WEED ANYTIME.
BOOZE! BAH!
AS PAPA ERNEST USED TO SAY, YOU CAN'T TRUST A MAN WHO DOESN'T DRINK.
SWOOP!
OBSCENITY ON A MAN WHO DOESN'T DRINK!
SWOOP!
A MAN WHO DOESN'T DRINK ISN'T A MAN!
SWOOP!
DON'T YOU THINK SO, BLUE EYES?

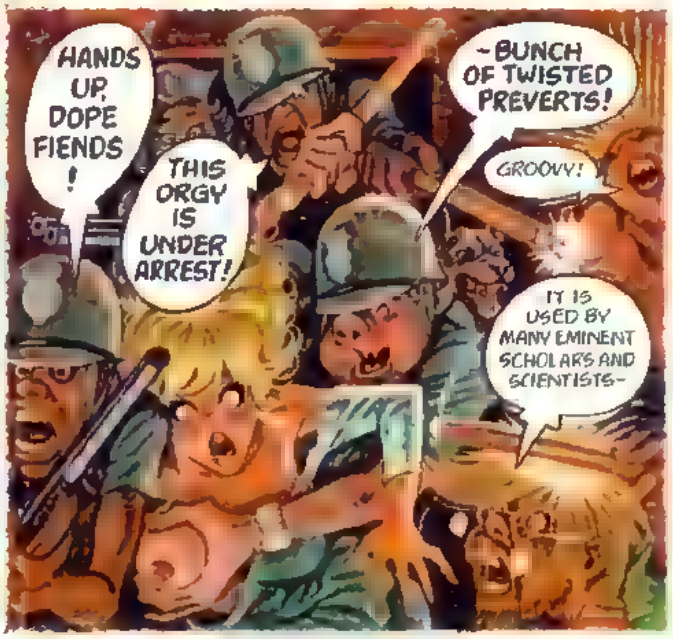
NOT WITH YOUR FINGERS, BENTON! I'LL GET YOU A SWIZZLE STICK!
IMBIBING IS A NOBLE ART. I MYSELF SAVOR THE DRINK OF THAT GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGURE, JAMES BOND ... THREE FINGERS OF A GOOD SCOTCH WHISKY GENTLY SWIRLED IN A TUMBLER OF ICE CUBES ... AND WHEN THE SCOTCH IS BROUGHT TO THE FLAVORFUL CHILL THAT PUTS A SKIN OF ICE ON THE HULL OF THE GLASS, WHAT I LIKE TO DO IS-
SPILL IT DOWN A LADY'S DRESS!
CHAMPAGNE, RALPHIE?
BENTON BATTBARTON IS EXPLANING ABOUT COCKTAILS AND HIGHBALLS IN THE NEXT ROOM HE'S SO ELEGANT AND SOPHISTICATED-
WATCH, EVERYBODY! - BROADWAY JOE NAMATH FADING BACK TO THROW THE BOMB!
DON'T WORRY HE'S JUST PLAYING GAMES.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DON'T WORRY! THAT'S A REAL BOMB!
BARF! BARF!
TSK, TSK... WON'T THESE OLDER FOLK EVER LEARN ABOUT SMOKING AND DRINKING? DON'T THEY KNOW ABOUT THE CARCOGENIC PROPERTIES? CIRRHOSIS? DON'T THEY REALIZE THAT THEY MAY ALTER THEIR BODY CHEMISTRY AND BECOME ADDICTS? AND DON'T THEY KNOW THAT THERE IS A SIMPLE ALTERNATIVE TO THE SMOKING AND DRINKING HABIT?
GOLLY, RALPHIE, WHAT IS IT?
GRASS.

YES, GRASS IS NICE. TREES AND BUSHES AND LOTS OF FRESH AIR IS GOOD, TOO ... GLORYOSKY! ... WHY IS EVERYONE SHARING THAT ONE OLD CIGARETTE? ARE WE ALL OUT?
BEAUTIFUL!
GROOVY!
THAT'S GRASS! ... MARIJUANA!
OH, WAOW!

THAT'S TERRIBLE! THEY'LL GET SICK! IT'S DANGEROUS!
IT IS NOT DANGEROUS!
WELL, I WOULDN'T SAY IT'S EXACTLY HEALTHY PASSING GERMS FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANY OF THEM BRUSHED THEIR TEETH?

GRASS MAKES EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL!
YEAH! YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THINGS MORE CLEARLY!
LIKE -- IT'S A GROOVE, LIKE, WHEN YOU GROOVE IT, YOU, LIKE, GROOVE AROUND IN A KIND OF GROOVINESS, LIKE, AND EVERYTHING TURNS INTO LIKE, ONE BIG GROOVINESSENCE!
THAT CERTAINLY IS VERY CLEAR!

THERE ARE OTHER THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MARIJUANA, ANNIE --
BAM BAM BAM!
OPEN UP!
CRASH!
FUZZ!


HANDS UP, DOPE FIENDS!
THIS ORGY IS UNDER ARREST!
-BUNCH OF TWISTED PREVERTS!
GROOVY!
IT IS USED BY MANY EMINENT SCHOLARS AND SCIENTISTS-

QUIT HITTING!
WHY ARE YOU HITTING ME? I'M A LADY!
DON'T TELL US TO QUIT HITTING!!
HIT! HIT! HIT!
IT'S NOT ADDICTIVE-
WE KNOW YOUR TYPE! THE NEXT MINUTE YOU'LL BE YELLING "POLICE BRUTALITY"!
WHY ARE YOU HITTING ME? I'M THE CHIEF OF POLICE!
HIT! HIT! HIT!
FURTHERMORE, GRASS USERS-
SORRY, CHIEF! WE WERE CARRIED AWAY!
HERE'S THE ONE THAT OWNS THE STUFF!
HIT! HIT!
-DO NOT TURN TO STRONGER DRUGS!
WE'LL BUST YOU GOOD! YOU'LL GET A COUPLE YEARS IN JAIL AND A COUPLE YEARS IN THE ARMY!
THERE IS NO SCIENTIFIC PROOF THAT GRASS CAN HARM YOU.
HIT! MISS!
HIT!
- AND FINALLY, ANNIE, AND, PERHAPS, THE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MARIJUANA -
HIT!
BONK!
HIT! SWAT! BASH! CONK! ZETZ!
IT HAS (OUCH!) ABSOLUTELY NO (UGH!) BAD AFTER-EFFECTS. (EEK!) (EEK!) (OW!)
HAK! COUGH!
GROOVY!
BARF!
AFTER TONIGHT, I THINK I'LL STAY WITH NAIL-BITING AND MALLOMARS.
THAT'S THE WORST KICK YET! YOU LOOKING FOR A CORONARY? DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY CALORIES... HOW MUCH FAT AND STARCH CONTENT... ARE IN THE MARSHMALLOW PART ALONE?
POLICE
HIT HIT!
END

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